LEWIS C. PEAKE

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LEWIS C. PEAKE

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Doty reading his License. See page 116.

THE

MYSTERIOUS PARCHMENT;

OR,

THE SATANIC LICENSE.

DEDICATED TO MAINE LAW PROGRESS.

BY

REV. JOEL WAKEMAN,

PASTOR OF THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF ALMOND, NEW YORK.

FIFTH THOUSAND.

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PREFACE.

GENTLE READER: I have written a book, and I kindly ask you to read it attentively. I have aimed to make it both interesting and instructive. If I have failed, it must be attributed to want of ability, and not to my theme.

The subject of temperance has occupied the thoughts of the good and wise of our country for many years, and has to some extent secured their favor, prayers, and hearty coöperation; and yet intemperance is running rampant over the land, desolating some of the fairest portions of our goodly heritage.

At the present time, the young men of our country are in imminent danger of being drawn into the mighty concentric currents which sweep fearfully through every community, the centre of which is the vortex of irretrievable ruin.

In writing these pages, it has been the author's constant prayer that he might gain the attention of

that interesting class of readers, and incite them to guard themselves against the encroachments of this mighty foe.

Sympathy for the inebriate and his family has also had much to do in producing this volume. The author has long been a laborer in this reform, and has been intimately acquainted with that class of men. If there is such a thing as sorrow, woe, suffering, and anguish of spirit, it is found in the drunkard's family. If there is such a thing in our land of plenty as pinching want and extreme poverty, it is to be found in the wretched abode of the inebriate. Many of the incidents in this work are true, which have fallen under the author's observation, and which he has taken from public prints.

Indeed, some of the most horrible and shocking which are mentioned are true, with little or no variation; such as the death of Howland by falling from the bridge — Philip Hopkins, who froze to death — Philip Saxbury, who fell in the fire and burned to death — Davison's son, who was killed by drinking too much whiskey — Mrs. Sturdevant, who was knocked down, her flesh and limbs hacked with a sharp knife, by her drunken husband, which resulted in her death — Jenks's taking the half bushel of corn meal from Rigden for rum, and pushing away his wife, telling her he had a license; and

many others mentioned in this work are true, and are given without embellishment or color.

The author's object in doing this was to transfer within the narrow compass of a small volume the deplorable results of intemperance as they daily occur in real life; to awaken the reader's sympathy, and secure, if possible, his hearty coöperation, in this glorious work of reform, that we may have the Maine law — which is the only *sure remedy* in the wide range of human instrumentality.

The author, in this work, has aimed not to misrepresent the numerous classes of men in this country who are engaged in the traffic. It has been his desire to spread out their characters as they appear to an enlightened community, that they may "see themselves as others see them," repent, and abandon their work of death, before it shall be too late.

THE AUTHOR.

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THE MYSTERIOUS PARCHMENT,

OR

THE SATANIC LICENSE.

CHAPTER I.

USAGES OF SOCIETY — EFFECTS.

"'Tis fearful building upon any sin;
One mischief entered, brings another in;
The second pulls the third, the third draws more;
And they for all the rest set ope the door."

It was the fashion among the inhabitants of the town of Harwood to have and use whiskey as plenty as milk. It was their custom to use it three times a day, excepting in haying, harvesting, loggings, and raisings, on which occasions they took license to use it as freely as water. In a few years after the first settlement of the town, a tavern was opened, evidently not for the "actual accommodation of travellers," but for townsmen. This very soon became the place of resort, where the aged and young spent their evenings in playing cards, pitching coppers, smoking, chewing, spitting, drinking, and conversing, according to their feelings and respective tastes. It would be amusing, if it were not connected with a subject so

fearfully fraught with ruin to mankind, to notice how many devices and pretexts they had to fill again the social glass. It was their custom on one evening that each person should sing a song or treat the company. On another, that each should tell a story. Sometimes it was determined by bending forward and marking on the floor; the one making his mark the shortest distance called on the liquor. These and many other devices were adopted to amuse the company, but more particularly as pretexts to gratify their appetites for strong drink. In this way, the inhabitants of the town of Harwood spent their evenings, and, for the sole object of filching from them their money, did Abijah Doty take license and open a tavern.

In a few years, their population had become so numerous, and their appetites so strong, that it was difficult to supply the demand for liquor. The nearest market where it could be had was nearly one hundred miles, and the only mode of conveyance land carriages, which in the spring and fall cut off all hope of supplies. One evening while the neighbors were in at Doty's, as usual, the destitution of liquors became a topic of very serious conversation.

If the small pox, or cholera, or some other fatal epidemic had been ravaging their habitations, their deliberations could not have been more grave and solemn. They saw no way of obviating the difficulty but by erecting a distillery. In the way of this, however, there was a great obstacle. It required no small amount of capital to erect a building, furnish the machinery, and put it into operation. Doty finally made a proposition that if they would circulate a

subscription, and raise for him a sufficient sum to put up the building, he would obligate himself to start a distillery by such a time. To this they readily agreed. The subscription was sent out; some signed work, some grain, others money. As there was no difficulty in securing the amount, in the course of a few months the building was erected, and the laboratory of ruin in full blast. This opened a new fountain of corruption to the people of Harwood. Nights, rainy days, and Sabbaths, it was thronged with boys, young men, and the middle-aged. If a second Vesuvius had opened a crater in the centre of the town, and sent out its streams of burning lava, the effects could not have been more fearful. In that vestibule of hell boys learned to profane the name of God; young men acquired an appetite for strong drink and the habit of gambling; and many of the middle-aged became indolent and confirmed inebriates.

A few years after this distillery commenced its mission of death among the people of Harwood, an incident occurred in the providence of God, which rescued some of the inhabitants from the dreadful evils of intemperance. William Davison called one morning, very early, upon his neighbor George Grant, both of whom lived several miles from the distillery. His errand was to engage Mr. Grant's boys to go after whiskey, as he was to have a logging that afternoon. Mr. Grant readily consented to do him the favor, and without delay the boys were on their way to the distillery with a five-gallon canteen, suspended by a strap from a pole which rested upon their shoulders. Occasionally, on their return, it was necessary

to rest. While seated near an oat field, William sprang over the fence, cut a fine smooth straw, returned, and commenced sucking from the contents of their burden. After he had taken a few swallows, he said, "John, try some; it makes me feel stronger already;" at the same time handing him the straw. John also recruited his strength by a few hearty draughts. The straw was preserved, and freely used at every resting-place, which became more and more frequent as they approached home.

Very soon after dinner the people began to assemble to assist Mr. Davison in his logging. His little boy, a lad some ten or twelve years old, was employed in carrying the bottle to the laborers. It soon became empty. The lad was sent to the house to replenish it. Not returning as soon as expected, the father went in search of him, and, to his surprise, found him lying by the wayside, speechless and senseless, and the empty bottle a short distance from him. He was carried to the house, and, in consequence of the business and hurry of the afternoon, he received but little attention. At night, an effort was made to resuscitate him, but with no good results. A physician was called, but no remedy or effort of his could arouse him from the stupefying effects of whiskey.

At ten o'clock the following day, Peter Davison, a smart, active, and sprightly lad, was a corpse, *murdered* by the drinking fashion and the license law. The angel who smote the first born of Egypt was commissioned by Jevovah — but the one who smote William Davison's first born was sent forth by the legislature of the State of New York. All the tears

that flowed, all the wailings that rent the air, and all the anguish and sorrow of heart that occurred on that memorable night in Egypt, will bear no comparison with the tears, the wailings, the bitter anguish, the keen sorrow and overwhelming woe which have been produced by the dark angel of death, the *license law*, commissioned and sent forth in our land by the legislature.

Mr. Davison made another errand to Mr. Grant's, one of a very different character. On the previous morning it was to secure the services of his boys to obtain whiskey; now to request Mr. Grant to go to the village of Harwood to order a coffin for his dear boy — his first born. "O, Mr. Grant, this is more than my poor heart can bear. This boy was my main dependence; but he is gone — gone forever — killed by whiskey! O, O, if he had only died some other death!" exclaimed the poor distracted man, walking the floor.

"It is truly distressing, Mr. Davison, and you may rest assured that we deeply sympathize with you in this sore affliction," said Mr. Grant, very feelingly.

"O, it seems to me, now, I will never have another drop of liquor on my premises. It has killed my child! O, my son! my *only* son! my *first* born, would to God I had died for thee!" he wildly exclaimed, wringing his hands from grief.

The death of this child made a very deep impression upon the mind of Davison. He pledged himself that he would never use another drop of intoxicating drinks, and never furnish it for others in his employ. How he kept his pledge we shall see in the sequel.

Others were very deeply impressed with a sense of the wickedness of the usages of society and the legalized liquor traffic. Nathaniel Scribner, one of the early settlers of the town, was influenced by this providence to exclude liquor from his family. Up to this time it had been his custom to take the morning dram, treat friends, and furnish it for those in his employ. One rainy day, soon after the death of Peter Davison, Mr. Scribner sat down and wrote the following preamble and pledge: —

"Whereas, The use of intoxicating drink tends to drunkenness, and often to death, as in the case of Peter Davison: Therefore, Resolved, That we as a family will not use it ourselves, nor furnish it for others in our employ, nor in any way countenance the use of it in the community."

Mr. Scribner called his family around him — talked to his children very feelingly about Peter's death — its cause — and showed them the only way to avoid such a death was, to abstain entirely from liquor. He signed his name, his wife followed, then the eldest son, and so on, until all the members of the family had their names enrolled. A neat little black frame was procured, in which this rare document was placed, covered by a glass, and hung directly over the fireplace.

A few days after this novel transaction, Scribner's family received a call from Jeremiah Donaldson.

"Good morning," said Donaldson, as he entered.

"Good morning, Mr. Donaldson," said Scribner.

"What have you there?" inquired Donaldson, pointing to the frame.

"That is my family guideboard," answered Scribner, with a smile.

"Family guideboard!" said Donaldson, walking up and reading it. "Why, Scribner, you are getting fanatical, ain't you."

"Fanatical! Why, Mr. Donaldson, how so?"

"Why, in signing such a paper as that. You will never be able to live up to it. What will you do when you come to wash sheep? And how will you get your logging done? And how will you manage with your haying and harvesting? And next spring you expect to build a new house; how will you raise that? And besides, if every body should follow your example, the distilleries would stop, and then we should have no market for our corn and rye. It seems to me, Mr. Scribner, you haven't counted the cost very closely."

"I have considered all this, and in view of it all it is my solemn determination to carry out that resolution. I believe I can wash sheep, clear land, or do any thing else without it. And I had rather live in this log shell till it rots down over my head, than to have one of my boys die like Peter Davison. And while I use it myself, and have it about my house, my boys are in danger of going the same way, or, what is worse, of forming an appetite for it, and becoming confirmed drunkards," replied Scribner.

"I know there is danger; but the usages of society are such, and will continue to be, so long as men are licensed to sell it by small measure, that there is no way but for us to use it moderately, and guard ourselves against its dangers," said Donaldson.

"Mr. Davison used it moderately, and supposed his boy would; but by a single draught he destroyed his life. In what better way could he have guarded his boy against its dangers than to exclude it from his premises? And besides, Mr. Donaldson, the moderate use of it is the source of all the evil in the community. Every drunkard in the land was once a moderate drinker."

"O, well, neighbor, I shall not find fault with you if you can carry out your resolution. But it seems to me I would put it into a different frame. It looks too much like being dressed in mourning," said Donaldson, laughing.

"I selected that color to represent the intemperance that prevails around me," replied Scribner, in a playful manner.

Jeremiah Donaldson was a moral, indeed a Christian man, and it was very surprising he did not see the reasonableness of Mr. Scribner's course, and embrace it himself. But there is something about the usages of society and the legalized liquor traffic that so blinds men, even good men, that they cannot see the force of truth, nor feel the claims of moral obligation.

A few weeks after this interview between Scribner and Donaldson, the son of the latter was brought home insensible, having been run over by a man intoxicated. Henry Howland, after spending the day at Doty's tavern in drinking and carousing, on his way home ran his horses to pass another team, and ran over Philip Donaldson. He did not recover from his injuries in several months. Howland was notorious for his disorderly conduct when intoxicated.

It was his uniform practice, on such occasions, to run his team home from Doty's, a distance of three miles. In several instances he ran against teams, doing great damage. And what was true of Howland is true of hundreds like him, who are daily robbed of reason by the license law, and are sent out to prowl upon community. If the innkeepers of our land should send out among our inhabitants a wild boar of the forest, a mad bison, or a gross of rattlesnakes, — or if, by incantation, or enchantment, should produce cholera, small pox, or yellow fever, — we could find redress in the law; but for all the damage done in our state by inebriates, we have no redress. For twelve and a half cents, a sordid rumseller robs a man of his reason, and sends him out to murder his wife, assassinate his neighbor, and destroy his buildings by fire; and all is done under the sanction of law. Mr. Donaldson had seen so much of the reckless conduct of Howland when intoxicated, that he sought an opportunity to see Mr. Doty, to dissuade him, if possible, from retailing spirits to a man so dangerous to the interest and lives of the community.

"Mr. Doty," said Mr. Donaldson, "did you know my boy was badly injured last night by being run over by Howland?"

"Yes, I heard of it this morning."

"Do you know the cause of it?"

"Well, hem! yes, I suppose so; Hank was a little shiny, I guess."

"Neighbor Doty, I have called to talk with you about selling liquor to such a man. He has no control of himself when intoxicated."

"O, I can't refuse him when he *has the money*. Selling is my business," said Doty.

"I know it is your business; but when a man has no control of himself, and will run over people, and endanger their lives and property, are you not under obligation to withhold it from him?"

"I think not. I have invested money here for a suitable house, and barn, and other conveniences, and must do something to get, at least, my interest. And besides, I have a *license;* my business is *legal*, and just as honorable and respectable as raising and selling cattle or wheat. The board, when they licensed me, did not restrict me at all. I have a *right* to sell to whom I please, and as much as I please; and I shall always exercise my *right* when they have the money to *pay* me," said the *law-sustained* landlord, with an air of independence.

"Suppose it does allow you to sell; will you not, for the safety of others, refuse Hank when he calls for it?"

"Not if he *has the money*. I *must* support my family, and meet my expenses; and to do this, I must have the means; and I have no way of obtaining them but by selling liquor."

"Then you are determined to sell to Hank Howland, if he does kill half of the community?"

"I have nothing to do with what he does when he is drunk."

"To be plain, Mr. Doty, I consider you as guilty of injuring my boy as if you had run over him with your own team. The liquor you sold that man destroyed his reason, and while in that situation he did the

injury. It was your liquor that did the mischief — nay, it was *you*, yourself," said Donaldson, pointing his finger at the disturbed landlord.

"I think you are very impertinent!" exclaimed Doty, angrily.

"It is evident to my mind that for six cents you will see your neighbors all run over and killed by Hank Howland — which is MURDER."

"Your charge is unreasonable and unfounded. If I had no license, there would be some plausibility in it; but I have; I have the papers which give me authority to sell to whom I please; and I *paid my money* for the privilege," replied the angry landlord.

"Well, sir, if that is the way the license law works, I shall oppose it from this time onward, and shall do all in my power to have it repealed."

"Oppose it as much as you please, but don't come here and interfere with my *legal business*," answered Doty.

"If my son dies in consequence of his injuries, I shall have the consoling thought that he was killed *legally*," said Donaldson.

"Console yourself as you please. I tell you again, I have NOTHING TO DO WITH IT. I have a *paper* to show for what I do."

"I confess you have enlightened me on this *legal question*, and I shall try and use my information to good advantage," replied Donaldson.

On his way home, his mind was occupied with the ridiculous idea of injuring and killing people *legally*, and of using intoxicated men as the instruments of doing it. "Can it be possible," he thought, "that

this is really the effect of the license law? Does it indeed arm men with such fearful power to destroy property and human life, and not hold them responsible for the exercise of that power? It *is* so. I have an example of it in my own family. My boy is almost killed in consequence of the liquor which Doty sold to old Hank Howland *legally*, and I have no redress. If he had turned loose a wild ox, and he had gored him, or a mad dog, and he had bitten him, or if he had struck him with a club, I should have found redress in the law; but since he was run over by a man whose reason was taken from him *legally* for a sixpence, there is no remedy. Well, well; that is indeed a fine law which will shield a man in inflicting such wrongs upon the community."

These were the thoughts that passed through Mr. Donaldson's mind on his way home from the place where all kinds of iniquity were committed *legally*. He could consider it in no other light — nor can any man of common intelligence. All licensed grog shops are nothing less than schools under the protection of law, where men are taught to murder, break into houses, blaspheme the name of God, burn buildings, and run over people.

CHAPTER II

SHOCKING RESULTS.

"Ah me! from real happiness we stray,
By vice bewilder'd; vice which always leads,
However fair at first, to wilds of woe."

ANOTHER incident occurred some years after, which made Mr. Donaldson a very strong temperance man. A great many men who are not reformers because of the *right* — or the blessings which flow into *families*, and the benefit to the world — are made so by the providences of God. There are many temperance men, because their sons, their father, or brothers, or some other relatives are in danger of becoming drunkards. It is better to be a temperance man from such motives than not at all; but every one should be an advocate of the cause from love to God and sympathy for outraged humanity. Every man should oppose the license law and labor for its repeal, not because it will strengthen his political party, — save his son, brother, or father, — but because it will honor God, elevate the nation in the scale of morals, convey unspeakable blessings into thousands of families, and save the souls of men.

Mr. Donaldson became a temperance man on account of the enemy's encroachments upon his family. His son-in-law was fast becoming a confirmed inebriate. He had given his daughter in marriage to

Erastus Baker, a young man of promise. He was from a good family, and had received a religious education under the care of pious parents, who lived in the State of Connecticut. He came to the town of Harwood to engage in the mercantile business. His morality, his frankness, his strict business habits and good deportment in a very short time drew around him a large circle of friends. On slight acquaintance, he paid his addresses to Fanny Donaldson; his hand was accepted, and they were married. All congratulated Fanny on being the wife of one so virtuous, so kind and amiable. In the basement of the building which Mr. Baker occupied was kept a large liquor store, to supply landlords with all kinds of choice liquors from different parts of the country. The owner of this establishment had license to deal out his poison by small as well as large measure. It was the custom of Mr. Baker, after his meals, to go below and smoke a cigar, and occasionally take a glass of cider or ale. Being the custom of the place and the usage of the age, it awakened no fearful apprehensions in the mind of his wife or her friends. The first winter after her marriage, Mr. Baker spent nearly all his evenings in that den of infamy. Most of the young men of the place had become passionately fond of whist, and assembled there to play for amusement. But often that which is commenced simply for sport ends in a very disastrous manner to the morals and souls of men. It was so in this case. Every young man connected with the club became a confirmed inebriate, and filled a drunkard's grave. Baker, not being on his guard, was drawn into this

fearful maelstrom of ruin. At first they spent their evenings in playing at cards for pleasure, it is true; but they used intoxicating drinks very freely to give life and zest to their games. Before spring, Erastus Baker was a confirmed inebriate. It seems almost incredible that a man could so soon forget his young wife, the prayers and counsels of his pious parents, and lose all respect for himself. But he ran into temptation, — in defiance of light, conscience, and former instructions, — and God removed all restraint, which doomed him to a sudden, fearful, and irretrievable fall. In that "breathing hole of hell" he wasted his time and substance. His business rapidly ran down, his customers left him, and his creditors forced him to make an assignment: thus closed up the business career of Erastus Baker, which had opened so prosperously. He seemed to forget his wife, or at least the obligation he was under to love, protect, and support her. The intoxicating cup wasted his property, ruined his character, chilled his warm affections, blotted out his hope of immortal life, and changed the amiable and kind husband into a fiend. The kind entreaties of friends, the tender expostulations of his aged father-in-law, and the tears and anguish of his broken-hearted wife had no power to reform or even restrain him. His appetite for strong drink was fixed, and he recognized no law but his passion for rum. He lived to gratify his appetite; to accomplish that end he sacrificed business, property, reputation, health, companion, and eternal life. He even went so far as to take, without the knowledge of his wife, her wedding dress, and sell it to Doty for liquor. As

soon as she discovered what he had done, she called on the landlord to expostulate with him on the impropriety of his conduct. When she entered the bar room, she found him in the bar. "Mr. Doty," said she, "did my husband bring you a silk dress, and dispose of it for liquor?"

"Ye — yes, he — brought — an — old — dress here, and wanted me to take it on what he was owing me," said the troubled landlord.

"That was my wedding dress. Will you not be so kind as to return it to me?" inquired Mrs. Baker, the tears flowing down her careworn cheeks.

"I will, if you'll pay what he owes me," replied the heartless rumseller.

"How much is it?"

"About five dollars, I believe."

Mrs. Baker leaned her head against the wall, covered her face with her hands, and wept like a child. She had no five dollars to give. The profligacy of her husband had reduced her to the deepest necessity, therefore to meet the demand was impossible. She had no heart to call upon her father — he had already helped her to a considerable amount. She desired the dress because it reminded her of the days when she was a happy bride, and when her prospects were as bright as a cloudless sky. She could consider her husband only as lost, and all his former virtues as buried. And as the fond mother carefully looks over the toys of her deceased child to refresh her memory of his goodness, so Fanny desired the dress to remind her of what he once was.

"What are you snivelling about, woman?" asked Doty, evidently chagrined.

"This is indeed hard — more than I am able to bear. You and other rumsellers have ruined my husband. You have taken from him his character, his property, and all that is dear in this world; and now you have taken my wedding dress for liquor — the last relic of my days of happiness. O, this — is — too — much. I — cannot — en ——" She could articulate no further. Her heart was too full to utter another word, and she sank down upon a bench and sobbed aloud.

"Well, woman, you are getting upon a pretty loud strain, I should think. Don't you want your husband to pay his honest debts?"

"I do not consider it an honest debt. When you sell to a man whom you know it will injure, and be the means of making his wife miserable, you ought to lose it," said Mrs. Baker.

"Yes, but I have a *license*. It is my business to sell. Debts contracted at my bar for liquor are honest debts; the *law* makes them so, and I shall collect them if I can," retorted the reckless landlord.

Mrs. Baker saw there was no use in pleading with a man for her rights whose object in retailing liquor was to make money, and who was shielded and protected in his infamous business by the law. She withdrew from his presence, and went back to her lonely and desolate dwelling.

"Landlord," inquired a well-dressed gentleman, a traveller, who had been listening to the conversation, "who was that lady?"

"It's Baker's wife — old Jeremiah Donaldson's daughter."

"She is a fine appearing lady," added the stranger.

"I should think her more of a lady if she would stay at home and mind her own business," was the reply of Doty.

"I think, if you was in her place, you would consider it a part of your business to look after your husband; especially if he had sold your wedding dress for liquor," continued the stranger.

"She must be a great lady who don't want her husband to pay his honest debts."

"Well, landlord, I agree with her. It is not an honest debt. It is as cruel as death for you to treat that poor woman in this way," replied the traveller.

"Do you mean to say my business is not honest? Don't you know, sir, that the *statute law* of the state *makes it an honest business?*" said Doty, with an air of triumph.

"I know it makes it LEGAL. I know to my sorrow it shields you in your *wickedness*. And for your cruel, oppressive treatment of that poor woman, were I in your place, I should fear the judgments of God would overtake me before morning. You won't always escape because you have a *license*. God has pronounced a woe against you and your bloody traffic," answered the stranger.

"How do *you* know what God has done? How did *you* come in possession of his secret purposes?" inquired Doty, sneeringly.

"It is no secret, sir. God has published it to the world in his word: 'Woe to him that coveteth an evil covetousness to his house, that he may set his nest on high, that he may be delivered from the power of

evil! Thou hast consulted shame to thy house by cutting off many people, and hast sinned against thy soul. For the stone shall cry out of the wall, and the beam out of the timber shall answer it. *Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that puttest thy bottle to him, and makest him drunken also,* that thou mayest look on their nakedness! Thou art filled with shame for glory: drink thou also, and let thy foreskin be uncovered: *the cup of the Lord's right hand shall be turned unto thee,* and shameful spewing shall be on thy glory.' This, my friend, is what God says about you and your wicked traffic. You 'covet an evil covetousness to your house,' you 'cut off people not a few,' you 'give your neighbor drink,' you put 'your bottle to him and make him drunken,' consequently you must be the man against whom these terrible woes are spoken. And when God shall come out from behind his cloudy pavilion to avenge the injury you have done to that poor woman and others, what good will your *license* do you? When he shall make inquisition for blood, then you may have *ten thousand licenses* and *statutes* to show your business is legal, but they will avail you nothing."

"You are some temperance preacher, ain't you?" asked Doty, trembling.

"No matter who I am; you give heed to the Bible, and *do right*. Restore that dress to that poor woman, or you won't sleep much to-night," answered the stranger, as he passed out of the bar room.

Mrs. Baker's husband continued to "wax worse and worse," and became so quarrelsome and abusive that it was not safe for her to be with him alone when

intoxicated. The night after Fanny's visit to Doty's, he returned home from there drunk, entered the room in a perfect rage, laid violent hands upon her, and most brutally kicked and choked her, saying, "I'll give you wedding dresses; I'll learn you to expose me before strangers!" Fanny fled to the neighbors for safety. After she left, this wretch — nay, devil — made so by the *license law*, ransacked the house, gathered up all of Fanny's fine clothes and threw them in the well, then took a pole and jammed them to the bottom. She saw there was no alternative but to leave him. They separated; or rather rumsellers separated them, and were sustained in their infamous work by the *statute law* of the State of New York. She went to spend the remainder of her days under her father's roof, a poor, disconsolate woman. Erastus, under the influence of rum, continued a depraved and ruined man, wandering from one haunt of vice to another.

Her feelings, after she returned to her father's, may be judged of from the following letter written to an intimate friend: —

HARWOOD, *April* 12, ——.

MY DEAR ALICE:

My heart is so full of trouble that I must unburden it to my dear old friend. Be not surprised when I tell you that Erastus and myself have parted. Who could have believed on the night of our wedding party, only two years and a half since, that the destroyer would enter our bright and happy circle so soon! Sweet spring has again returned with all its

beauty, but it has no charms for me. The singing of birds touches no chord of harmony in my soul. The springing grass, the opening buds, and the sweet fragrance of spring flowers, once so attractive, are now a burden to me. Unrestrained grief has taken full possession of my soul.

> "O, grief hath changed me since you saw me last;
> And careful hours, with time's deformèd hand,
> Have written strange defeatures in my face."

O, my dear Alice! could the tempter be removed from Erastus, I should again be happy. There are so many places where it is *legally* sold, and so many to take advantage of his appetite, who are shielded in their wickedness by *law*, that there is no hope of his reforming. And O, the thought of his dying as he is! how can I endure it? The Lord has said, "No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God." Pray for me, dear Alice, that I may be sustained in my great affliction. Come and see me as soon as you can.

Your sister and sincere friend,

FANNY D. BAKER.

This terrible affliction, in consequence of the liquor traffic, confirmed Mr. Donaldson in his temperance principles. Perhaps if he had followed the example of Mr. Scribner, and, years before, had adopted his plan, the destroying angel would have passed by his family circle. Multitudes of men who have been slow in embracing the reform, or have been conservative in their feelings and actions, or have been opposed to

it, have invoked the destroyer to their own households; and have been compelled to see their sons become inebriates, and their daughters marry vicious and unprincipled young men. It is exceedingly dangerous for a father to keep the poison about his house, to deal in it, or even to speak against the reform. If he does either, the plague will be almost certain to find its way to his dwelling, and overcast the bright horizon of his family circle with dark, portentous clouds.

Mr. Davison for several years kept the pledge which he made over the corpse of his boy. But the drinking usages and the corrupting influence of wicked associates seduced him from his noble purpose. At first he drank moderately; but his daily potations increased the power of habit and appetite, which in a few years resulted in confirmed inebriation. He lost all self-respect, his reputation was blighted, his friends left him, his estate melted away, and his love for his family was swallowed in the vortex of ruin. No tongue can tell nor pen describe the anguish, sorrow, and overwhelming grief that came into that family in consequence of the sudden, fearful fall of its head and father. After he had spent his all in profligacy, he abandoned his family to the cold charities of the world. He went west, to wander as a miserable vagabond for a few years, and then die. Yes! William Davison died a rum maniac, a stranger in a strange land, where no monument marks the place of his sleeping ashes. Surely the "memory of the wicked shall rot."

NOTE. — Mr. Grant became so strongly impressed with the evils of intemperance by the death of Davison's son, that he excluded liquor from his premises. His sons grew up temperate and industrious men, and one of them is now preaching the gospel.

CHAPTER III.

ENTERING THE VORTEX.

"Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."—PROV. xxiii. 31, 32.

YEARS rolled on. During the history of the town of Harwood, a gentleman of much reputed wealth selected that quiet and healthy town as the place of his future residence. He was from the city of New York. Whether he had retired from business to spend his wealth in ease and pleasure, or whether he was a defaulter and came among them to swindle his creditors out of their honest dues, they could not determine. The more sober part of the community very soon saw that, as a family, they were "*lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God.*" They were remarkably social and pleasant in their manners, and exceedingly affable in their intercourse and general deportment. This new family very soon became an attractive point in the young society of Harwood. For the sake of convenience, we will call his name William Matthews. By birth he was an Englishman. He was tall, well proportioned, with high, broad forehead, and bright-blue eyes, and graceful in his address, which gave him the appearance of being a gentleman, and one of extensive intelligence. That he was to a fault devoted to the drinking usages of the

age, was evident to all temperance men, from his liberality in passing to his friends the sparkling wine.

He was blessed with two children, (if blessing it may be called, in view of his habits and principles,) a son and daughter. John was a young man, notwithstanding the advantages he had enjoyed, of a swaggering appearance. In his formation, nature had not copied very closely the round, plump, symmetrical features of his father. He was short, thick-set, very dark complexion, somewhat squint-eyed, high cheek bones, long, peaked nose, very coarse dark-brown hair, heavy whiskers, with a swinging, strutting air of importance. The whole current of his soul ran to high living, wine, and dress. He was one of those young men who seem to think about all they have to do is

> "——— to creep
> Into the world to eat and sleep;
> And know no reason why they were born,
> Except to consume the wine and corn,
> Devour the cattle, fowl, and fish,
> And leave behind an empty dish."

He never came out of his room without being overdressed. He thought it "was so vewy vulga' to appea' out in common appawel." The truth is, when he appeared in the street with his ivory-headed cane, kid glove on one hand, and two or three sparkling diamond rings on the other, his vest with large checks of various colors, gold chain loosely flaunting about his person, his hat set on one side, and a cigar in his mouth, he made a disgusting appearance.

But he was a new comer, and must be copied by all, or nearly all, the *verdant* young gentlemen in the place

In all his intercourse with others, he affected to be very polite. For some reason, he very much disliked the harsh and grating sound of the letter R, and never allowed himself to use it if he could possibly avoid it. His attempts to do so very often made him appear ludicrous, if not ridiculous.

His sister was of a very different turn. It seems almost sacrilegious to describe her in the same chapter. She was quite tall, and beautiful in her outline. Her dress was not extravagant, yet neat and becoming; fashioned partly after her own taste, and partly after the custom of her times. Nature had given her a pure skin and ruddy cheeks. Her motions were graceful and easy. Her features were moulded after her father's — a high, broad forehead, large, sparkling blue eyes, and a well-formed, symmetrical face, which gave her an intelligent look. She had no vanity, (or appeared to have none,) no high self-esteem, no pride, and no feeling of superiority over others who had not enjoyed as good advantages as herself. In a word, she was a perfect model of gentleness and kindness. Being a graduate of a high seminary of learning, her mind was well cultivated and stored with knowledge, and familiarly acquainted with authors, and text books commonly used. In history she scarcely had an equal; in music, painting, drawing, and embroidery, she was perfectly at home. In her conversation she was remarkably easy, playful, and instructive. Now, reader, you have before you the beautiful, the graceful, and accomplished Olivia Matthews. No person was ever better qualified to benefit the young; but alas! as is too often the case, her superior intellect

and high accomplishments were used for other purposes.

The mother was very inferior to her daughter — a woman of low stature, sharp features, ungraceful in her carriage, and rather peevish, silly, and simpering in her conversation, Her "Johnny," as she called him, she considered a *prodigy*.

Now, gentle reader, you are well acquainted with the Matthewses, and I cordially invite you to accompany me there at a social evening party. Be seated for a few moments on that richly-carved sofa until the guests enter.

Scene First. — By your permission, I will introduce you to Joseph, Joshua, Susan, and Martha Schoolcraft; also to John Holyday, John Scribner, and Philip Hopkins. These are invited guests to spend a social evening with this distinguished family, and to share their hospitality.

"Very fine weather we are having," said the elder Matthews.

"Very, sir," replied John Holyday. "It is needed very much to give people a chance to secure their crops."

"How is your father, John?" continued the old gentleman.

"He is very well now. He was rather unwell in the spring."

"Is he never going to call on us?"

"O, yes; certainly; he has a great deal to take up his time, but I think he will pay you a visit in a few days."

"Has you' fathe' a desi'able field of labo'?" inquired our young fop.

"Yes, I believe so," answered young Holyday. "He likes it here very well."

"I unde'stood he had some twouble with some of the wadicals in his chu'ch."

"Yes, there has been some uneasiness; but nothing serious, I think." Young Holyday wished to be reserved on the present occasion, because Scribner's father was one of the number whom Parson Holyday proscribed as "*radicals*."

"This is wathe' a cold wegion; vewy wough and wolling," continued Matthews.

"That is true," replied Joseph Schoolcraft; "but it is rich land."

"Yes, I should think it was stwong and wich. The natu'e of the soil is calcaweous. You waise good wheat he'e, I should think."

"The soil has another good quality," chimed in Joshua; "it ploughs up mellow and loose."

"Ah! indeed. Well, weally, that is a kind of labo' I know but little about," said John, carelessly flaunting his gold watch chain.

"Then you have never ploughed any?" inquired Susan.

"O me'cy! neve'. I couldn't stand the sco'ching ways of the sun," answered John, with a significant look towards the fair one.

"Where do you like it best, here or in the city?" said Martha.

"O, I am vewy well pleased with this place, but I think it mo'e pleasant in the city, The'e we had all kinds of meat, fowls, fish, oyste's, and eve'y good thing that we could desi'e," replied John, stirring up his shock of coarse hair with his jewelled fingers.

"How are *you* pleased, Miss Olivia," said Holyday, "with the people and climate?"

"Very much, sir. The people have been remarkably kind. The climate I think will agree with me well."

"Then you have not been homesick?" said Hopkins.

"O no, sir. I feel some as did Miller's Mahomet,—

> 'My country, sir, is not a single spot
> Of such a mould, or fixed to such a clime;
> No, 'tis the social circle of my friends.'

I am never lonely or homesick when I can have plenty of books to read, or friends to associate with."

Scene the Second.—"Come, young friends," said the old gentleman, as a servant entered with a heavy silver waiter, loaded with beautifully embossed goblets filled with wine, "let us stir up our social powers with a little fruit of the vine."

Being hard to resist temptation when it walks in silver slippers, and wearing the appearance of wealth, beauty, intelligence, and fashion, each guest partook of the sparkling wine except John Scribner.

"I thank you, sir," said John; "I have no occasion for the article."

"What! Master John, can't you indulge in a single glass for *our* gratification?" said the old gentleman, with surprise.

"Excuse me, Mr. Matthews. I should be glad to please you in this thing were it not a matter of *conscience* with me," said John.

"You are one of the pledged disciples, I suppose, not to use, or countenance its use in others?" inquired the old gentleman.

"Yes, I have not tasted of alcohol, in any form, since I was a small boy," replied Scribner.

"I hope you don't call good old Madeira alcohol, do you?"

"It contains *some*—a sufficient quantity to create an appetite for stronger drinks."

"Well, weally, that is vewy stwange; I neve' hea'd of such a thing," said the expanding young gentleman.

"It's not so very strange to those of us who have known John and his father for years," replied Joseph Schoolcraft.

"He was trained up 'after the most straitest sect' of the cold water-ites," said Hopkins.

Between the Schoolcraft and Scribner familes there was very little affinity. The entire influence of the former was exerted against the temperance enterprise, while that of the latter was employed to promote it; which no doubt was the cause of the coldness between them. The young Schoolcrafts doubtless were glad of an opportunity to mortify Scribner's feelings in the presence of this gay family; but his principles were too well matured to give way, or to yield to the powerful temptation. Hopkins had claimed to be a temperance man, but his principles were too weak to withstand the powerful incentive when robed in such attractive drapery.

"Master John," said Mr. Matthews, "you don't consider it wrong to take now and then a social glass, do you?"

"Most certainly," said John, confidently.

"Why, you don't consider it wrong *per se*, do you?" inquired young Holyday, with an insidious smile.

"I do," replied John.

"What harm can there be in taking an occasional glass, *in itself considered?*"

"I must confess I am not casuist enough to tell whether the sin lies in the act of drinking, or of being drunk; whether the sin of the suicide lies in the act of stabbing himself, or in the act of dying; nor am I aware that it makes much difference. All drunkards are made by drinking alcohol in some form. Now, if all will at once discontinue its use, there will be no inebriates."

"Then you object to its use on the ground of its being wrong?" said the old gentleman.

"Drunkenness, Mr. Matthews, is a terrible evil in our land. Drinking leads to intemperance. If I use it at all, my influence may lead others to drink, and eventually to intemperance. In view of these things, I consider it wrong to use it."

"Master John, I think you are wise above what is written. Olivia, bring me the Bible and my glasses," said Mr. Matthews; "I want to convince this young development of Puritanism that he is wrong."

When the Bible came, and the glasses were brushed and adjusted, the old gentleman opened it and read: "Drink no longer water, but use a little wine for thy stomach's sake, and thine often infirmities." He shut the book, and said, "Master John, do you believe the apostle Paul was inspired?"

"I have had no doubts of it for years."

"Do you believe he would advise or command Timothy to do that which was wrong?"

"Not for a moment."

"Well, you have just said you believe it wrong to use wine: now, how can you reconcile *your* teaching with that of the apostle?" inquired Mr. Matthews, with a triumphant air.

"You have now," replied young Scribner, "proposed several questions, involving a number of points which I will try to meet:—

"First. Timothy was a strong temperance man — and ——"

"Poh! poh!" exclaimed the old gentleman, interrupting him.

"Why, certainly, the passage plainly implies that."

"Tut! tut! Nonsense!"

"Well, let me repeat it: 'Drink no longer water, but *use a little wine.*' Now, to my mind it is perfectly plain that he was so temperate that he did not even use '*a little* wine.'

"Second. Paul directed him to use *a little* 'for his stomach's sake,' or as a medicine. It was on account of his feeble health and infirmity that Paul directed him to use *a little.* If we are careful to use it for medicine, there will be no harm in it.

"Third. The wine which he directed Timothy to use was a very different article from ours. It was the pure juice of the grape, and probably unfermented: our wines, if pure, contain a large quantity of alcohol, and very often (I am sorry to say) they are nothing but poisonous counterfeits. These things, therefore, give the passage a very different meaning."

"Did I understand you," inquired Holyday, "that a moderate use of wine would lead to inebriation?"

"I *do* say so," answered Scribner.

"Can you point to one instance?

"I think I can to several of them. Samuel Forrester died a drunkard. He was connected with one of the wealthiest families in the state. I have been credibly informed that he drank nothing but wine until he was twenty-one years of age. George Cooper is another example. All the early part of his life he drank nothing but champagne.

"If the cases which I have cited do not satisfy you, I will call your attention to a passage of Scripture." He opened the Bible and read the following passage: "Who hath woe? Who hath sorrow? Who hath contentions? Who hath babbling? Who hath wounds without cause? Who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the *wine;* they that go to seek *mixed wine.* Look not thou upon the *wine* when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last *it biteth* like a serpent, and *stingeth* like an adder." "Now, in this passage," continued Scribner, "'*woe*,' '*sorrow*,' '*contentions*,' '*babbling*,' '*wounds without cause*,' and '*redness of eyes*' are spoken of as evils no less fearful and dreadful than the bite of a serpent or the sting of an adder, and as being the legitimate fruits of *wine* drinking."

"Come, my brave fellows," interrupted Mr. M., as the servant entered, "Master John's sermon on the use of wine has made us rather gloomy."

"He has talked me dry," said Joseph, as he sipped the sparkling liquid.

"He has given me a good appetite for mine," added

Susan, delicately holding her goblet between her thumb and finger.

"Does yours relish well Martha?" asked the old gentleman.

"Charmingly."

"Yours, Mr. Hopkins?"

"Very well, indeed."

"St. Nicholas! Master John, you've got a hard row to hoe if you convert us to-night. The more you talk, the keener our appetites."

"I don't expect to convert you; your habits are of too long standing."

"Humph!" said the old man. "Then you think we are incorrigible? Charitable conclusion!"

Scene the Third. — The heavy marble top centre table, upon which had been lying beautiful copies of Byron, Shakspeare, Ossian, and the latest works of Eugene Sue and Bulwer, besides various other miscellaneous works in abundance, was drawn out from the wall, relieved of its literary burden, and a pack of cards placed in its stead.

"Come, Master John," said the old gentleman, "you have no objection to taking a game of whist, have you?"

"I must decline," answered John.

"Why, you are very unsocial; certainly there can be *no harm* in this. We play for amusement, you know."

"I have the same objection to this that I have to tippling. If there were none to play for amusement, there would be no gamblers."

"Come, Mr. Scribner," whispered Olivia in his

ear, "play one game with me. I am afraid father will think you are monkish and unsocial."

"I cannot conscientiously do it," said John, in a low tone; "I *must* decline."

"How can you reject so fair a hand?" asked Holyday.

"Knowing the evils of card playing as well as I do, I should be constrained to reject an angel's hand if he enticed me," answered Scribner, solemnly.

One game was played; another, and yet another. He was as well entertained as a man could be by amusements in which he felt no interest. While others played, he thought of the power of the Matthews family to do evil. His mind was occupied with thoughts of Olivia's beauty, dignity, intellect, and cultivation, and how fearfully all these qualities augmented her power to destroy the young people of Harwood, when suddenly the strokes of the clock broke in upon his revery. "*One — two*," he counted. "Is it possible," said he to himself, "it is two o'clock in the morning? This is rather late for a temperance man." He politely bade the company good night as he withdrew from the room and went home.

"Scribner is very unsocial," said the old gentleman.

"He is a chip of the old block," answered Joshua.

"Is his father so unsocial and superstitious?" continued Mr. Matthews.

"Worse, if possible," replied Joseph. "He has never allowed one of his children to go to a ball, or a whist party, or to drink wine or any thing else."

"That must be a vewy wational way to bwing up a family of child'en," said John, brushing his whiskers.

The playing of whist and sipping of wine, interspersed with conversation, continued until three o'clock in the morning.

Scene the Fourth.—Now go with me, if you please, into Philip Hopkins's sleeping room, to see what is his condition after his first night's debauch. He was professedly a temperance man. He has been enticed by beauty, intelligence, and fashion, to partake of the maddening bowl. It has taken away all self-respect, self-control, and regard for decency. What but wine could induce him to stretch out his length between the sheets of a clean bed with his filthy boots and mud-bespattered garments? What but wine could so stupefy and steal away the active and wakeful energies of the industrious and worthy Philip Hopkins as to cause him to doze and snore a full hour after sunrise? Look again: the sun has rolled far up the heavens, the morning song of birds has died away, the dews are gone from the earth, and the day laborer has long since gone to his task; and yet he sleeps! Surely "*wine is a mocker.*"

Beware, O beware, reader, how you yield to temptation! Remember, the leopard is no less voracious because his spots are beautiful, nor the serpent less poisonous because his scales shine.

"Well, my son," said Mr. Scribner, the next morning, "you were out very late last night?"

"Yes, sir," answered John, "much later than I am in the habit of staying out."

"You were so highly entertained, I conclude, you were not conscious of the rapid flight of time."

"Respecting the entertainment, father, I have but little to say."

"Why, what was the matter? Were you not pleased with your company?"

"It would save you many unpleasant feelings, father, if you would not ask further information about it."

"Why, John, you surprise me. What new discoveries have you made?"

"I am sorry to say that I am sadly disappointed in that family."

"What have you seen? Come, don't hold me in suspense."

"Well, to begin with, as a family they have more show than substance; and they are all wine bibbers."

"Wine bibbers! Bless me! you didn't have wine last night?"

"Yes we did, father, in great abundance, and silver goblets to drink from."

"*You* didn't drink any of it, I hope; did you?"

"Do you think I could resist the temptation when invited by Olivia?"

"Can—it—be—possible, John, notwithstanding my example, and all I have said on this subject, you have yielded your principles, and *disgraced* yourself and your family?"

"Be at rest, father; I do wrong thus to trifle with

your feelings; I did *not* partake. I was urged again and again, but refused to touch it."

"I thank God for his preserving care over you!" exclaimed the old gentleman, with tearful eye. "If I had been presented with a half million of dollars, it would not have been a matter of so great rejoicing."

"I knew, father, it would distress you very much if I did partake of it, although I had no inclination or desire to do it."

"How many of them drank?"

"All but myself."

"Why, Philip Hopkins did not, I hope?"

"O, yes; he drank very freely, and seemed to relish it well."

"And he a temperance man!"

"He is one nominally; but the root of the matter is not in him, or he would not have broken his pledge."

"Poor Philip! O, how it would grieve his poor mother, if she knew it! I am really concerned for Philip. I am afraid he has entered the vortex of ruin," said Mr. Scribner, with much apparent solicitude.

"O, I hope not, father."

"There is but little hope in his case now; he has deliberately broken his pledge, and violated his temperance principles. When a young man does that, I consider him in the same danger I do a ship in a storm when she parts her cable; ruin is almost certain."

"It is frequently the case, I know; but I can't give up Philip yet; he is too good a young man," said John.

"Did young Holyday drink?"

"O, yes, as freely as any of them. I thought he

tried very hard to get into Olivia's good graces, and drank more on that account."

"The Schoolcrafts all drank, did they?"

"Indeed they did; they are at home in that business."

"Susan with the rest?"

"Yes."

"And she a disciple of Christ!"

"She claims to be, I believe."

"It *does* seem as if the devil had come down in great wrath upon the place. Then the beautiful, amiable and accomplished Olivia is a wine bibber! I was in hopes she would be a great help to our Sabbath school and Bible class, and to the young girls in our society; but instead of that, she will prove a curse!"

"Yes; but that isn't the worst of it, father."

"For mercy's sake! Why, you astonish me! What *can* be worse?" said the old gentleman.

"They had card playing."

"Card playing! Is it possible? Worse and worse."

"It is even so, father."

"I am astonished at the family. How many played?" inquired Mr. Scribner, anxiously.

"All but myself. I don't know but I do wrong in calling it card playing — they called it *whist*."

"Did they use cards?"

"O, yes."

"What's the reason, then, it ain't card playing? Let them call it what they will, — *whist* or *twist*, — and I should think it would require a pretty hard *twist* to throw off the charge of card playing. It vexes me to see the disposition at the present day not to call things by their right names. All this is dressing up

vice in a new form, to make it attractive and palatable. If the plague had broken out in our town, I should not have felt worse. How far the immoral, deadly contagion will spread from this family, the Lord only knows. If they were low and vicious, they could do but little injury. Young people are not often tempted to sin by the squalid face, haggard form, and tattered garments of intemperance. But when it assumes the forms of beauty, intelligence, and wealth, they are charmed, and easily led astray."

"It will take well," replied John, "with many of the young people in this place. And no doubt it will strengthen the Schoolcraft family very much in their opposition to the temperance cause."

"It will do them but little good. The power of the Schoolcraft family to do harm will soon be taken away," said Mr. Scribner.

"To what do you refer, father?"

"You know he mortgaged his farm when he built his distillery. I heard yesterday that Mr. Helms is going to foreclose immediately. If he does, it will ruin him."

"That will be very mortifying to the family," said John. "They feel very important now."

"Dishonor and ruin are before them, I think. The Bible says, 'Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall.' I may not live to see it, but I am confident unmeasured misery is in store for that family. The curse of God seems to rest upon this business."

"They made a great deal of sport of me because I would not drink with them."

"They did! Poor creatures! Well, let them despise you for maintaining your principles; I would not care for it. They are to be pitied."

"And they accused me of being unsocial, and Puritanic in my notions," said John.

"Well, now you have become acquainted with the family, their habits and principles, I hope you will have no more to do with them. Keep out of the way of temptation, then you will be safe."

"I made up my mind to that effect last night," replied John, with firmness.

"Always remember the Rechabites, my son, and do as they did; and the blessing of God will follow."

CHAPTER IV.

THE VILLA.

"It was the loveliest paradise
That mortal eyes might wish to see;
For singing birds with golden throats
Flung mellow notes from every tree.
The wind bore on the lamb's low bleat;
Old Brindle lay with drowsy head;
The humming bee sang soft and sweet,
Then nestled on his rose-leaf bed."

"My dear father," said a little bright-eyed girl, who had scarcely passed through nine summers, as she threw her arms around his neck, "you won't drink any more; will you, father?"

"Why, my daughter?"

"O, you are so much more kind to us when you don't."

"Is that all the reason?"

"No, father; it makes you sick, and wastes your property, and ——"

"And what?" asked the father, interrupting her.

"And it makes mother feel so bad, I am afraid it will make her sick; and ——" The poor girl's heart was too full to say more. She dashed away her tears, embraced him, and wept aloud.

The above conversation took place while the father was somewhat tender in consequence of a fit of sickness caused by drunkenness.

This father was Henry Howland, of whom we have spoken in a former chapter as being noted for his disorderly conduct when intoxicated. He was a native of Vermont; a man of good talents, tall, well proportioned, of fine personal address, easy in his manners, affable in his conversation, and very attractive in his general deportment. Much care and labor were bestowed upon his early education by his parents. While attending a seminary of learning in one of the New England States, he became acquainted with a young lady by the name of Grace Wendell, the daughter of a very rich merchant. She possessed a strong and well-balanced mind, a mild disposition, and a kind and affectionate heart. For one of her years, she was a girl of uncommon literary attainments. She was beautiful, graceful, and devotedly pious. Her character was a striking compound of intellectual strength, natural loveliness, pure refinement, and earnest piety.

After spending several months in her society, Mr. Howland became charmed and enamoured with her excellent qualities. He made known his feelings, and to his gratification he found they were fully reciprocated. He offered his hand, — it was accepted, — and in due time they were publicly united in the presence of numerous guests, at a large and brilliant wedding party. No couple ever launched out on life's tempestuous ocean under a fairer sky and more propitious breezes.

They settled in one of the towns skirting the beautiful Hudson. The large patrimony which he received from her father's estate enabled him to pur-

chase a farm lying on the bank of that ever-charming stream of water. For locality, fertility, and beauty of scenery it was unsurpassed. The highly-cultivated fruit and ornamental trees, gravel walks, bowers and arbors, overspread with grape and other vines, and the great variety of beautiful flowers ever sending out upon the passing breeze their sweet fragrance, made it an earthly paradise. Upon an eminence he erected a villa. In its construction, taste, beauty, and convenience were carefully combined. Its pleasant and spacious rooms were finished and ornamented in the best style, and supplied with heavy rosewood and mahogany furniture from the city.

"My dear, this is a beautiful world," said Mrs. Howland, one evening, as they sat upon the observatory, while the golden haze of heaven's light was gently mingling with earth's shadows.

"It is a charming world, Grace," replied her husband.

"How beautifully those mountains appear in the far distance! How distinctly we can discern their outlines in the golden light! And how quietly the blue hills seem to sleep in the soft twilight! And O, Henry, do see how perfectly every tree, mountain, and hill are reflected from the opposite side of the river!"

"It is truly enchanting; no artist can imitate its beauty."

"O, do see how accurately every steamer and the sails of every vessel are reflected!"

"I think I never saw nature so tranquil, and the river so quiet."

"Well may one ask," said Mrs. Howland, "in the language of Thomson,—

'Who can paint
Like Nature? Can Imagination boast,
Amid its gay creation, hues like hers?
Or can it mix them with that matchless skill,
And lose them in each other?'"

"Indeed, they are 'mixed' with 'matchless skill!'" said Henry. "Have you observed, Grace, how those mountains away in the distance yonder melt away into each other?"

"O, certainly. It was that which reminded me of those beautiful lines of Thomson. And the scene before us affords me the greater pleasure because the Bible informs us that *all* we see, — this beautiful river, its banks, covered with shrubs and sweet flowers, the beetling rock, and mountain peak, —

'*All* are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body nature is, and God the soul.'"

"I have always," said Henry, "been charmed with a sunset scene. It awakens sweet associations in my mind. One evening, when I was quite young, my mother taught me a verse while sitting on the bank of a small lake near our dwelling."

"What was it?" asked Grace. "Do you remember?"

"I think I can repeat it: —

'And brightly on the lake's broad breast
The hues of evening glow;
More richly still their splendors rest
On that far mountain's brow.
The vaulted sky displays on high
The blissful hues of even;
And earth the while repays each smile
Of beauty caught from heaven.'"

"O, how beautiful!" exclaimed Grace, "and how descriptive of the scene before us!"

Grace and Henry both were great admirers of the beautiful and sublime. The first summer at the villa they spent many happy evenings in the observatory, looking off on the smooth bosom of the river, and the blue ridge extending far away towards the setting sun.

A few months after the above conversation, Mr. Howland was invited to accompany several gentlemen from Albany on a fishing excursion. Having a taste for sporting, he consented to go.

After all suitable arrangements and preparations were made, they entered their little craft, and shoved off for Long Point.

"Come, George," said Thomas Thornton, "ain't it time to crack a bottle of champagne?"

"I was just going to ask that question myself," said George Eastman; "but I felt a bite, and thought I would take another trout first."

"Never mind your trout," replied Thornton; "take that afterwards."

"Come, boys, here's long life to you, and plenty of good fat trout," said Eastman, as he drew the cork and took a hearty drink.

"That's prime champagne," added Thornton, after taking a heavy draught.

"Take hold, Howland; help yourself," said Eastman.

"I thank you," he answered; "I have no occasion for drinking."

"No occasion! that is very strange language for a fisherman."

"More strange for a gentleman!" said Thornton.

"I know it is used by both; but gentleman or fisherman, whichever you are pleased to call me, I am not in the habit of using the article."

"You fear the effects, I suppose?" said Eastman, laughing.

"I don't know that I do; yet I have known many who commenced a course of inebriation by drinking wine."

"Poh! poh! man. Take hold, and lay aside your del icate scruples of conscience for once," said Thornton.

He yielded and drank, and drank again; and long before night, to the satisfaction of his company, he became merry, and occasionally threw off coruscations and flashes of wit which delighted them.

When Howland returned home, he had not entirely recovered from the exhilarating effects of wine. His wife saw it. She could not, she *dare* not, think he had been tippling. "He acts and talks strangely," thought she: "can it be possible Henry is intoxicated? O, I cannot believe it. He has always been temperate: it can't be he has now commenced drinking; yet I am afraid it is so." Her suspicions cast a dense cloud of gloom over her mind. If the angel of death had spread his dark wing over their dwelling and the surrounding scenery, her emotions could not have been more painful, nor her forebodings of future ill more certain. The thought that it *might be so* cast a shadow over the villa, shrubbery, flowers, and pleasure grounds, that robbed them of half their beauty. She sought her closet, and He who sees in secret was the only witness to her agony and tears,

and the outgushing of her soul to God for Henry's preservation from the horrible vice of intemperance.

"My dear," said Howland, a few days after the fishing excursion, "have you any objections to my bringing into the house a few bottles of champagne?"

"Champagne! Why, for what purpose?"

"Why, to treat our friends when they call, in case they use it."

"I hope you will not, Henry."

"Why, my dear, what objections have you?"

"I am afraid of the consequences."

"Why, Grace, you are not afraid on my account, are you?"

"No, not that wholly; there are other ——"

"Then it is that in part, is it?" said Howland, interrupting his wife.

"I can't say, my dear, I have *no* fears on your account," replied Grace, feelingly.

"Well, what other objections have you?"

"The example, Henry; the influence we shall exert over our friends and neighbors: the circumstances we are in give us a powerful influence over them, either for weal or woe," said Mrs. Howland, solemnly.

"Well, Grace, I readily assent to all you have said; but it is the custom here to use it, and to keep it in the house. I presume there is not a family within ten miles but uses it. And what shall we do? Shall we be singular, and lose caste by it?"

"Are you sure that it is so, Henry?"

"I *know* it is so, at least in some of the families near us," he answered, with emphasis.

"Do they use it at Colonel Richmond's?"

"Certainly. I was in there yesterday morning, and almost the first thing I saw was a wine decanter."

"Did you partake of it?"

"I just wet my lips, so as not to be considered singular."

"O my dear Henry, I fear the consequences of this," said his wife, weeping.

"You need have no fears on my account, Grace. I certainly deprecate intemperance as much as any person living. I wish to do this only to accommodate myself to the usages of society, and to maintain our standing in the first circles — which I am sure we cannot do without."

"If they think so little of us as to thrust us out of their society for *that*, let them do it. For my part, I had much rather have the consciousness of *doing right* than the pleasure of their society."

"It is always well to be conscientious, Grace; but it is sometimes necessary, in order to get along smoothly in the world, to yield a little to public sentiment."

"Not if is is *wrong*," replied Mrs. Howland.

A few days after the above conversation, Howland brought into the house a large quantity of champagne. He uncorked a bottle, poured out some of its sparkling contents, and presented it to his wife.

"No, Henry," she very kindly replied.

"O, you will just try its flavor," said Henry, rather beseechingly.

"I cannot, Henry. I am pledged not to use it, or countenance its use in others," she answered, solemnly and with tears.

She very soon saw that all her suspicions were well founded. He had already acquired an appetite for it, and drank it freely at home and abroad.

A few weeks subsequent to the introduction of champagne to the villa, Henry was invited to ride with Colonel Richmond to the city of Hudson. This gentleman (if gentleman he may be called) was in the habit of using intoxicating drinks very freely as a beverage. Far advanced in years, and still farther in vice and dissipation, Henry could not have chosen a more dangerous companion. He was intelligent, affable, and remarkably loquacious, which armed him with fearful power to destroy his associates. He had been in the army, and passed through several battles and hair-breadth escapes, which furnished him with a large supply of materials to entertain his companions. Henry was led by the colonel into an elegantly-furnished saloon, where the most of the night was spent in dissipation.

This was the first night Grace had spent without the company of her husband since their marriage. "*One — two — three,*" she counted, as the strokes of the clock sadly vibrated upon her ear, "and yet Henry has not come." She seated herself at one of the windows, looking out upon the beautiful lawn; and though the moon shone brightly upon shrubs and flowers, casting over them a flood of silvery light, and giving the whole scene the appearance of some fairyland, it had no charms for her. She felt the need of aid to sustain her trembling frame and agitated mind. Carefully turning over the leaves of a beautiful gilt Bible, she read the following precious promises: —

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee. Trust ye in the Lord forever; for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength."

"Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee: and he shall never suffer the righteous to be moved."

"Behold, the eye of the Lord is upon them that fear him, upon them that hope in his mercy: to deliver their soul from death, and to keep them alive in famine."

"The righteous cry, and the Lord heareth, and delivereth them out of all their troubles. Many are the afflictions of the righteous: but the Lord delivereth him out of them all."

"The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them."

Mrs. Howland closed the Bible, and arose from her seat with a composed and tranquil mind, feeling that it was sweet to trust in that almighty Being without whose knowledge not a sparrow falls to the ground.

"Chloe," said she, "won't you run to the door? I thought I heard a noise there."

"Good Lor', missus!" she exclaimed, starting back as she opened the door, "Mas'r Howlan's flat down on the pi'za."

She ran to the door, and to her astonishment her husband was beastly intoxicated.

"O — Gracy," he muttered, while making an effort to rise, "you — up — yet? I thought you's — 'bed, long — go; did — 'pon — my — word, wife."

"O Henry! Henry!" said his wife, wildly wringing her hands.

"Keep — cool — wife. I — say — wifey — keep — cool. I'm *leetle* mellow, ye see, that's all."

"O that I could have foreseen this!" she exclaimed, as the tears started from her eyes.

"Wifey — no — need foreseein'; things comes without foreseein' 'em, you see. Ha! ha! ha!" he muttered out in broken tones, which sounded to her like echoes from the world of woe.

After several attempts, by the assistance of his wife and Chloe, he succeeded in spreading himself upon the sofa, and in a few moments he was soundly asleep. The lamp burned dimly in the hall as Chloe retired to rest, leaving Mrs. Howland alone with her inebriate husband.

Sad and bitter were her reflections as she sat and gazed upon his manly features in the pale, cold light of the moon. "Can it be possible," she thought, "Henry, my own dear Henry, is a drunkard? O, my Father in heaven, *do*, I beseech thee, interpose and save him from the snare of the destroyer! O Henry, why did you yield to temptation? The accursed wine — *it 'is a mocker.'* I was fearful this would be the result. He has been led on by cruel associates — he will not continue it. O — he — *will* — *not* — continue it! O God, have mercy, and save him!" She sat down by his side, tenderly throwing her arm over him, and prayed and wept until she fell asleep.

From this time the beautiful villa upon the bank of the Hudson and its delightful scenery lost all of its charms for Mrs. Howland. The flowers lost their fragrance; the gentle moonbeams that danced brightly upon the shaven lawn wore an air of gloom; the

soft breezes that played around the villa had a sound of dreariness ; and even the early notes of the robin and the sweet song of the canary awakened feelings of sadness in her soul. A heavy, crushing weight was upon her heart, such as the young wife always feels when she first discovers that the husband of her youth is a drunkard.

Years rolled on, but the tears of his wife, the entreaties of friends, and the expostulations of relatives had no power to reform or in any degree restrain him. The grooves of vice were too deeply worn in his soul to be healed by any human agency. In consequence of his frequent orgies, his health declined, his manly appearance fled, his character was blighted, his affection for his family waxed cold, and his large estate melted away. He contracted the habit of gambling — or rather a love for it without the skill, which placed him in an attitude to be filched out of thousands during one night's revel ; nor did base men fail to take advantage of his weakness.

The night was cold, and the earth was covered with a heavy body of snow. The mist had frozen upon trees and shrubs, and hung in beautiful festoons from their branches. The hoarse voice of the wind without, as it drove furiously by the villa, seemed to echo the sadness within.

Mrs. Howland, pale and trembling, sat by the couch of her dying child. Little Eddy, her only son, a sweet boy, three years of age, had wasted away to a mere shadow. A deep, hollow cough, the hectic flush, and night sweats admonished Mrs. Howland that ere long she and her dear boy must part. She sat motion-

less, holding his thin hands in hers, carefully watching his labored breathing and the rapid strides of death. Doctor Elwood sat near, deeply sympathizing with the afflicted mother.

"Doctor, you think the child's dying?" asked Henry, as he entered the room and staggered up to the child.

"I think he is very near his end."

"Look up here, Eddy; don't you know your father?"

"I wouldn't disturb him, I think," added the doctor.

"'Pon — my — word, doctor, he'll live yet. His pulse is too strong to die yet — no mistake, doctor," said Howland, laughing, as he felt of the child's wrist. Turning from the child, he reeled against the stand, upon which stood a few china cups containing remedies, and overturned it. He finally threw himself upon the sofa, and was soon sleeping soundly.

The feelings of Mrs. Howland can be more easily imagined than described. A sad silence reigned in the apartment, such as always pervades the chamber of death. The domestics sat demurely by the cheerful grate, while Mrs. Howland and the physician watched with deep and painful interest the faintly-moving lip — the marble forehead, growing more and more cold — the little hands, fast becoming motionless — and the gently-heaving bosom, which moved slower and slower.

"The scene has closed," said the doctor, as he pressed down the thin eyelids.

Mrs. Howland settled back in her chair, raised her eyes towards heaven, as if to trace the departed spirit

to "fairer worlds on high," and said, "I will not murmur, for the Savior when on earth said, 'Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me; for of such is the kingdom of heaven.' 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.'"

A limpid stream, which had its rise in a range of mountains east of the Hudson, in its course swept through Howland's farm, forming a beautiful cascade not far from the villa. A little eminence, near where the water made its final leap into the river, which was covered with cedars, with here and there a cypress and maple, was selected as the last resting-place of little Eddy. A monument was erected, and the grave enclosed with a neat picket fence, to remind the passer by that the remains of a *dear one* slept there.

As Mrs. Howland sat one day carelessly looking over the county paper, her eye fell upon a notice for the sale of property under a mortgage. She read it, and found to her astonishment that it was her own dear home. She knew her husband had become exceedingly prodigal, as well as intemperate,— she knew he had wasted much personal property,— but this was the first intimation that he was so deeply involved that the homestead must be sold to meet his debts.

"Henry," she inquired, pointing to the article as he entered the room, "what does this mean?"

"Don't be too inquisitive," he replied, as his eye caught the notice.

"But, Henry, I *must* know about this."

"Find out, then, by your learning. I am capable of managing my own business."

"Can — it — be — *possible*, Henry, you have mortgaged our home?" asked Mrs. Howland, as the tears coursed down her careworn cheeks.

"It's my own — I have a *right* to sell it, if I please," he replied, in a sour, indifferent manner.

She left him, went into another room, and gave vent to her feelings by sighs and tears. In a few days her painful anticipations were fully realized. Wealthy gentlemen from Albany, accompanied by the sheriff, carefully surveyed the premises: the lawn — the gravel walks — the flower garden — the fruit yard — the ornamental trees — the beautiful cascade — and the mound, covered with cedars, where Eddy slept. The villa, also, underwent a careful scrutiny. The walls — the carpeting — the statuary — the rich paintings which once ornamented her father's parlor — and the rich and heavy rosewood and mahogany furniture, were carefully examined, and sold under the sheriff's hammer.

The sun rose clear, the air was bland and still, the prismatic colors were reflected from ten thousand dewdrops upon shrub and flower, and the feathered tribes made the piazza ring with their merry songs; but Mrs. Howland had a sad and heavy heart. She had spent her last night at the villa.

As no time could be lost, for they were that day to start for a distant place that was to be their future residence, Mrs. Howland took her daughters Ella and Ida by the hand, to take their last look, their *parting*

look, of the *dear old home.* All the places of interest about the farm — the fruit yard, the flower garden, the bowers and arbors, and the observatory — were visited for the last time.

Slowly and sadly, hand in hand, they walked out to little Eddy's grave. It was a beautiful day in the month of October. The mountains in the distance, and the hills on the opposite bank of the river, were dressed with the gorgeous colors of orange and crimson, which reminded her of the reverses and changes of life. All around them was quiet and still, except a gentle breeze that played through the branches of the cypress and cedar, — now and then a sear and yellow leaf rustling down from the maples, — and the sparkling water, leaping from rock to rock, as if in haste to repose on the placid bosom of the Hudson.

"Sleep on, my dear boy," said Mrs. Howland, as she turned from the grave, "until the morning of the resurrection. I shall then meet thee, and join with thee in singing the song of redeeming love."

They returned to the house, entered a room where none but the eye of God could see, clasped each other in their arms, shed their last tears, and sent up into the ear of the God of Sabaoth their last prayers at the villa, and then took their final leave of their dear old home.

Ella, the eldest daughter, considered this separation from the home of her childhood the most painful event of her life. Some years after, when writing to a friend, she quoted the following lines as expressive of her feelings : —

"I love that *dear old home!* My mother lived there her first sweet marriage years. . . .

> The sunlight there seems to me brighter far
> Than wheresoever else. I know the forms
> Of every tree and mountain, hill and dell;
> Its waters gurgle like a tongue I know —
> It is *my home.*'"

CHAPTER V.

THE LOWLY COT.

"At that soft, holy hour in days gone by,
There might be seen that joyous family —
Husband, and wife, and child. 'Twas all so fair
Where all was love, it made an Eden there."

"A blighting change came, withering all their hopes."

THREE miles west of the village of Harwood, in a narrow glen surrounded by woodland, stood a small, lowly cot. For many years it had been jointly occupied by sportsmen from different parts of the country.

One afternoon, a poorly-dressed man, with a span of old horses and a wagon rather the worse for wear, which bore a few household effects, his wife, and two bright-eyed children, were seen slowly making their way between the hills towards the lowly cot. It rained incessantly. The dark clouds which overcast the heavens, and the mist which covered the tops of the mountains, seemed to narrow down the horizon, and shut in closer and closer the cheerless habitation. Things within doors wore an air no more smiling than those without.

"Who has been moving in here?" inquired one gentleman of another, as they were riding by one morning towards the village of Harwood.

"It is a man by the name of Howland, I understand — from Columbia county."

"From Columbia county! What in the world has brought him to this poor shanty?"

"Intemperance, I have been told."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; the same thing that destroys so many. Major Treadwell gave me a little sketch of his history yesterday, which is rather romantic."

"What was it?"

"The substance of it was this: He was from a worthy family — married a very amiable and intelligent girl — received a patrimony of many thousand dollars from her father's estate — settled in Columbia county, on the Hudson — built him a beautiful mansion — and finally fell into habits of drinking and gambling, and lost it all, which has brought him here into this miserable shanty."

"Is it possible! That is sadly romantic."

"The major was well acquainted with her parents, and was warmly attached to them. The old man wept like a child while relating the circumstances of their misfortune."

"Well, it is enough to make any one weep. And yet this is only one case out of ten thousand, which are the legitimate fruits of the drinking custom and the license law."

A few days after their arrival at this lowly and uncomfortable dwelling, Mrs. Howland sat by her stand, mending her children's garments — her heart overwhelmed with grief. Ella burst into tears as she discovered the expression of sadness upon her mother's countenance. "Dear mother, what makes you look so sad?" she exclaimed, as she threw her arms around her and wept upon her neck.

Mrs. Howland could not speak. Her heart was too full to utter a word. After several unsuccessful efforts, she said, "My dear child, I was contrasting our present with our former circumstances, which fills my heart with overwhelming grief."

"O mother, my own *dear* mother, don't give way to your feelings! I am afraid it will make you sick," said Ella.

"Dear mother," said little Ida, standing by, and giving full proof of her sympathy by tears and sobs, "you used to tell us '*that all things shall work together for good to them that love God.*' Don't you love God, mother?"

"I confess, my child," said Mrs. Howland, "that I am wrong. God will take care of us if we put our trust in him."

Mrs. Howland dried her tears, and felt that her hope in Christ, and her sympathizing children, were far greater blessings to her than all the gold of Ophir or the wealth of India. The simple admonition of her child broke the spell of grief, rifted the dark clouds which overcast her mental horizon, through which poured a flood of light and comfort into her sad and afflicted heart. A few extracts from her journal, written soon after those days of depression, will give the reader some idea of her feelings:—

"Nov. 10.—I felt very sad and dejected this morning, in view of my circumstances. My mind was dark, and my faith weak, until I was admonished by my dear child. It was a timely rebuke, and was no doubt directed by my heavenly Father."

"Nov. 13.—I dreamed last night of visiting the

villa — of walking in the flower garden — the greenhouse — the fruit yard — in the arbors and bowers. I heard distinctly the sweet song of the canaries, the rushing waters of the cascade, and the sighing winds in the branches of the cypress and cedar, in the dear old grove where Eddy sleeps. When I awoke, and found it a dream, my eyes were filled with tears."

"Nov. 20. — I have been trying this morning to look on the bright side of things. I find, though my outward circumstances are very dark and trying, there is a bright side to the picture. In the language of the poet, I think I can say from my heart, —

> 'Let the winds of sorrow blow
> Roughly o'er this track of mine;
> Let the fount of grief o'erflow,
> Hope's sweet star forbear to shine;
> Though of every comfort shorn,
> Though of every joy bereft,
> Weak, defenceless, and forlorn,
> I am *rich*, if Christ is left.'

Yes, *rich*, — INFINITELY RICH, — if Christ is left!"

"Dec. 4 — My mind has been much occupied for a few days past with the dreadful evils of intemperance. How strange it is that the drinking usage and the license law are continued, when so many are ruined by them for time and eternity! O merciful God, hasten the time when the liquor traffic shall cease! O Lord, redeem my poor Henry from the vice of intemperance!"

Mrs. Howland instructed her children to believe in the providences of God, and that they were all ordered for the future good of his people. And that she

might not contradict her teachings, she daily prayed for grace to submit to the dealings of her heavenly Father without a murmur.

"Mrs. Howland," said a lady who called to see if she needed assistance, "how is it that you are so cheerful? There is a secret about it which I do not understand."

"Dear Mrs. Shelby," said Mrs. Howland with a smile, "did you never read the language of the apostle?—'We are troubled on every side, yet not distressed; we are perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed; always'—this is the secret—'*always* bearing about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus, that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our body.'"

"I am a professor of religion; but were I placed in your circumstances, I am afraid I could not be as submissive as you are."

"We don't know, Mrs. Shelby, what we can endure until we are tried."

"That is very true."

"I once thought I could not—but I find my strength is equal to my day."

"I hope you will not consider me intrusive, Mrs. Howland, if I make some inquiries respecting your wants."

"O, certainly not. You are very kind."

I had some conversation with Mr. Scribner about your family last evening; and Mr. Shelby thought I had better ride over and see you, and see what you most need to make you comfortable."

"I hardly know, Mrs. Shelby, what reply to make.

As you see, we are a very needy, destitute family. We have seen better days."

"If you can mention some things which you and your children most need for your present comfort, there are a few ladies who will be glad to procure them for you."

Mrs. Howland was so overcome by the lady's kind offer, and her soft and gentle words, that she could not speak for some time. Little Ida buried her face in her mother's lap and wept for joy. It was an expression of gratitude so sincere, Mrs. Shelby felt that it was "more blessed to give than to receive."

"Well, Mrs. Shelby, if you and other kind ladies are disposed to assist us, I will mention such articles as we most need. Both of the girls need warmer garments for winter. Ida needs a better pair of shoes; Ella can get along with hers by being careful. And——"

Her emotions obliged her to pause, and she could not refrain from weeping. Her situation aroused all the keen sensibilities of her soul. The thought that a few years before she had possessed thousands, and was now a pauper, dependent upon friends for the necessaries of life, was more than she could bear without betraying her feelings.

"How is it," said Mrs. Shelby, "with yourself? Are you comfortable?"

"I am very far from that. I am thinly clad, as you see; and during all this wet weather my feet have been damp, as I have been obliged to go out to get wood and other comforts."

"Where is Mr. Howland?"

"He is at the village, I suppose. I have not seen him since early this morning."

"Is he at work for any one?"

"He says he is doing a job of teaming for Mr. Doty. How that is, I don't know."

"Doty manages, probably, to pay him in liquor for his work."

"I presume he does. He brings but very little of his earnings home that we can use for the comfort of the family."

"I hope you will excuse me, Mrs. Howland, for being so inquisitive. Is he unkind to you when intoxicated?"

"O, yes, Mrs. Shelby; he is very unkind to us all. A short time since he came home from Doty's, bringing with him a bottle of liquor. He threatened to turn us all out of doors. He pulled from my head a large handful of hair, and struck Ida with his boot upon her arm, the mark of which can be seen now. I never saw him act quite so bad; he raved and stormed like a maniac."

"Is he naturally unkind to you?"

"O, no; when he is sober he is very kind and pleasant, and seems willing to do any thing for our happiness. If liquor could be kept from him, he would again be a kind and affectionate husband," she said, weeping bitterly.

"How would it do, Mrs. Howland, for you to see Mr. Doty, and ask him not to sell to your husband?"

"I have seen him; it will do no good. I called on Mrs. Doty last week, and told her all my trials. She

sympathized very deeply with me. She called Mr. Doty in the room, and I had a long talk with him."

"What did he say?"

"O, he said if he did not sell to him others would, and he might as well have his money as any body else. I told him I would see the others; and I asked him if he would refuse him, if the others would: he told me plainly he would not. Mrs. Doty expostulated with him, and entreated him with tears. He said he had a *license*, and would sell to him as much as he pleased. He finally told me I had better go home and mind my own business, and not come there and make disturbance in his family. I came home, Mrs. Shelby, with a heavy heart, feeling that there is no way but to bear it patiently."

"How cruel it was for him to treat you in that way! How *could* he be so hard hearted?"

"My experience has taught me, Mrs. Shelby, that liquor dealers have very little feeling for the drunkard's family. All they care for is his money."

"Is it safe for you to stay with him here alone when he is intoxicated?"

"I don't think it is; but we have nowhere else to go," she replied, weeping.

Mrs. Shelby also wept freely, and felt it a pleasure to mingle her tears with one so weak, and amiable, and one so cruelly oppressed by the rumsellers.

"You may expect a call in a few days," said Mrs. Shelby as she left, "from some of the ladies, who will bring you the articles you need."

"You are very kind. I thank you for your attention, and I hope the Lord will reward you for it."

This friendly call was to Mrs. Howland refreshing as a shower upon the dry and thirsty soil. No pen can describe or tongue express the joy which these few comforting words awakened in her soul. The thought that there were some in the town of Harwood who could sympathize with her, did much towards lifting the heavy weight from her heart and dispelling the night of gloom from her mind. Tears and sympathy to the afflicted and oppressed are as refreshing as the green oasis to the weary traveller on an arid desert.

"How very kind Mrs. Shelby is; isn't she, mother?" said Ella, dashing away her tears.

"She is a very kind-hearted lady," said Mrs. Howland; "she knows how to feel for the poor and needy."

"I wish I could give her something for her goodness," said little Ida. "I have a good mind to give her my monthly rose."

"She had much rather you would keep it, my daughter."

"She is good to us; I *do* want to give her something," said Ida, sobbing.

"There, who is that with father?" asked Ella, as she discovered two men coming up the lane.

"O, who can it be?" said Ida.

"What is that father has in his hand, I wonder?" said Ella.

"It is a jug," replied Ida, "and I am sorry; father will carry on so bad all night."

Mrs. Howland saw at a glance that they were both

intoxicated, and that there would be no peace for her or her children that night.

"Chil'ren, what you doin' with the door open?" muttered Howland, as he reeled up against the side of the house. "Wife, what under heavens you let these chil'ren stan' in the door for, this damp weather?"

"They just opened it as you came up," answered Mrs. Howland.

"Don't give me any of your slang; I won't take it. You don't care if the chil'ren take death cold, no how; you don't. They keep me awake every night by their coughing, wheezing, and sneezing; and that's all you care for it."

"Ho! ho! what a man you are!" said his drunken comrade.

"Come, none of your change; the woman can get along without your help. You keep quiet, or I'll show you the hole the carpenter made, quick and lively," replied Howland. "Wife, where is your supper? I'm tired and hungry. Come, woman, why don't you *stir?* You sit there as composed as a gravestone."

Mrs. Howland set the table, put on some cold boiled meat, potatoes, and corn bread, prepared a dish of crust coffee, and told him it was ready.

He cast his eyes over the table in a rage, then upset it, and danced upon the victuals and the dishes. "I'll let you know," he exclaimed with an oath, "that I've not come to this. You'll find out, if you live with me a few years longer, that Henry Howland don't eat

beef bones and hoecake. Do you understand that, eh?"

Mrs. Howland was deeply affected by the brutal treatment of her husband. It broke up the great deep of her soul, and was followed by burning tears. Ella and Ida were convulsed with fear, and shrank down by the side of their mother and wept bitterly.

"Woman," asked Howland in an angry tone, "what are you whimpering about?"

"I set before you, Mr. Howland, all the house affords."

"You lie!"

"I certainly did."

"It is false! I know better. You'd have my friends think I provide nothing for the family — would you, eh? You're a pretty woman! Don't you feel proud of yourself? This is a fine way to be treated when a gentleman brings home company with him! Joe, does your wife ever play such pranks when you have your friends to see you?"

"O, I don't know."

"Don't know! What *do* you know?"

"Some things I know, and some I don't know. I know old Doty has plenty of good whiskey, and I *know* you and I know how to drink it. That's all I want to know in this world — let the next take care of itself, I say."

"Do you s'pose, Joe, they'll have any good liquor in heaven?"

"I guess not."

"What makes you think so?"

"The Bible says there are no drunkards there. I'm

sure, if there was liquor, there would be. Ain't that good reasonin'?"

"That's conclusive; for 'where the carcass is, there will the eagles be gathered together.' Girls, go to bed," Howland snarled out, "and stop your crying. Do you hear? Come, start your taps, or I'll be among you like a storm of hail. I'll see if I can't be master of my own house; you've got so you don't care whether you mind or not; it's about time you's trimmed up again, I reckon."

The night was spent by Howland and his companion in drinking, carousing, gambling, swearing, and in low and vulgar conversation, until they were so drunk they rolled out of their chairs on the floor, and snored till the sun threw a flood of glory over meadow and woodland. As soon as they awoke they poured out a heavy dram, drank it, and walked off arm in arm for Doty's tavern.

This was the first night's debauch Mrs. Howland had ever witnessed. She knew from the appearance of her husband that such night gatherings of intemperate associates were extremely debasing, but she had never had even a faint idea of the extent of their power to corrupt and demoralize.

"Mother," said little Ida, "wasn't you frightened last night?"

"I was, my child, at one time, very much."

"How bad father did act!" said Ella. "I never heard him talk so before. I never can like him again."

"Don't talk so, child. He is your father, and you must love him and treat him kindly."

"Why, mother, how can I, when he talks so, and is so ugly to you and all of us?"

"The Bible says," said Ida, "that we must love even our enemies; don't it, mother?"

"Yes, Ida, and I hope you will always remember that."

"How wild father did look," said Ida, "when he pushed over the table! I thought he was going to fall into the fire."

"Yes, and how hateful that man looked!" said Ella. 'He just sat and laughed."

"Mother," said Ida, standing at the window, "a wagon is coming up the lane, with two ladies in it."

"I wonder who it can be?" asked Ella.

"I think one of them is Mrs. Shelby," answered Mrs. Howland. "It looks like her bonnet and shawl."

"O, it is, it is!" exclaimed Ida. "She is bringing our things. O, goody, goody! Now I shall have some new shoes."

Nor was the artless child mistaken in her conclusion. The ladies were Mrs. Shelby and Mrs. Crosby, who came in a one-horse wagon, well provided with various articles for the immediate relief and comfort of Mrs. Howland and her children. These ladies were distinguished for their labors of love and acts of charity towards the poor and needy in the town of Harwood. They brought with them their husbands, for the purpose of making more comfortable their open and dilapidated dwelling.

While the men were at work banking up and battening the cracks of the house, Mrs. Shelby and Mrs. Crosby were engaged in presenting their gifts, in

assisting Mrs. Howland in her sewing, and in speaking kind and comforting words to her and her daughters. It was a happy day for them all. The hours passed amidst tears, smiles, and pleasant words. That day to Mrs. Howland was a peaceful calm in the heart of a tempest, a refreshing oasis in a parched and scathed desert.

"I am so glad," said Ida, after the ladies had gone, "I have shoes again. Now, Ella, we can go up the Sugar Loaf — can't we?"

This Sugar Loaf was a high peak in a ridge of mountains a short distance back of their dwelling. When it was fair weather, the children were fond of climbing up to its summit, where they fancied they could see in the far east the range of mountains at the base of which stood the villa, their dear old home, and the grave of little Eddy. Mrs. Howland accompanied her children to the summit one evening, soon after their arrival, to witness the setting sun. The wide extent of country, the blue mountains in the far distance, and the hills covered with shrubbery dressed in orange and crimson, brought up to her mind so vividly the beautiful sunset scenes she had witnessed at the villa, that she had no desire to repeat her visit.

"So we can," said Ella. "If it is pleasant, we will go to-morrow — won't we?"

"I wish mother would go with us. It is so much more pleasant to have her along — isn't it, Ella?"

"It is most too long a walk for me, my daughters; I don't wish to go."

That night Howland came home from Doty's drunk, as usual.

"What are these?" he asked, in a cross and angry tone, holding up Ida's shoes.

"They are new shoes for me, father," replied Ida, going towards him.

"Where did they come from?"

"Mrs. Shelby gave them to me."

"I'll Shelby you! Beg will you! I'll learn you to run through the neighborhood and plead poverty!" said the unfeeling wretch, as he threw the shoes into the fire.

"O dear, father, please don't!" said Ida, as she made an effort to save them.

"There, take that, you good-for-nothing hussy," he exclaimed, as he boxed her ears.

Poor Ida sat down in the corner and wept as if her little heart would break, and turned not her eyes from the fire until her shoes were a crisped and charred mass under the fore-stick.

Howland became more depraved and abusive to his family after this, when intoxicated, than before. Every little attention and favor shown to the family by the ladies of Harwood only served to exasperate him, and call forth his wrath upon his wife and children. On one occasion, when he came home from Doty's late at night, he drove his family out of the house, simply because they had received a call that afternoon from Mrs. Crosby. He supposed every act of mercy towards his wife was in consequence of their appeals and solicitations, which mortified his pride. On the night named, they were obliged to remain out in the night air until near morning, when they ventured to enter because the fiend had fallen

into a sound sleep, invoked by the lateness of the hour and his potations.

In consequence of constant anxiety of mind, and the harsh and cruel treatment of her husband, the health of Mrs. Howland began to decline. She had been reared in the midst of affluence, and possessed a delicate constitution, which rapidly gave way under the perpetual storm that beat upon her. The want of physical comforts, and her unremitted anxiety and grief, wore so rapidly upon the thread of life that she was convinced her end was near. "But O," she thought, "how can I leave my dear children? If they were quietly resting by the side of little Eddy, I could die in peace." She saw the time was not distant when her daughters would be exposed to the brutal treatment of an inebriate father, and left upon the cold charities of the world.

"Dear mother," said Ella one morning, as she threw her arms around her neck, "what makes you look so pale?"

"Why, Ella, do you think I look more pale than usual?"

"I think you do, mother."

"So do I," said Ida.

"My dear children," said Mrs. H., as she convulsively drew them up to her bosom, "I am afraid you will not have your mother long."

"O mother, don't, *don't* talk so!" said Ella, brushing away her tears, which fell like rain; "you will kill me."

"My precious children, I do not wish to excite your fears unnecessarily; but it is proper you should

know that a disease is preying upon my lungs which will soon close my life."

"I know, dear mother," said Ella, "your cough is distressing. It has been much worse since we had to stay out doors all night. It didn't sound so hollow before."

"Mother, can't you take something for your cough?" anxiously inquired Ida. "It seems to me it can be cured."

"I have nothing to take; and if I had, my anxiety of mind and troubles are so great, it would be of no use."

"Mrs. Shelby said the other day, when she was here," said Ella, "hemlock was good for a cough. I do wish, dear mother, you would try it."

"I would, if I had some; but there is none very near here."

"We can go and get some; can't we, Ida?"

"Yes, we can, if mother will let us."

The little creatures, with light and happy hearts, bounded across lawn and meadow in the direction of a hemlock grove. After passing several cultivated farms and pleasant farm houses, they entered a narrow path on the side of a mountain, which led to a ravine where grew the hemlocks. Although the path was steep and rocky, they were not weary. The thought that they were seeking a remedy for their dear mother, imparted strength and vigor to perform their journey without fatigue. To their sad disappointment, when they arrived there, they found they were unable to procure any, because they could not

reach the boughs. They sat down upon a clean, moss-covered rock, and wept bitterly.

"Why do you weep, my little girls?" asked a gentleman passing that way.

"Our mother is sick, sir; and we came after some hemlock boughs, and can't reach them," said Ella.

"Dry up your tears, little miss," said the stranger; "I will get some for you."

"O, you are very kind; we *thank* you very much," said Ella.

With bright eyes and buoyant spirits, hand in hand they tripped back, singing as they went,—

"The clouds are flying on the breeze,
The birds are singing on the trees,
All full of joy below, above,
Rejoicing in the God of love
Sing lips and hearts,
Sing cheerful songs;
To that good God
All praise belongs."

They were so happy in view of their supposed remedy, the distance of a mile and a half was passed over ere they were aware.

"Now, mother," said Ella, when they went into the house, "I am going to be your doctor. I can't bear to hear you cough so hard."

"And I will be your nurse, mother," said Ida. "Between us both, I guess we can cure you."

"You are very kind, my children," said Mrs. Howland, wiping her eyes; "I hope you will be rewarded for it."

"The pleasure of doing it is reward enough for me," said Ella.

"So it is for me," said Ida.

"Here, mother, try some of my medicine," said Ella, after she had steeped some of the boughs in water, and sweetened it with loaf sugar which Mrs. Shel by brought. "Is it pleasant, mother?"

"It is very good, my daughter. I shall think you are quite a doctor if you keep on."

"Don't you think, mother, it will make you feel better?" asked Ida, with an expression of deep anxiety.

"I hope it will, dear child."

Mrs. Howland was too well acquainted with the disease which was thoroughly seated on her lungs to have very strong hopes of its removal. It was a disease of long standing, and had been urged on in its fearful progress by exposure and the brutal treatment of her husband.

For many weeks Ella and Ida were to their mother like ministering angels. They closely watched every symptom, were very attentive to every want, and relieved her, so far as they were able, of all cares. Her health for a while seemed to improve under their simple treatment, and strong hopes were entertained by the little creatures that their mother would soon be restored to perfect health.

Spring had fully opened. The snow had melted away, and the buds were swelling, and early flowers putting forth. April breezes passed gently over field and woodland, and birds with their merry notes joyously welcomed spring.

"How pleasant and beautiful every thing is this morning!" said Ella, as she threw off her hood. "The sun shines so warmly, and the birds sing so sweetly, they remind me of our old home."

The allusion to the villa on the Hudson called up past associations so vividly to the mind of Mrs. Howland that she could not refrain from tears.

"My dear mother," said Ella, as she threw her arms around her neck and kissed her, "*do* forgive me for speaking as I did."

"You are not to blame, my daughter. I am often reminded of happy days which I have spent in that *dear home*, and which would have continued, had it not been for the custom of *drinking wine*."

The summer months drew on and passed with but little change at the lowly cot, with the exceptions that Howland became more harsh and cruel in his treatment to his family, and Mrs. Howland gradually wasted away under the severity of her disease and the abuse of her husband.

The thin, pale lip, glassy eye, hectic cheek, emaciated form, and trembling hand presented evidence too palpable to be denied that Mrs. Howland, the once accomplished, beautiful, and amiable Miss Grace Wendell, was fast going to her grave. And while her daughters were alive to every want and pain, her husband was cold and indifferent to all her sufferings and symptoms of immediate dissolution. Nearly the whole of his time was spent in gambling and carousing at Doty's tavern, and notwithstanding the landlord knew the situation of his family, he continued to let him have liquor.

"Dear Ella," said Mrs. Howland one morning after a restless night, "go to my trunk: in the bottom you will find a small box. Bring it to me."

The box was brought and placed in her hand. "My dear children," she said, with a weak and tremulous voice, "here are two gold lockets. I purchased them when we were in better circumstances than now. Each contains my likeness and a small lock of my hair. Keep them as a memento of your mother."

Mrs. Howland could say no more — her emotions were too deep for utterance. Ella and Ida embraced her, and literally bathed her face with their tears.

"O my dear, *dearest* mother, how can I give you up!" exclaimed Ella. "O, what will become of us?"

"God will take care of you if you will put your trust in him and remember the counsel of your mother."

She took a pencil and drew a mark around the first verse of the twelfth chapter of Ecclesiastes in their Bibles, and said to them, "Remember, my precious daughters, whenever you see this mark, that that verse contains the prayer of your dying mother."

She then placed her hands upon their heads and prayed, "O God! my God! have mercy on my dear children. Grant, I beseech thee, that they may remember their Creator in the days of their youth. Keep them from the evil of the world and the fearful snares of Satan. And O, gracious God! protect them from the violence and cruelty of their father."

The sky was clear — the morning air was bland and pleasant. The dewdrops still hung in all their freshness and beauty upon shrub and plant, the gentle breezes passed lightly over woodland and meadow, and the sun burst forth in a flood of golden light upon field and forest, while the village bell slowly and sadly tolled the death of Mrs. Howland. The heavy tones carried sad intelligence to many hearts, for all who knew her loved her and bewailed her death.

Ella and Ida sat by the cold and lifeless remains of their mother, and gave themselves up to weeping and unrestrained grief — while their father drank until he reeled over the corpse of his wife. At the funeral he was so much intoxicated that he had not sufficient command over his limbs to take his seat in the carriage without assistance ; and from the grave he went directly to Doty's tavern, and mingled in scenes of mirth and beastly inebriation.

Such, gentle reader, is the power of the liquor traffic, sustained by the license law, to transform a kind and affectionate husband into a brute — a devil.

Ella and Ida soon felt they were orphans, cast upon the cold charities of the world. After the burial of their mother they went to spend a few days, until some other way should be provided, with Mrs. Shelby.

Their father seemed to feel very little interest in them, and only occasionally called on them, and then he was so much under the influence of rum that his presence pained and mortified them. One day, after he had made them a short call, Ella missed her locket. She knew she had it in the morning. She was *sure* of it, because she fixed the clasp on the cord. She

had not been away to lose it. All her little effects were carefully looked over: her trunk was searched, the yard closely examined, but no trace of it could be found. Poor Ella wept bitterly.

"Ella," said Jane Shelby one Sabbath afternoon as she came from church, "I believe I know where your locket is."

"Do you? Where?" asked Ella, with a bright and animated countenance.

"I think Lucy Doty has it."

"Are you sure, Jane?"

"No, I am not sure. But it looks like yours; the cord, clasp, and all."

"I wish I knew whether it was mine!"

"I can find out, Ella. I am going there to-morrow to see her about a geranium she promised me, and I will examine it."

"O, *do*, Jane; I wish you would."

"Ella," said Jane the next day, after she returned from Doty's, "that is your locket."

"Is mother's likeness in it?"

"Yes."

"And a lock of her hair?"

"Yes."

"O, I am so glad I have found where it is!"

"How did she say she got it?"

"She said your father let Mr. Doty have it towards what he was owing him."

"That is too bad!" exclaimed Ella, bursting into tears. "I am afraid I shall never see it again. How can I part"—— she could say no more.

Nor were her fears groundless. Doty was visited

by Mrs. Shelby and others, but their arguments, entreaties, and tears were alike powerless to move the hard heart of the rumseller. Mrs. Doty and Lucy would have been glad to return it, but Doty peremptorily commanded them not to do it.

Some months after the death of Mrs. Howland, an arrangement was made that Ella should go and live with her uncle in the State of Georgia, and Ida with an aunt in Massachusetts.

The day before they separated, they went alone to take their last look at the lowly cot, and other things closely connected with their mother's sufferings and death. Hand in hand they slowly walked up the lane to the place where but a short time before they bade adieu to their dearest earthly friend. They entered, but not a word was uttered. They felt they were in the presence of their mother. The floor, the rude ceiling, the fireplace, the heavy sash and broken lights brought to their remembrance the pale face, the emaciated form, the beaming eye, the sweet voice and wise counsel of their dying mother. Their feelings were only expressed by a shower of tears and convulsive sobs.

"Dear Ella," said Ida, as they lingered upon the large flat stone in front of the door, which their mother had often swept, "let us go once more up the Sugar Loaf."

"Is there time? It is nearly sunset, you see, Ida."

"O, *do* go, Ella! I want to visit it once more."

They walked on slowly until they came to the path which wound about the mountain. The old familiar trees, the bowlders, and the dark, jutting rocks awakened associations which pressed heavily upon their

hearts. Slowly and silently they toiled on, climbing over decayed trunks of trees and broken fragments of rocks, until they gained the summit of the Loaf. It was a beautiful day in the month of November — very much such a day as the one when Mrs. Howland accompanied her children to that very place to view the setting sun. Every stone, shrub, and plant seemed to speak of their mother. They came up to a small, moss-covered mound, upon which Mrs. Howland had reclined from exhaustion, embraced each other, knelt down upon it, and sobbed aloud. And none but He who can read the thoughts knows what passed in their minds; for not a word was uttered. They arose from their knees, each broke off a small bit of moss, wiped away their tears, took their last look at the beautiful landscape before them, and descended the mountain.

There was one other place to be visited — it was the grave of their mother. They had often repaired to it, but with very different feelings; now they were to look upon the fresh earth which covered the remains of their dear parent, and wet it with their tears for the last time.

"Farewell, *dear* mother!" said Ella, as they slowly turned away. "The rose and sweet brier which we have planted upon thy grave will bloom, but thy daughters will not be here to inhale their sweet fragrance. Farewell! farewell!"

The next morning the stage coach drove up to the door of Mr. Shelby's at an early hour, and bore Ella far away on her journey to the sunny south. In a few days after, Ida also left for her aunt's in Massachusetts.

CHAPTER VI.

THE BOARD OF EXCISE.

"Shall the throne of iniquity have fellowship with thee, which frameth mischief by a law?"—Ps. xliv. 20.

It is impossible for the writer to give a connected history of intemperance in the town of Harwood in a work so limited. The reader will bear in mind, therefore, that the meeting described in the present took place many years after the occurrence of the incidents mentioned in the preceding chapters.

On the first Monday of May, at an early hour, there was a large gathering at one of the village inns. Some were there from curiosity. They were there, not because they were anxious to have the legalized channels and under currents of death dried up, the drunkard reclaimed, and his family blessed, but, as they said, "to see the fun." A large number of others were there because they felt a very deep interest in the result of the meeting. Appetite and avarice inclined them to do all in their power to continue the legalized traffic in the town.

On the platform stood Mr. Shunk, an old distiller, who had kindled the fires to drive his hellish machinery for a quarter of a century. The fumes and smoke of his ruinous laboratory had settled in a dense cloud over the whole town. He felt sure that, if the cold-water men succeeded in preventing licenses, it

would check his fires, and diminish the streams of death issuing from the worm of his distillery. It will not be a difficult task for the reader to determine which side of the question he favored. Near him stood Mr. Lawrence, a druggist. Mr. L. had made application for license in writing, and was careful to state that he wished to deal in it *only for medicinal and mechanical purposes.* He was expatiating largely on the ultraism and fanaticism of the temperance men in their attempts to defeat all licenses in town, and closed up his speech with the laconic remark, "They have put back the temperance cause twenty years." There stood also Mr. Nash, a large and extensive farmer, who annually furnished from one to two thousand bushels of corn and rye for the distillery. He was vehemently discoursing on the evils of cold-water societies. And one would have judged from his violent gesticulation and boisterous voice that he was in great fear, if the fires of the distillery should go out, the country would be deluged with bread. Mr. Neal manifested his interest in the matter by being present and participating in the discussion. He was a merchant, whose clerks had measured out to customers a sufficient quantity of the products of the still to poison a generation. He prided himself on furnishing pure wines for the *communion table.* "Choice liquors of all kinds, sold on reasonable terms: innkeepers, grocers, and elders of churches will do well to call and examine before purchasing elsewhere," was painted on an old weather-beaten sign over the store door, which I remember seeing when a boy. It is needless to say that his influence

was on the side of rum. And there too, were Mr. Doty, Mr. Parks, Mr. Freelin, and Mr. Snibbs, innkeepers, who had already made written applications for license for the coming year. Around them were gathered their intoxicated customers from all parts of the town. Noisy and boisterous in language and deportment, they passed through the crowd denouncing temperance men, and threatening them with terrible evils if they succeeded in preventing licenses.

The hour having arrived for the board to convene, Mr. Blakely, the supervisor, called the members to order, and stated the object of the meeting. On taking their seats, it was discovered that only three of the magistrates were present—Messrs. Rogers, Burton, and Hayes, Mr. Henderson being absent. It is proper to state, for the benefit of the reader, that Mr. Blakely, when nominated for the office, refused to pledge himself to go either for or against license. Claiming to be a temperance man, it was thought by many he would exert his influence secretly, if not openly, against the traffic. On account of this, the rumsellers were afraid to trust their cause in his hands; and desired the presence of Mr. Henderson, as he was a decided friend to the liquor party.

Immediately after the board was organized, Mr. Doty, an old veteran in the traffic, who had become excessively fleshy from indolent habits, presented himself before them, saying, "I hope this honorable body will bear with me while I make a single suggestion. I feel noways anxious about the matter; but it seems to me, since our friend Henderson is not here, it

would be well to adjourn to some future time. He told me last night he would be here, if possible."

"That," said Mr. Blakely, "is a very good suggestion. The board will stand adjourned until one o'clock this afternoon. That will give you time to get him here."

Mr. Doty made a low bow to reciprocate the favor, and passed out of the room. No time was lost in procuring a horse and buggy, and starting off Ned Darby, the hostler, for Squire Henderson. Ned cracked his whip, turned about the carriage on a short curve, as if anxious to exhibit his skill as a driver, and reined up to the bar-room door for his orders. Doty came up to him, gave him a very significant look, which Ned well understood, slightly tapped him on the shoulder, and said, "Now, Ned, try your skill in bringing out of the old mare her trotting qualities. Don't let the grass grow under her feet. You are in a good cause. The good old book says you must never be weary in well doing, you know. Tell the squire he must be on hand. Tell him to remember next spring he will want us all to vote for him again; will you, Ned?"

"Yes," replied Ned, "I'll tell him all that, and more tew."

Ned being well charged, started off like an engine under a full head of steam, and scarcely allowed the old mare to break her trot until he came in sight of the squire's house. His meditations and reflections on the way wrought up his feelings to a high degree. The thought that perhaps the man is sick, or some member of his family, or that he might be from

home, filled his mind with some doubt respecting the result of his journey. To have failed of securing the squire, would have been a greater disappointment to Ned than the defeat at the battle of Waterloo was to Napoleon. He alighted from his buggy, hastily tied the mare to the fence, ran up to the door, and hurriedly inquired, "Is the squire at home?"

"Why! Ned Darby! What on earth is the matter?" asked Mrs. Henderson.

"Matter 'nough, I should think. Them ar cold-water fellers is bizzy agin, jest as they was last year and year before. They're tryin' to stop licker sellin'. Where did you say the squire was?"

"He is over on the Newcomb lot, ploughing; you know where that is."

"My gracious!" exclaimed Ned; "they will cut off every tap, and break every bottle, before I can go over there and git him down to town! Can't drive over there no how. 'Spose there's no way but to work my passage, as the canal boys say."

His thoughts, as he clambered over fences and waded through ploughed fields, were far from being pleasant. After a fifteen minutes' walk, he found the squire.

"Why, squire!" said Ned, exhausted and out of breath; "why o — o — on earth ain't you at your post?"

"What's the matter, Ned?"

"Well — you — see — squire — them — ar — cold-water chaps are tryin' to make a drive agin to stop licker sellin'."

"Who did you say?"

"Why, the farnatics that's tryin' it every year. They have been holdin' meetin's every night for a month, a purpus, and a passin' resolutions agin' ginin' license; callin' it murder and robbery, and all sorts o' names. And I tell you, squire, if they have their way about it, nobody can't git licker enough to wet a sore finger, and I guess that will breed a storm in these diggin's. Folks has allers had it: and I tell you, squire, they allers will!"

"Yes; but, Ned, where is Mr. Rogers? He will see to that."

"I tell you, squire, he ain't to be 'pended on; he's just like an old shoe; there's no more starch in him than there is in — in — a tow string in a wet day. He'll cave right in before old Hayes and Burton; he won't dare say his soul's his own. Come, you *must* go. Come, hurry, right along — for I tell you, squire, if you don't, you'll think about it next town meetin'; your time, you know, will be out one year from next Jinawary."

"Yes; but, Ned, Mr. Burton has always gone for license; he will go right, won't he?"

"There's the deuse on't — he's turned right agin us; he says he will never sign any more licenses for nobody. And you know, when he gits his old head set, you might as well try to turn the wind."

"I don't see as there is any use of my going. If Hayes and Burton go against licenses, we shall stand two and two; and I understand Blakely will go against it also."

"You can show your good will by goin', any how;

and about Blakely, nobody don't know how he will go till he's tried."

The squire, feeling the full force of Ned's arguments, put his plough in the possession of one of his hired men, scraped the mud from his boots, slipped on his coat, and followed Ned. The distance to the house was passed in silence. Ned's mind was occupied with the evils engendered by fanatics, and the squire's with the motive power of a threat when directed through the ballot box.

"Well, old mare," said Ned, "you're fresh agin, ain't you? Spread yourself; you must take I and the squire down to town in a jiff."

After they were well under way, Ned being in good spirits in view of his success, now and then cracked his whip to jog the old mare's memory of her responsibility.

"Ned," said the squire, who was a little curious to know more about the origin of the threat, "who told you, if I did not come, I would be sorry for it next town meeting day?"

"O — nothin' — only Mr. Doty kind'er 'luded tew it jest as I was startin'. I s'pose how he didn't mean nothin' by it — he's a good friend o' yourn. You see, squire, if licker is taken away, you won't be so likely to be run in agin. A good many vote jest as Mr. Doty and Mr. Parks tells 'em tew, for a drink o' licker. Over in Grog Valley there's more'n twenty votes jest as Mr. Doty tells 'em tew."

"Why, Ned, do you believe that is so?"

"By gosh, squire, I don't b'lieve nothin' about it; I *know* it. When you was run in, I had a barrel o' whis-

key hid in the old horse barn. Mr. Doty told me to take all them ar Grog Valley fellers and give 'em jest as much as they could drink; and he told me to be sure and tell 'em every time that you was no cold-water man, and would go for license. Gosh, squire, the way I rolled in the votes for you that day was curious. And jest at night I happened to think of old Sim Bacon, who was sick, and could'nt come. I told Mr. Doty on it; and he sent up arter him with his top carriage, jest to git his vote for you, squire, 'cause you said you'd go for license, if put in."

To this disclosure of the stratagems employed to secure his election the squire had no reply to make.

As they drove up to the door, the multitude gave three hearty cheers for Mr. Henderson; and poor old Joe Fleming was so drunk he lay flat on his back in the mud, swinging his hat to express his joy. Messrs. Parks, Doty, Snibbs, and Freelin gathered around him, and commenced telling him what the temperance men were trying to do, and painted in glowing colors what would be the result if they succeeded; closing up by reminding him that he was elected by their exertions, and that they would elect him again, if he would *vote right* on the question at issue.

The hour of adjournment having arrived, Mr. Blakely called the board to order, and stated that several applications for license to sell spirituous liquors the ensuing year in the town had been handed in in writing. Before taking his seat, he said "If there are any who wish to address the board on this subject, they will now be heard."

John Scribner, who was a very strong temperance

man, and son of Nathaniel Scribner, arose to address them. His appearance, as might be expected, created no small stir among the liquor advocates. The old dealers were well satisfied that, while John Scribner lived, at least once a year they would be obliged to hear something on the subject of temperance. After a short and pertinent introduction, he said, —

"Gentlemen, it is well known to you that I have been a temperance man from my youth, and for many years have warmly opposed the traffic in ardent spirits. I have carefully watched the progress of this evil, and have discovered that it increases to an alarming extent taxation, crime, and pauperism. Ten years ago I believed, and still believe, that men can be guilty of no greater crime than to license others to traffic in intoxicating drinks. Gentlemen, when you license a man to sell liquor, you put it into his power to inflict untold injuries upon helpless women, innocent children, and the community and the world at large. Gentlemen, you are selected to guard the interests of the inhabitants of this town. You are not at liberty to exercise your official powers to enhance the pecuniary interest of a few to the injury of the mass. You have no authority to give three or five men in this town the legal power to make from six to twelve hundred dollars each a year, while the exercise of that power will ruin the hopes and fortunes of hundreds, and fill the community with pauperism and crime. The law, which is to be your guide, compels you to do no such thing; indeed, it is difficult to see how it can justify any such thing. The law says, on such a day the board *shall* meet. So far you are commanded to act,

and to take into consideration all applications for license. Further than this you are not compelled to act. There are several things in this law to which I wish to direct your attention.

"*First:* you are to be satisfied that a tavern is necessary for the 'actual accommodation of travellers.' Now, gentlemen, there are five applications already before you to keep tavern in this town, and some two or three for grocer's license. Can you believe they are all necessary for the 'actual accommodation of travellers?' You know, gentlemen, that one good public house will accommodate all the travellers who pass through our village. But suppose five *are* necessary; must they have license to sell liquor? Must they be clothed with power by this board to send ruin and misery into our families? Who does not know that three fourths of the travellers do not use it, and had much rather put up at a house where it is not sold? If you consider yourselves bound by the law to give license because you consider a public house necessary for the accommodation of travellers, I hope you will bear in mind that the law was enacted in the dark ages, when liquor was considered as necessary for the health and comfort of man as bread.

"*Again:* the law makes it your duty to license none, excepting such as have good accommodations. But, gentlemen, do you not know that the law in this respect has been recklessly violated by every board of excise we have ever had in this town? It has been their uniform custom to license every applicant, without any regard to his moral character or accommodations of his house. Some of the applicants before

you to-day are not entitled to license according to the law by which you claim to be governed. They have not the prescribed accommodations. They have no sheds, no comfortable barn, and no out buildings where property can be safely intrusted to them. They have poor, dilapidated dwellings, that look more like deserted barracks than public houses. They have no suitable furniture, no comfortable beds; indeed, there is nothing about their establishments that entitles them to a license according to law; and yet these men have been licensed from year to year, not to accommodate travellers, but townsmen."

"Mr. Supervisor," interrupted Doty, "I have heard enough of this pettifogging and blackguardism. I hope he will be called to order. I know what he is coming at."

"Keep cool, father Doty," cried out John Donaldson; "Mr. Scribner won't say any thing about poor old Joe Orcut."

Donaldson was the son of Jeremiah Donaldson. He was a warm advocate of the temperance reform, and a ready wit. The injury his brother Philip received, the unhappy marriage of his sister Fanny, and the fearful death of his associate, young Davison, served to enlist his feelings on the side of temperance. At the age of eighteen he left his native place, and took up his residence in the State of Georgia. He had returned home a few days previous to this meeting of the board, to assist in settling his father's estate, and to spend the remainder of his days at the homestead. The "Joe Orcut" to whom he referred was a poor vagrant, who had spent the most of his

time, for three or four years past, at Doty's tavern, and did chores about the house and barn for his liquor and board. One morning, while engaged in the horse barn, he fell dead upon the floor. Doty refused to have him laid out in his house because poor Joe had no property to pay him for his trouble.

"Mr. Scribner will proceed," said the supervisor.

"I was saying," said Mr. Scribner, "that these men have been licensed from year to year, notwithstanding they have not the suitable accommodations. And, gentlemen, you know what has been the result. We have in this town not far from fifty habitual drunkards, twenty or thirty occasional drunkards, and more than three hundred moderate drinkers. We have but two or three young men in this town who are not in the habit of using intoxicating drinks. This is all chargeable upon our boards of excise and the *license law*. Continue to license these taverns and groceries for a few years more, and these fifty inebriates will be in their graves, and all our young men and moderate drinkers will become confirmed drunkards. Gentlemen, *dare* you place temptations before our citizens that will inevitably reduce them to pauperism, crime, and ruin? Had you power, you would shrink with horror from the thought of sending through our town the cholera or the plague; yet, if you accede to these applicants, you will commission a plague to go forth among our inhabitants more ruinous and deadly than all the physical diseases ever inflicted upon man.

"*Once more:* the law requires that they shall be men of *good moral character*. It is with much em-

barrassment that I speak upon this point. To settle this question, gentlemen, you have only to take the definitions of the statute to ascertain what is a good moral character. That makes Sabbath breaking and profanity a crime; consequently, he who is guilty of these offences is not entitled to a license, because he has not a good moral character. If you will therefore adhere strictly to the law, not one of these men will obtain a license; for not one of them is free from the sin of Sabbath desecration and profane swearing."

"I protest against this tirade of abuse," again interrupted Doty; "I will not hear it. To be called all sorts of hard names in this public manner, is more than I can bear. I am one of the early settlers of this town. I have lived in this community a long time, and have dealt with a great many men, and am well known; and I don't wish to be insulted in this manner."

"*Dealt* with a great many!" said Donaldson. "Ho! ho! *Dealt* with a great many! And I guess they were *hard* dealt with! I thought so, when I saw the poormaster start off with old Sam Winchell's family to the county house."

"I hope Mr. Scribner may be allowed to go on without interruption," said the supervisor.

"I was saying," said Scribner, "that Sabbath breaking and profanity are crimes in the eyes of the law; therefore, these men are not entitled to license. There are other considerations which should deter you from granting licenses. In forty counties in the State of New York, there were committed to the prisons, in 1849, thirty-six thousand one hundred and fourteen

persons of intemperate habits, or who were under the influence of liquor when they committed the offences for which they were imprisoned. Gentlemen, is there any hope that it will be otherwise for ten years to come, if the license system is continued? It is the testimony of nearly all the sheriffs and jailors, that two thirds of criminal offences are the result of intemperance. The whole cost of pauperism to the state annually, caused by intemperance, cannot be less than two millions of dollars. And what do the licensed venders give as compensation? A mere nothing. Why should they have the monopoly of so lucrative a business to themselves, and so destructive to others? Gentlemen, eight MURDERS were committed in the State of Connecticut in 1850, all under the influence of RUM — and some of them of a very aggravated character. An eminent physician calculates that the average number of deaths by intemperance, for several years, has been one to every three hundred and twenty-nine inhabitants — which would make in the United States forty thousand in a year. What, then, are licensed liquor sellers but licensed *butchers* by the wholesale?"

"I do insist upon order," cried Doty. "I hope the chairman will close up his abusive remarks."

To this remark Donaldson replied, changing his voice and dropping his head so as not to be observed, "Yes, old *Bloty*, you are for *closing* up. The way you closed up on poor old Bill Jones's house and lot was mighty nice."

This reply convulsed the whole company with laughter.

"Mr. Scribner will proceed," said the supervisor.

"Now, gentlemen, in view of these facts, can you clothe these men with authority and power to increase and perpetuate these evils? If you can, you have no just sense of your responsibility as officers of justice and as accountable beings.

"I will offer but one argument more; that is in the form of petitions from the inhabitants of this town. This petition which I hold in my hand is signed by four hundred persons, the most of them voters, and reads as follows: —

"'*To the Board of Excise of the Town of Harwood:*

"'We, the subscribers, citizens of this town, believing the sale of intoxicating drinks as a beverage is a fruitful source of immorality, crime, and pauperism, and that it greatly increases the burdens of taxation, as all statistics on this question abundantly show, therefore pray your honorable body not to grant licenses the ensuing year.'

"I also hold in my hand a petition signed by twenty females, the wives of drunken husbands. It is wet with their tears, and has come forth from their poverty and wretchedness in consequence of this traffic. Their voice, gentlemen, you ought to hear: —

"'*To the Honorable Board of Excise of the Town of Harwood:*

"'We, the undersigned, appeal to you in behalf of our poor fallen husbands and our neglected and suffering children. But for the *legalized* traffic in liquor, we should again be happy and respectable. But

while the temptation is legally placed before our husbands, not a single ray of hope can gleam upon our dark pathway. We pray you, therefore, to use your influence and official authority to put down this traffic, which so cruelly oppresses the drunkard's wife and the drunkard's child.'

"I hope, gentlemen, you will carefully consider these prayers, and make your decision with reference to death, judgment, and eternity."

After Mr. Scribner sat down, Ezekiel Moody arose and said "he had no gift for speaking, but had for music. He would be glad, therefore, to sing a few ideas for the consideration of the board."

Ezekiel was the son of a wealthy man, who held a mortgage on Mr. Blakely's farm, which was no doubt the reason, ludicrous as it was, why he permitted him to sing his ideas. He struck up in a clear, full voice, and sung in old Uxbridge the following hymn: —

"Licensed to make the strong man weak;
Licensed to lay a strong man low;
Licensed a wife's fond heart to break,
And make her children's tears to flow.

Licensed to do thy neighbor harm;
Licensed to kindle hate and strife;
Licensed to nerve the robber's arm;
Licensed to whet the murderer's knife

Licensed thy neighbor's purse to drain,
And rob him of his very last;
Licensed to heat his feverish brain,
Till madness crown thy work at last.

Licensed, like spider for a fly,
To spread thy nets, for man thy prey;
To mock his struggles, suck him dry,
Then cast the worthless hulk away.

Licensed, where peace and quiet dwell,
To bring disease, and want, and woe;
Licensed to make this world a hell,
And fit man for a hell below."

As soon as Ezekiel closed Mr. Doty broke out, at the same time shrugging his shoulders and rubbing his chin, "Well, I should think that was music enough on this occasion."

"Yes," said Donaldson, "that will answer until we get the Maine law — then we will give you another tune."

Mr. Doty arose and said, "I have attempted to speak two or three times, and have been disturbed every time."

"Not half so bad as you disturbed Peter Wilkins's family, when you turned them out of doors," said Donaldson, whose sally was followed by a roar of laughter from the crowd.

"Order!" said the supervisor.

"I am ashamed of my town," said Doty. "I will sell out, and leave the place."

"You could have gone before, if you had only mentioned it," said some one in the room.

"If you refuse to grant licenses, I hope you will remember there will be no revenue to support the poor," exclaimed Doty.

"I should think you had better look after the

paupers *you* have made," said some one in a squealing voice.

"Order!" cried the supervisor, stamping his foot upon the floor.

Father Doty, feeling himself very much injured, took his hat and cane, and, with several violent twitches of his hand, made his way out of the room, and went home. As there were no others to make remarks, the board was left alone. Mr. Blakely took up the cases one by one. Of the magistrates, Messrs. Rogers and Henderson voted for license, and Messrs. Hayes and Burton against. This placed Mr. Blakely in a very unpleasant situation. He had always through life avoided committing himself on any question. He was a man who had a side for every question and every emergency. He saw the dreadful dilemma he was in, and would have given his farm to be relieved. He pleaded with them to reconsider the matter, and so vote as to settle the question among themselves, without involving him in the difficulty. He thought of being nominated next year for the assembly, and if he voted against licenses, he would lose the liquor influence; and if he voted in favor of granting them, he would certainly lose the influence and favor of temperance men; and he felt he had no political capital to spare. He appealed to their sympathies—used all the arguments he could command to induce them to divide up and make a majority one way or the other. To him, he said, it was immaterial how they decided it, if they would not compel him to *commit* himself. He exhorted them with tears, but they relented not. Being compelled to give the casting

vote, he gave it against licenses, because he thought, in view of the rapidly growing sentiment for the *Maine law*, he would thus lose less political capital.

The board adjourned, and the parties soon dispersed for home, as it was then late in the afternoon.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SATANIC LICENSE. — HORRIBLE DREAM.

"Then came wandering by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood; and he shrieked out aloud,
'Clarence is come, — false, fleeting, perjured Clarence,—
That stabbed me in the field by Tewksbury.'"

At this stage of the narrative we wish to introduce to the reader a young man bearing the name of Joseph Simons, whose father was killed before his remembrance by the falling of a bent in Mr. Doty's barn, in consequence of rum. The man who stood at the foot of the post was intoxicated, and let his bar slip, which resulted in the death of Joseph's father and the serious injury of several others. His mother had often with tears and deep emotions told him of his father, his excellent traits of character, and the cause of his death, which at a very early age prejudiced him against rum and those who use it. When only five years old, the following conversation passed between them one Sabbath afternoon, as Joseph stood by her side tenderly embraced in one of her arms, while she stroked his head with the other hand.

"Mother, what made father die?"

"Why, my dear child, the big, heavy sticks of timber fell on him, and broke his shoulder and back."

"Where is father now, mother?"

"He is in heaven, my child. He was a good man, and loved God."

"Where was father killed, mother?"

"At the raising of Mr. Doty's barn."

"The one down across the road, mother?"

"Yes, my son; and I never go past it without thinking of your poor father."

These simple questions brought up so vividly all the circumstances of that dark hour which bereft her of a kind and affectionate husband, that she could not refrain from tears. Little Joseph saw it, and from the generous impulse of his nature threw his arms around her neck, kissed her, and said, "Dear mother, what makes you cry so? Say, mother?"

"O my son, I was thinking of the dear friend we lost when your father was killed."

"Mother, what made father go to that raising?"

"Mr. Doty was our neighbor; and your father thought he must go."

"Did they have whiskey?"

"Yes. If it had not been for that, your father would not have been injured."

"Why, mother, how did that kill him?"

"The man that held one of the posts was drunk and let the foot slip, and it came down upon your father."

"Mother, who was the man?"

"It was old Sim Bailey; you never saw him."

"Where is he? Has he moved away?"

"No; he died a little while after your father. He was in at Mr. Doty's one cold night drinking and carousing, and started to go home, but was found dead in the morning in a snow drift."

"Did he go to heaven, too, mother?"

"No, my child. The Bible says no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God."

"O, what hateful stuff whiskey is; ain't it, mother? I won't like it, and won't like any body that drinks it, nor any body that sells it; will you, mother?"

"I hope, my child, you will always let it alone. Never go where it is sold, and never associate with boys who use it."

Frequent conversations of this character prejudiced Joseph's mind, at a very early age, against the use of intoxicating drinks. And his opposition seemed to grow with his growth and strengthen with his strength. He grew up to be a very intelligent and virtuous young man, and, possessing no small share of ready wit, seemed fond of cultivating it by hectoring rumsellers. Joseph was present at the meeting of the board, listened with great interest to Scribner's speech, had many a hearty laugh over Donaldson's retorts and quaint remarks, and rejoiced to see old Doty writhe under the power of truth and force of public sentiment. As soon as the board determined not to grant licenses, Joseph left the room, and winked to Ezekiel Moody to follow him. For years there had been a growing intimacy between them, on account of their similarity of feeling on this subject. When they had walked a few steps from the door, Joseph said, in a low voice, "Zeke, where did you get that poetry?"

"I cut it out of a newspaper. I tell you, Joe, I go prepared for such things. I cut it out, and learned it, and calculated if it ever came right, and I could

make old Doty hold still long enough, I would read it or sing it to him. How did you like it, Joe?"

"It was capital — first rate. It touched the spot exactly. Old Doty turned all sorts of colors while you was singing it."

"Joe, didn't you think of your poor father when I sung the line, —

'Licensed to lay a strong man low'?"

"I guess I did. And when you sung the lines, —

'Licensed a wife's fond heart to break,
And cause her children's tears to flow,'—

I thought of poor Mrs. Jones, when Doty took their house and lot and turned her out of doors. The poor woman's heart seemed ready to break, and the cries of her children I can never forget. And now, Zeke, I will tell you what I have been thinking of. The idea came into my mind while you was singing. Let us draw up a writing purporting to be a license to Doty to sell rum, sign Satan's name to it, and in some way without his knowledge get it into his house."

"Agreed, Joe; that is a grand thought. Where shall we go to write it?"

"I guess the surest way to conceal the matter from others will be to go down to mother's. She has gone over to spend the night with aunt Rachel, and has taken Susan with her; so, you see, we can be alone, and no one know it."

They went down, entered the house, lit the lamp, and Joseph sat down to his desk, with Ezekiel at his

elbow to make suggestions. After two or three hours had been spent in writing, erasing, and interlining, they succeeded in reducing to form what they considered a license to sell rum.

"Joe," said Ezekiel, after the composition was finished, "wouldn't it look more mysterious to him if it was written on parchment?"

"Indeed it would," said Joseph; "and I think I have a piece up chamber large enough."

A piece of old dingy parchment was found, and, to make it as unearthly as possible, they thoroughly smoked it over a slow fire of sulphur.

"O Joe," said Ezekiel, "if we only had some blood to write it with!"

"That would fix it out. Let me see; I believe Susan has some carmine ink; *that* will do it exactly, if I can only find it," said Joseph.

The carmine was found, and the license was carefully transcribed in deep red ink upon the parchment. It was then folded up and written upon in large characters,—

"DOTY'S LICENSE TO SELL RUM."

The question now came up how they could get it into the house, where Doty would be sure to find it. Ezekiel proposed that they set up a long ladder, and one of them carefully climb up and drop it into the chimney. To this Joseph objected that it might lodge or get burned. They thought of dropping it by the door; but the wind might blow it away, or some one might discover it early in the morning and destroy it; so that would not answer.

"Zeke," said Joseph, "I'll tell you what we *can* do. We can shove it under the door,—the bar room door, I mean,—and the first thing he will see in the morning, when he lets in his old customers, will be this mysterious document."

"So it will," said Ezekiel; "that will just do it."

They went immediately and performed the task by placing it at the bottom of the door, and giving it a snap with the finger, which sent it half way across the floor.

Next morning, a little earlier than usual, on account of the excitement the evening before, Phil Saxbury, Sam Laraby, Mose Whipple, and Job Ross, regular customers of Doty, rapped at the bar room door for their bitters. Doty, as was his custom, came and unbuttoned the door and let them in. As soon as the gray light entered the room, the parchment was discovered by Mose Whipple, who remarked, as he picked it up and walked towards the bar, "Mr. Doty, I guess I have found one of your bonds or mortgages, or it may be your will."

"One of my bonds or mortgages!" said Doty, as he took the mysterious parchment into his hands.

"Whew!" said Phil Saxbury, turning up his nose; "it smells strong enough of brimstone."

"Great Peter!" exclaimed Sam Laraby. "If it had come right out of old cloven-foot's chest of drawers, it couldn't have been scented stronger."

Doty slowly read, "*Doty's — license — to — sell — rum,*" and remarked, "Time in the primer! What does this mean?"

He took out his spectacles, wiped the glasses, care-

fully adjusted them, and read, in the hearing of his customers, the following mysterious production: —

MR. DOTY:

Sir: You have always been a true friend to my cause on earth, for which I respect you, and feel disposed to assist you in your present embarrassment. I was present yesterday at the meeting of the board, and as soon as they refused to grant you license, I hastened back to the infernal regions, entered the council chamber of hell, called around me warriors, princes, and potentates, and laid before them your case: whereupon it was unanimously resolved that you have license to do the following things, namely: —

You are hereby authorized to create an appetite for strong drink in all the virtuous, intelligent, and enterprising young men that you can draw under your influence; to instruct them in gambling, to make them profane and Sabbath breakers. You need have no misgivings if you discover they are becoming thieves, liars, robbers, and murderers; for this is your master's good pleasure. If any of them marry, do what you can to alienate their affections from their wives, and to neglect and abuse them; and if, in three years' time, you succeed in separating them, you need have no scruples of conscience. Draw around you as many of the middle aged as you can, especially of such as have families. Induce them to whip their wives; and if they kill them, no matter. Take from them all their earnings, that their children may suffer for bread and fuel, and grow up without educa

tion; that they may become thieves, liars, robbers, burglars, and midnight assassins. By a unanimous vote of the citizens of pandemonium you are authorized to make paupers of as many of your customers as you can. Send their families to the poorhouse, and make temperance men support them. Make criminals of as many of them as possible. Send them to jail, to prison, or to the gallows, and charge the expense of trying and executing them to your opponents.

All this you are licensed to do, and are hereby commanded to be faithful, as you ever have been, and hold out to the end; and you shall have your reward. Hear not to them who would dissuade you from your work. If they quote from the Bible, "Woe unto him that puttest thy bottle to thy neighbor's mouth, and makest him drunken," heed them not. Tell them it is a false translation, or the Bible is not true.

Signed under my hand and seal, DIABOLUS,
CHIEF *of fallen angels, and* KING *of the bottomless pit.*

The above was read in astonishment. The bottle was set down, and after the usual draught was poured out and drank, they went off, and left Father Doty to his own reflections.

It was a great mystery how that "thing," as he termed it, came there on the middle of the floor. No one had been there in the room during the night: he bolted the door himself, was the last one in the room, and he knew it was not there then. He revolved the matter in his mind, and could think of no "cold-

water fanatic" who had been there during the evening, and finally gave it up as a perfect enigma. That day he left the bar room in the hands of his old hostler, Stephen Closier, which was unusual for him, and confined himself in his bed room.

About noon Mose Whipple and Sam Laraby came in for a dram, and while standing at the bar receiving their rations, and making change, Laraby asked, "Where is Doty to-day?"

"He is in his room, I guess," answered the hostler.

"His Satanic License didn't make him sick, did it?" inquired Mose.

"I shouldn't wonder," replied the hostler; "he ain't eat nothin' to-day, and he's as cross as forty she bears robbed of their cubs. He acts as if he had lost all his friends."

"Friends! I guess he hasn't many to lose," said Laraby, as they passed out of the room.

Doty kept his troubles that day from his wife — partly because she had always opposed him in his business, and partly because he thought the least said about them the sooner they would wear off and be forgotten. When night came he went round to all the doors and bolted them, and carefully examined all the sash locks, which surprised his wife, because it was something unusual.

"Why, Abijah, why are you so careful to examine the sash locks? Do you expect robbers to-night?"

"No, I don't expect them; but I want it so they can't get in if they come," replied the fearful landlord.

They retired to rest, and after memory had careful-

ly called up item by item of "The Satanic License," as Mose called it, and his imagination had painted out in glowing colors the evils and horrors of rumselling, he dropped asleep.

But he had scarcely forgotten his troubles when his wife was startled from her slumbers by her husband's cries of "O, dear! *O, dear me! Have mercy!* O, HAVE MERCY!"

"Why, Abijah, what is the matter?" asked his wife.

"O—I—don't know. *O, dear me!* I have had an awful dream," replied the frantic man.

"Dream! Dream about what?" said Mrs. Doty.

As soon as he recovered a little from his nervousness and exhaustion, he related the following remarkable dream:—

"I dreamed I was down where old Schoolcraft's distillery used to stand, just coming up the bank from the stream, when suddenly the blackest cloud I ever saw hung over my head. It was in violent commotion, whirling and tumbling about as if driven by a hurricane, and out of it darted forked tongues of fire. When the light flashed out of the cloud, I could distinctly read, in large letters of blood, 'LICENSE!' And while I was looking, and turning this way and that to make my escape, I heard the rattling of bones, and just then I saw old Sim Bailey coming towards me with a human skeleton in his hand, which he threw down at my feet. He had on garments which were made of small fiery serpents, twisted and matted together, and were covered with a blue flame, which sent out an odor like burning brimstone. The head of each serpent (and there were ten thousand of them)

was turned towards me, and thrust out a long sharp tongue, which pierced my flesh, and gave me as much pain as if I had been on a bed of fire. Each hair of his head seemed a serpent, hissing, spitting, and writhing about as if frantic to be let loose upon me. Bailey's eyes looked like two balls of fire, rolling about as if anxious to leap out of their sockets. From his mouth and nose poured forth volumes of dark smoke, with sudden flashes of fire. Suddenly the skeleton, which had been lying quietly, sprang upon its feet, and a bright flame flashed out of its mouth, and blazed out of the ends of its long, bony fingers. It danced and jumped about me as if moved by some infernal spirit, and suddenly sprang towards me and caught me by my arm, and cried out, 'LICENSE!' with a loud voice that shook the earth. Its grasp burned into my flesh like red-hot steel. It was that which caused me to cry out, 'O, HAVE MERCY!'"

CHAPTER VIII.

THE TEMPERANCE MEETING.

"Ah me!
The world is full of meetings such as this—
A thrill, a voiceless challenge and reply,
And sudden parting after."

LATE in the month of November, a large fleshy man, with sharp, black eyes, ruddy face, and of quick muscular motion, — mounted on an old black horse, — was seen just at night entering the village of Harwood. The severely sharp weather and the rough travelling had nearly overcome his physical nature, which induced him to turn in for a night's repose at the first public house. He reined his horse up to the inn of George Parks, dismounted, put his head in at the door, and said, "Halloo! landlord, can you keep me and my horse to night?"

"I guess so," replied Parks, at the same time taking the horse by the bridle to lead him to the barn.

The stranger walked into the bar room, and there found three individuals, who had the appearance of being hard drinkers, seated around a cheerful fire that was burning briskly on the hearth. The lattice work, or grated bar, in one corner of the room, the full bottles on the shelves, the smoky walls, the broken lights of glass, the fractured chairs, and dirty floor, inclined the stranger to think it was a public house

kept more for the "actual accommodation" of neighborhood guzzlers than for travellers. The three individuals had monopolized the fire, which compelled the stranger, though cold and fatigued, to take a seat on a box in one corner of the room.

When the landlord came in, he snarled out, in an angry tone, "Zene Huff, why don't you hitch back, and give this man a chance to come to the fire? Where are your manners, you loafer?"

Zene had been under the training of old Parks so long, and had so often submitted to his bar room rules and regulations, that he obeyed, gave up his chair to the stranger, and threw himself carelessly upon the bunk.

"Pretty cold, rough weather for the time of year," said Parks, directing his conversation to the stranger.

"Very tedious weather to be out from home," was the reply.

"Then you don't reside in these parts, I conclude?"

"No, I am some distance from home."

"Was you ever through here before?"

"Never."

"How far are you travelling west, sir?" inquired Parks.

"Don't know exactly. I am out on a kind of exploring tour, to see how the land lies."

This stranger was a temperance agent, who for many years had been employed by the State Temperance Society, but wished to keep it concealed from the landlord. He was in the habit of entering public houses and other places of resort *incog.*, that he might learn the tricks and arts of the rum traffic.

From his appearance, no one would suspect him of being a temperance man. Much of his life had been spent in inebriation. His face still retained its fresh brandy color; and his general appearance of hardness, which he had acquired during his course of dissipation, he had not lost, which readily initiated him into the company of the dissolute, without awakening any suspicions that he was a successful reformer, or even a reformed man.

Very soon after the above conversation between the stranger and Parks, a young man entered the bar room.

"Good evening, Mr. Parks," said the young man.

"Good evening, Mr. Sherman; walk up to the fire," said Parks, placing for him the stool of a broken chair. "You are not going to the temperance meeting, I hope."

"No, not I. I never go to such places, you know, Parks."

"Yes, I know you haven't been in the habit of it; but I didn't know but you had changed your mind, as a good many have. They are having temperance meetings two or three times a week, and a good many are making fools of themselves by signing the pledge; and I didn't know but you had."

"If I drink a brandy sling, will that convince you that I am no fool?"

"Perfectly."

"Prepare it then, and do your best."

Parks stepped into the bar, poured out the brandy, and while mixing the ingredients a gentleman entered the bar room, of low stature, thick set, with blue eyes

and heavy whiskers, and wrapped up in a drab petersham overcoat with fur collar and cuffs, who said, —

"Good evening, Mr. Parks. You are at your old trade yet, I see. Did you ever read in the Bible, '*Woe unto them that are mighty to drink wine, and men of strength to mingle strong drink*'?"

"No! You are always meddling with other men's matters, and lug in the Bible to justify yourself."

"If I do nothing worse than that, I shan't commit a very great sin."

"You wouldn't if you told the truth. But more than half you pretend to quote from the Bible ain't there. I tell you, Wainright, your head is so full of notions about retailing liquor, which you have picked up from old speeches and temperance almanacs, and you have harped upon them so long, that you really think they are in the Bible," said Parks, in something of an angry tone.

"But you don't mean to say *that* passage which I just now quoted is not in the Bible?" asked Wainright, smiling.

"Yes I do. There is no such passage between the lids of the Bible. And the one you quoted the other day, when you saw old Jim Nichols lying drunk on my steps, ain't in the Bible," replied Parks, with a triumphant shake of the head.

"What passage do you mean? It has escaped my memory."

"That one about the bottle. '*Cursed be thy bottle, for putting thy neighbor to thy lips*," replied Parks, considerably confused.

"O, yes, Mr. Parks; you are right; there is no such

passage in the Bible. The passage which I quoted was this: 'Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that puttest thy bottle to him, and makest him drunken.' That is in the Bible, Mr. Parks."

"I beg leave to contradict you, sir. I know it is not."

"Very well; bring in the Bible; that will settle the question at once."

"Zene, go in and tell Nancy to let you have the Bible."

The Bible came, and Wainwright turned to Is. v. 22, and read, "*Woe unto them that are mighty to drink wine, and men of strength to mingle strong drink.*' What do you say to that, Mr. Parks? Now we will turn to Hab. ii. 15: 'Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that puttest thy bottle to him, and makest him drunken.' That is Bible, and pretty plain Bible too, I should think, Mr. Parks, if I were in the business you are."

"Well, I don't care if it is Bible — it is all priest-craft, any way. You can prove any thing from the Bible you please," replied Parks, angrily.

"Come, Parks, go up to the temperance meeting this evening," said Wainright, walking towards the door.

"I have attended temperance meetings enough. It is always the same old singsong story — 'thirty thousand drunkards die annually, and rumsellers are murderers,'" answered Parks, sneeringly.

"Good evening, Mr. Parks," said Wainright, as he left the room.

Young Sherman had been standing all this time by

the bar, with his change to pay for the brandy sling. After Wainright left the room, he handed it to Parks.

"I have no license to sell liquor," he said; "but I can sell you a couple of crackers for the shilling, and throw in the liquor."

"No license! What! the board did not refuse you license?" inquired Sherman.

"Yes, they did refuse. Old Blakely after so long a time did finally commit himself, and gave the casting vote against licenses."

"Why did he do that?"

"Well, he is anxious to go to the legislature next year; and you know they are now making a drive to get the Maine law, and he thinks that will be the popular side."

"I think sometimes, Parks, that the fanatics will yet carry matters so far that we shan't be allowed to smoke cigars, chew tobacco, nor to drink coffee or tea."

"O, it's coming to that as fast as it can. Some of these strait jackets wouldn't allow a man to sneeze, or to draw a long breath on Sunday, if they could help it."

The stranger, who had been quiet all this time, inquired, after Sherman left the room, "Landlord, where is that temperance meeting this evening?'

"It's at the church," answered Parks.

"Come, let us all go up," said the stranger.

"No, not I. I have been abused and insulted enough by these lazy, idle fellows, that go about sowing the seeds of discord."

"Who is to give the lecture?"

"It's a young sprig of the law from Salem, who has more bulk than brains."

"Yes, come, let us all turn out; and if he gives any of his slang, if I get a chance I will give *him* some."

"If you will agree to do that, I will go."

"I certainly will."

The old landlord, being very much elated with the idea of having some one to vindicate his cause, got old Zene Huff, Cale Mortimer, and old Sam Crowfoot to consent to go up and hear the stranger give the fanatics what they had long deserved, but what they had not been able to procure for them in so public a manner. As they started from the bar room door, the stranger locked into the arm of Parks on one side, and old Mortimer on the other, while Zene Huff and Sam Crowfoot followed on behind them. They entered, and were seated in one of the front slips. It was not long before the church was filled. The brilliant lamps that stood upon the desk and were suspended in different parts of the room, and the bright and happy faces that were present, cast a charm over the whole scene which Parks and his customers were not used to witnessing.

The hour having arrived for the meeting to commence, the Rev. John Holyday, pastor of the church, arose and opened with a short and appropriate prayer. He then introduced to the audience William Davis, Esq., who gave a very truthful and appropriate address. The speaker confined himself to the effects of intemperance on our nation. He spoke of the enormous amount of money expended annually for intox-

icating liquors — of the vast amount it costs to try criminals and support the paupers made by this traffic — of the number of statesmen who had fallen by intemperance — of the great amount of property which had been destroyed by intoxicated incendiaries — and closed by making an appeal to all who loved their country to give their names to the pledge, that our land may be free from this curse. The address was a very good one, and evidently took hold of the feelings of the congregation.

As soon as Mr. Davis sat down, Mr. Holyday took the floor. For the benefit of the reader, it may not be amiss to give a short sketch of his ministerial character. He had been settled in the town of Harwood a number of years, and had established the reputation of a sound doctrinal preacher. With the question of reforms he never meddled. On the subject of temperance he had been careful not to express any opinion. He told his parishioners, when they went to him for instruction on this question, that they must not urge him to commit himself, for the reason that there were differences of opinion in his society. "One man," he said, "is engaged in retailing — one owns and rents a public house — one is engaged in distilling — three or four raise large quantities of rye and corn for the distillery — and a great many of the young people use wine at their wedding parties. These will be offended with me if I meddle with this subject. To save my influence with this class, I think it not prudent to say any thing about it one way or the other." This was the first time he had shown himself in a temperance meeting

for several years, and the reason why he attended on this occasion may be inferred from the fact that on the next Wednesday the society was to have its annual meeting, at which time, according to a notice that was read on the previous Sabbath, a resolution would be offered to dismiss their pastor. This move he knew was made by the temperance portion of the church, and for that reason he thought he would redeem the time, and conciliate the "radicals," as he called them. Every year, for five years past, a resolution had been presented at the annual meeting for his dismission; and while there was a gradual increase of the number against him, the rum power had thus far succeeded in retaining him in his pastoral office. It was a common saying in the neighborhood, that "once a year, on the last Wednesday of November, Parson Holyday would have a large congregation, rain or shine." On this day there was more electioneering than at their annual elections. On that occasion it was common for Doty, Parks, Jenks, and all the distillers and rum dealers, and many of the rum drinkers, and especially all the young men who loved wine, to be on hand at an early hour to secure every vote they possibly could for old parson Holyday. They all loved the man; "*he was such a good man, and minded his own business so well,*" they were very anxious to retain him as their pastor.

Parson Holyday spoke as follows:—

"My friends, temperance is a good thing, in the *abstract*. I wish to be considered on the side of the cause. But it appears to me that men make *too much* of it. There is danger of dwelling upon it until they

become men of *one idea*. There are other evils — such as Sabbath breaking, profanity, gambling, horse-racing, betting, and defrauding, all of which are great evils; and why should we single out intemperance, and let all the others pass unnoticed? I am very sorry to have any thing done or said that will injure the feelings of any — either the retailer or consumer. I am well acquainted with the men in this village who keep the public houses. They are naturally *fine* men, and very *kind* neighbors. I am very sorry to have any thing said that will reflect upon them. I hardly know what public sentiment is in this community on this question — if I did, I should know better how to act. I never like to cross a bridge before I get to it. I hope the friends will remember there is danger of going *too fast*, and in this way put back the cause. My advice, therefore, to all, is, Be prudent, move cautiously, and try and live in peace with all men."

Before taking his seat, he said others, if they wished, might speak.

The parson had scarcely seated himself before the stranger arose and embraced the opportunity offered. He cast his large black eyes over the audience for a moment, and then commenced his address: —

"My friends, I am a stranger to you all. There is not a man or woman in this house who knows me; and I am glad it is so. I am here, and occupy this floor, because I promised my friend Parks I would speak for his benefit if an opportunity should be given. One has been offered, and I feel I cannot redeem my pledge without embracing it. And as I have but little time, I will proceed directly to the subject, with-

out consuming any time with introductory remarks. The reverend gentleman (for I take him to be such) says temperance is a good thing in the *abstract*. Now, I hold, and teach, that it is not only good in the abstract, but in the concrete also. It is not only good *theoretically*, but *practically* — not only good to hold and *believe it* as a sentiment, but good to reduce it to *practice*. It would not only be good for clergymen to *believe it*, but very good to *preach it*. It would not only be good for the rumseller to *believe it*, but it would result in great good to him and the community to *stop* his traffic. It would not only be good for drunkards to *embrace* the sentiment, but very good for them and their families to *act upon it*, by dashing the cup of death from their lips. These notions about abstractions are held and talked about by men who are afraid to commit themselves. Our clerical friend seems to be much alarmed lest we become men of *one idea*. Well, let it be understood that temperance men *are* men of *one idea* — a *mighty idea*. It is an idea so large that common minds cannot grasp enough of it to become interested in it. It is an idea which contains the following startling facts: 'Rumselling costs this country, every ten years, twelve hundred millions of dollars. It occasions the loss of over five millions of dollars by fire. It sends over one hundred and fifty thousand victims to the poorhouse. It makes one thousand maniacs. It causes one thousand and five hundred murders. It is the occasion of two thousand suicides. It makes two hundred thousand widows. And it bequeaths to the cold charity of the world five hundred thousand orphan children.' This

certainly is a *mighty idea* — an idea quite as large as the largest and most philanthropic mind can grasp. As Noah's flood rose fifteen cubits above the highest mountains, so this idea overtops all others.

"The reverend gentleman says there is danger of going too fast — danger of crossing the bridge before we get to it. It is possible there is danger of going too fast; but I *know* there is great danger of going *too slow*. If ministers are *too slow* in taking hold of this question, and *too slow* in sounding the alarm, many of the young men of their charge will contract habits which will ruin them for time and eternity. If parents are *too slow* in embracing this subject, their children will copy their example, and in all probability become intemperate. Merchants may be *so slow* in throwing their liquors out of their cellars that their sons will form an appetite for it, and become confirmed inebriates. Rumsellers may be *so slow* in giving up the business as to ruin and murder half the families in the neighborhood. And drunkards may be *so slow* in giving up their cups that their wives will die broken hearted, and their children beg for bread. So you see, my friends, we can be *too slow*, as well as too fast; and we see, too, that it is just as bad not to 'cross the bridge' when we get to it, as it is to 'cross it before we get to it.'

"The reverend gentleman spoke of other sins, such as Sabbath breaking, profanity, gambling, horse-racing, and betting. Does not the gentleman know these are all branches of the parent stock? Does he not know that these are the legitimate offspring of the rum traffic? Where is it that the Sabbath is

recklessly desecrated? In the grog shop. Where do we hear men blaspheme the name of God in every sentence and with every breath? In the rum shop. Where is gambling carried on systematically? At our licensed public houses. And who are they that engage in running horses and betting? Men who love strong drink. Talk about other vices—these all follow rumselling and tippling as legitimately as one link follows another in a chain. When we wish to kill a serpent, we aim to strike his head; because, if we kill his head, his body dies. So with these vices. Rumselling and rum drinking may be considered the head of the monster; the vices mentioned by my friend are merely the joints in his body. Kill his head, and his body will also die.

"The gentleman said he did not know the state of public sentiment; if he did, he would know better how to act. I received the impression from his remark that we must always be governed by public sentiment. It makes no difference with me what public sentiment is on this question. If it is up with the age, I shall try to keep it there, and advance it if I can. If it is behind, I will try, by my talk, practice, and influence, to bring it up where it should be. If Martin Luther had gone no faster than public sentiment, there would have been no reformation. If our Pilgrim Fathers had been governed by public sentiment, we should never have been blessed with civil and religious institutions. And if the Son of God had gone no faster than public opinion, there would have been no atonement, no remission of our sins, and no salvation. It is the duty of every citizen to espouse this cause, whatever may

be the state of public sentiment, that this terrible scourge may be stayed.

"The reverend gentleman said 'he should be very sorry to have any thing said or done that would injure the feelings of the retailer or consumer.' Now, I confess, my friends, that I have no such tenderness. Must *we* be careful not to injure the feelings of the rum-seller, who makes it his business to injure the feelings of others? Shall *we* regard the feelings of that man (pointing to Parks) who transforms a kind and affectionate husband into a brute, a devil, and sends him home to lacerate and abuse his wife and innocent children? Shall *we* be tender of that man's feelings who will not regard the tears, cries, and sufferings of the drunkard's wife? Shall *we* expend our sympathies upon him who takes the last copper from the purse of the inebriate, when he *knows* his children are suffering for fuel and bread? Shall *we* extend to him our tender regards, while he is laying heavy and unjust burdens of taxation upon the community, filling our jails with criminals, our county houses with paupers, our graveyards with drunkards, and hell with ruined souls? The reverend gentleman may, but I cannot My reason, my judgment, and all the finer feelings of my soul are against such men, and I *must* oppose them while they continue their ruinous business."

As soon as the stranger took his seat, parson Holy day announced that the meeting was closed. It was not strange at all that he wanted it closed, for the severe castigation from the lecturer made him feel anxious to get away from the penetrating eyes of his parishioners.

The stranger took the arm of Parks and Huff, and left the house. When they were a few paces from the church, he looked up into Parks's face, and said, "Didn't I tell you I would *give 'em some* if I had a chance?"

To this sarcastic question no reply was made, and they all walked on in silence to the tavern. After Parks had stirred the embers, laid the brands together, and started a brisk fire, the stranger said, "Landlord, I guess I will retire; I feel somewhat fatigued."

"I should think you would, to make such a speech as you did," replied Parks.

"Speech! Why, what about that?"

"Why, your abuse to parson Holyday — that's *what* about it. I didn't care so much about myself; I can bear it; my shoulders are broad. But to see that man so abused, who always minds his own business, is more than I can bear," said Parks, in an angry tone.

"What do you mean by his minding his own business," inquired the stranger.

"Why, I mean that he never meddles with politics or any other exciting question. He always preaches the gospel. I love to go there to church occasionally, for when *he* preaches I am sure of hearing the truth. I have a slip there, and give twenty dollars a year for his salary."

"Yes, you give him the twenty dollars because he says nothing about rumselling, I presume."

"I give it because he minds his *own business*, and preaches the gospel, and lets other things alone."

"Well, landlord, I think I will retire; I guess we have said enough on this question for one night."

Parks took a candle, led his guest up stairs, and gave him a room directly over the bar room.

During the conversation between Parks and the stranger, Cale Mortimer, Zene Huff, and Sam Crowfoot sat demurely by the fire, without uttering a word. When the stranger retired they were there still. He was a little anxious to know how they received his talk at the church. He had some fears lest Parks should excite them to mob him, or kill his horse. He saw in the floor a stove-pipe hole, to which he carefully put his ear to hear what was said when Parks returned.

"Well, Cale, what did you think of the stranger's talk to-night?" asked Parks.

"Well, pretty hot, I thought; but no hotter than true, I guess."

"Didn't you think he abused the parson most ...scally?"

"No, can't say I did. About all old Holyday cares or is his salary. He never preaches against any ...ing that will endanger a cent of his salary," replied ...le.

"Zene, what did you think of it?" said Parks.

"I thought he hit the nail on the head."

"Do you swallow such abuse as that? I thought you was a man that always went for order and decency," continued Parks.

"If it is disorderly and indecent to tell the truth about rumselling and rum drinking, then after this I mean to be disorderly," answered Zene.

"Well, really; you are coming out. You're getting along fast. You're going to join old Platt's

party, and be a full-blooded cold-waterite, eh?" said Parks.

"I don't know yet whose party I shall join; but I have made up my mind to leave yours. You have got all the money out of me you ever will," replied Zene, in a determined tone.

"Sam, how did you feel about it? Didn't you think the old lark was rather severe on the parson?" again asked Parks.

"I will give you my opinion soon in writing," said Crowfoot, who had taken a piece of paper and a pencil from his pocket, and was busily engaged in writing. No one in the room but himself had the least idea what he was at. In a short time he straightened up, and said, "Parks, would you like to hear my opinion?"

"I should, very much."

Crowfoot then read the following:—

"We, whose names are hereto annexed, solemnly pledge ourselves that we will carefully abstain from the use of spirituous liquors, strong beer, wines, and cider; and so far as we are able, we will discountenance their use in others.

SAMUEL CROWFOOT."

"What do you say to that, Zene; will you go it?" asked Crowfoot.

"I will," was the firm reply.

"Will you, Mortimer?"

"Be sure I will. I am not one of the kind that hangs back."

"Walk up to the light, then, and put down your names like men," said Crowfoot.

They deliberately signed their names to what they considered a declaration of independence ; and they did it in their sober moments, for they had drank nothing since some time in the afternoon. Being in full possession of their reason, they signed the pledge with a clear understanding of its import and the obligations it imposed upon them.

After they had completed the work and resumed their seats, Parks broke out, " Well, you have cut a pretty figure now."

" In what way ? " asked Crowfoot.

" Why, in signing away your liberties," replied the chagrined liquor dealer.

" Yes, we have signed away our *liberty* to get drunk, abuse our wives, and starve our children," said Crowfoot.

" And I guess we have signed away *your* liberty too, Mr. Parks ; that's what troubles *you*," added Mortimer.

" My liberty ! How have you signed away *my* liberty ? " asked Parks.

" Yes, *your liberty* to take from us our earnings and give us no equivalent for them," replied Mortimer, indignantly.

" Well, well, I hate to see men such fools as to pledge themselves not to drink cider, wine, or beer, that can hurt no one," said Parks.

" The little glass of beer that old Bill Scoville drank at your bar after he had been sober for a year didn't *hurt* him, did it ? " asked Zene, sarcastically.

" And he never saw another sober day after it," said Mortimer.

"Yes, and the last drink he ever had was at this bar; and he went out from here and froze to death that very night. I should think *you* would plead for cider drinking," added Crowfoot, pointing his finger at Parks.

"Well, come on boys, let us go home; I guess we have labored long enough for one night with Mr. Parks. Let him sleep over it, and perhaps he will wake up in his right mind to-morrow morning," said Mortimer, as they walked out of the room.

The stranger, being well satisfied with the turn things had taken, retired, and had a good night's rest.

Parks stirred up the fire, and sat down to commune a while with himself. First his thoughts ran upon the stranger's speech.

"How abusive," he thought, "to parson Holyday! What a shame! Such a good man; so quiet; who always minds his own business. How wickedly he attacked my business! driving my customers from me; three already gone, and no telling how many more will follow through Crowfoot's influence. Let me see; three *gone*—they have averaged three shillings each a day, at my bar, for the last two years. Let me see; that would be twenty-one shillings a week apiece. Three times twenty-one is sixty-three shillings a week, which is—let me see—four times three are twelve, and four times six are twenty-four, and one is twenty-five—two hundred and fifty-two shillings; which is thirty-one—no, yes, I am right—thirty-one dollars and a half a month. And let me see; thirteen lunar months in a year, thirteen times thirty-one and a half is—is—four hundred and nine and a half,—

yes, I am right, — four hundred and nine dollars and fifty cents a year. All this I am to lose just on account of the *fanaticism* of that old fool. Well, I must begin to curtail my expenses. John must come home from college, and Susan must stop her music lessons right off; and there is that piano, I *can't pay* for that. If my customers hadn't left me, I could. I must live more within my means, must have less hired help, and my wife and daughter must get along with less dresses; there's no help for it. All this is in consequence of these 'radicals,' as parson Holyday calls them; hotheads, contemptible fanatics, who ought to be shut up in the madhouse. And Sam Crowfoot had the impudence to twit me of giving old Bill Scoville his last drink just before he went out and froze to death. I ought to have knocked him down. I have heard enough about that; it is time it was dropped."

The above, with many other broken trains of thought, passed through the unhappy man's mind, and left him in a very ill-humored state. After attending to various little duties about the house, such as raking up the fire, driving old Growler from under the bunk to try the night air, and bolting the doors, he retired to rest.

"Why, Mr. Parks, what has kept you so?" inquired his wife.

"Don't be so inquisitive, wife; I'll tell you about it some other time," replied Parks, impatiently.

He was a man who never suffered his wife to know any thing about his business. He often told her that it was quite enough for her to understand her own

appropriate duties about her part of the house, without meddling with his. He was one of that class of men who desire a wife more for a slave than a companion. The snarling and impatient manner of his reply satisfied her that he was not in a very pleasant mood, and she thought it best to remain silent and let him sleep away the dark clouds that overcast his mental horizon. But he could not sleep. The loss of the three customers; the four hundred dollars; the prospect that others would go; that John must leave college, and Susan stop music lessons, troubled him; and the thought that his neighbors should consider him the murderer of old Bill Scoville troubled him more than all the rest. These things, in rapid succession, came into the poor man's mind, which so fired up his conscience that he could not sleep.

As soon as the morning light found its way into his apartment, he arose and went about his morning duties. Very soon the stranger made his appearance in the bar room, pleasantly remarking, "Not quite so cold this morning, I think."

"Don't know; haven't been out," grumbled Parks.

"Landlord, what is my bill?" inquired the stranger.

Let me see; you had your lodging, supper, and horsekeeping. It is four shillings. I ought to charge you four dollars."

"Why so?"

"For your abuse to parson Holyday."

"You may bring up my horse, if you please; I have some distance to ride to-day."

The horse was brought, mounted, and started off

on a brisk trot, rapidly bearing away the stranger from the door of Parks's tavern, never to be seen again by him till the "dome of these lower heavens is dissolved." As he was passing a poor-looking hovel, half a mile from the tavern, some one called out, "Halloo! stranger." It was Samuel Crowfoot. The stranger recognized him, reined his horse up to the fence, and said, "Good morning, Mr. Crowfoot."

"Good morning, my friend," replied Crowfoot. "I cannot feel thankful enough to you for what you did last night. I was influenced by what you said to sign the pledge."

"I am glad to hear it. It always rejoices my heart when I can induce men to break away from the power of rum and rumsellers."

"For many years," said Crowfoot, "I have been a poor creature. I was once respected. My father was a man who stood high, and held several high offices in the state. He gave me a good education, and, when I started for myself, gave me three thousand dollars. I married a wife out of a good family, who had fifteen hundred dollars from her parents. A better woman never lived; but O, how I have abused her! The money which fell to us has all been spent at these taverns. O my friend, you ——" The poor man was so overcome he could not articulate. After a short time he added, "You don't know any thing about the wretchedness and misery rum brings into a family. For days my poor wife has been without bread, and often my children have been obliged to go ——" His emotions here again overcame him. After his feelings subsided a little, he added, "My

children have often been obliged to go to bed supperless."

As he finished the sentence, he buried his face in his hands and wept aloud.

"I *do* know all about your feelings and situation. An experience of fifteen years has taught me all about it. I know, Mr. Crowfoot, all about the deceptive tricks of rumsellers to get your money. I know *all* about the sufferings of the drunkard's wife and family, for I have seen it all at home. And I know all about your feelings this morning. You fear and tremble lest you will violate your pledge. But fear not; take courage, put your trust in God, and go forward. And now, hear what a friend has to say. Never go near one of those rumshops, and don't associate with men who go there; have nothing to do with men who use liquor in any degree; spend your evenings at home with your wife and children; save your earnings for the comfort of your family. And do *all* you can to get others to sign the pledge. Hold frequent meetings, and tell your experience to strengthen and encourage each other," remarked the stranger, with much feeling and emphasis.

During this conversation a little white-headed boy stood by his father, who learned, from what he heard, that the stranger was the gentleman who got his father to sign the pledge. He ran up to the door and cried out, "Mother! mother! don't you want to see the man who got father to sign the pledge?"

His mother came to the door, when the stranger remarked as he bowed to her, "Good morning, Mrs. Crowfoot."

"Good morning, sir," replied the lady, very pleasantly.

"Wife, this is the stranger who lectured last night, that I have told you so much about," said Crowfoot.

"I am very glad to see you, sir. I want to express ten thousand thanks for the blessings you have been instrumental in bringing to our lowly hovel. It is impossible, sir, for me to describe my feelings. I feel as if a mountain had been lifted from my poor, bleeding heart. I have nothing to reward you for your kindness and faithfulness; but there is One who has, and I trust HE will do it."

While Mrs. Crowfoot stood talking, the tears coursed freely down her faded and careworn cheeks. After recovering a little from her deep emotions, she added, "I trust we shall again be a happy family. We have already commenced anticipating a bright and happy future, by making calculations how we shall appropriate our little earnings."

"I'm goin' to have a new coat and trowse's," said little Thomas.

"And I'm goin' to have a new calico dress," chimed in little Emily.

"There, children, you should be still when older folks are talking," said Mrs. Crowfoot.

"Have you any objections to giving me your name and post-office address?" inquired Mr Crowfoot.

"None at all," replied the stranger. "My name is William Mason. I reside in Kalamazoo, Michigan."

After Mr. Crowfoot had pencilled it down on a piece of paper, Mr. Mason took him by the hand, and uttered comforting words to him and his companion; gave

them a parting blessing, and left with the impression that he should never see them again in these tabernacles of flesh. Mrs. Crowfoot stood and watched him until a short turn in the road hid him forever from her sight.

Mortimer went home from Parks's tavern that night sober, for the first time in several years. He found his wife up, as usual, sitting by her stand, at work. As he entered the room, she eyed him closely, for there was something unusual about his appearance.

"Wife, I am sober," said Mortimer, as he closed the door.

"How is that? Are you sick, Caleb?" inquired Mrs. Mortimer.

"O, no; I am not sick; I have not felt so well in five years. I have signed the pledge."

No words could have been selected from the English language that would have conveyed such unspeakable joy to her heart. It was like a sudden transit from the cold storms of winter to the warm and genial sunbeams of summer. She dropped her work, threw her arms around his neck, kissed him, and wept aloud.

"O my husband, God grant that you may have grace to keep your good resolution!" she exclaimed, with deep emotion; and then prayed, "O my Father in heaven, I thank thee for hearing the prayers of thine unworthy handmaiden, in returning my poor husband to me once more, sober, and in his right mind. O, what shall I render unto thee for this unspeakable gift? O Lord, let thy blessing rest upon *him*, that he may keep his pledge, that peace and

happiness may once more return to our dark, destitute, and desolate dwelling. O God, do hear; O my God, do have mercy, and bless my dear companion in this attempt to break away from the destroyer!"

Mrs. Mortimer's heart was too full to utter another word, and she literally bathed his neck with her tears. The effect upon him was salutary. It broke his hard heart to contrition. He threw himself across the bed, and wept like a child. Mrs. Mortimer had often wept on account of her husband's dissipation, but they were tears of grief, of bitterness, wrung out by a sense of harsh treatment and cold neglect. Her tears on this occasion were tears of joy.

The children, though asleep when their father came in, were aroused by the prayer of their mother. William, the youngest, said, "Mother, what makes, father and you cry so — say mother?"

"Your father has signed the pledge," she replied.

"Won't he drink any more whiskey, mother?" asked the boy.

"No, my child."

"Will he be like Mr. Johnson? When he comes home, now, will he take me on his lap and give me candy, as Mr. Johnson does his little boy?" inquired the artless child.

These simple yet touching questions broke up anew the great deep of Mr Mortimer's feelings. He sprung upon his feet, grasped the child from his couch, pressed him to his bosom, and wildly exclaimed, "O God, forgive me for all my neglect and abuse to my dear children! May God help me to be a father to you indeed, my boy!"

By this time Mary and Henry had come from their apartments, anxious to know the cause of the excitement and tears. When they were informed of what had taken place, their tears flowed freely, and their hearts leaped for joy.

After the first expression of joyous feeling had passed off, in the form of prayers and tears, a little circle was formed about the small fire that was burning on the hearth. Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer sat close together; little Willie was on his father's knee, Mary stood by the side of her mother, and Henry sat on a little stool by the side of his father.

"Husband, what induced you to sign the pledge?" inquired Mrs. Mortimer.

"A stranger — I know not who he was — put up at Parks's, and said, if we would all go up to the temperance meeting, he would *give them some*, if he got a chance. We thought he meant to talk against temperance men; but instead of that, he poured out the truth powerfully upon all rumsellers and rum drinkers. I never felt so ashamed in my life. I thought every word he said was for me; and I dare not look up, for I thought every body in the house must be looking at me. And the way he gave it to old parson Holyday couldn't be beat. I guess the old man won't sit straddle the fence any longer."

"Was Parks there?" asked Mrs. Mortimer.

"Yes, he was there, and heard it all; and I thought, by the way he looked, he *felt* it too."

"Did you sign the pledge at the church?"

"No. After we went back to Parks's, Crowfoot drew up a pledge, and signed it, and asked Zene Huff

and myself to do the same; and we did, right before old Parks."

"What did he say?"

"He said we were fools to sign away our liberty to drink wine, beer, and cider. And Crowfoot told him he ought to plead for cider drinking, since it had such good effect on old Bill Scoville."

"He did? What did he say to that?"

"He couldn't say much to it. He wilted pretty quick."

"Well, my husband, I am rejoiced that you have made up your mind to break off drinking. We were once happy, and can be again. Rum is the only thing that has ever cast a dark cloud over our family; and if it is entirely put away, I can see no reason why we may not again be happy, and have all the necessaries of life, if not the luxuries."

Little Willie, to express his deep interest in the matter, put one arm around his father's neck, and tenderly rubbed his cheek with the other hand, and said, "Father, if you don't drink any more, I can have some shoes; can't I, father?"

"I hope so, my child," replied the father, with much feeling.

"And I can have some new clothes, and a new book, and can go to school," said little Mary, as she brushed back her curls.

"And the children won't point at us any more, and say, '*Your father is a drunkard;*' will they, father?" asked Henry.

These touching questions entirely overcome Mr.

Mortimer. He inclined forward, put his hands to his face, and wept bitterly.

Next morning, Mrs. Mortimer rose with a heart as light as the air she breathed. She went about her household duties feeling that a new star had appeared in her horizon, which she hailed as the harbinger of a brighter day. When breakfast was ready, the family was gathered, each wearing a bright and happy face as they took their seats at the table. Mr. Mortimer cast his eye over the table, and seeing nothing but some baked potatoes, corn bread, and crust coffee, he inquired, "My dear wife, is this all the house affords for our comfort?"

"This is all we have; but with a kind and sober husband, I consider them luxuries," she replied.

"O, how cruel is the rumseller, to rob a poor man's family of the comforts of life, by taking advantage of his appetite!" said Mr. Mortimer.

He seemed now, for the first time, to wake up to a sense of the great evils he had brought upon his innocent wife and children by his long course of inebriation. The scales had fallen from his eyes, and he saw most clearly the poverty, the deep degradation, and wretchedness he had inflicted upon his children.

Breakfast was over, and Mr. Mortimer had gone to his work. He was a mason by trade, and a good mechanic. The day was passed by Mrs. Mortimer as usual, at her work, but not with the same downcast look and heavy heart. The children spent the day in conversing about new frocks, new shoes, new hats, and new books, and going to school; and what afforded

their little hearts more joy than all the rest, the school children wouldn't point at them, and say, "*Your father is a drunkard.*" It was the first happy, unclouded day that had ever passed over their dwelling during their remembrance. About dark, the children gathered around the window to watch the coming of their father. This, too, was something new in the history of their recollections. Before, they dreaded his approach, because he always came intoxicated and cruelly beat them.

"There, father's coming! He hasn't been to Parks's; I know he hasn't! O, aint you glad, mother?" said Mary.

As he opened the door, his wife fondly embraced him, and his overjoyed children gathered around him, pulled down his face, and kissed him; and if, indeed, "actions speak louder than words," he had abundant evidence that they were all inexpressibly happy to see him return home sober. He put into his wife's hand twelve shillings, the amount of his day's work, saying, "Old Parks didn't get this. Make use of it as you think best for the comfort of the family."

From this time the Mortimer family began to thrive. In a few months their dwelling was made comfortable; out of their earnings they bought a cow, and procured every necessary of life. So it was with Huff's and Crowfoot's families. They all adhered to their pledge; and what they told Parks that night, "that he would get no more of their money," happily proved true.

CHAPTER IX.

THE CHANGE.

"Weep not that the world changes; did it keep
A stable, changeless course, 'twere cause to weep."

Doty's dream produced a wonderful effect upon both mind and body, from which he did not recover in some weeks. The dreadful appearance of old Sim Bailey, clothed with garments woven with serpents of fire, and the word "License" written in blood on the front of the black cloud, made a deep impression upon his mind, which he said he never could forget. Several weeks after, he could still feel the grasp of the skeleton's long, bony fingers.

These things so far subdued him that he was in a suitable frame of mind to hear what his wife had to say to him about the evils of rumselling. She faithfully reminded him of the dreadful effects of the traffic in their neighborhood which had fallen under his own observation. She spoke of Mr. Simon's death in consequence of the liquor he furnished. She reminded him of old Sim Bailey, whom he saw in his dream, who took his last dram at his bar, and which caused his death. She pointed him to old Reuben Jones, who went home from his bar intoxicated, whipped his wife, and struck his little boy with such violence as to cause his death. She asked him if he remembered How-

land's fall, the poverty of his family, and old Sam Gilmore, who started to go home one night intoxicated, fell down the bank, and was found the next day half eaten up by dogs. She told him of old Eb Armstrong, who, under the influence of liquor from his bar, run his horses, overturned his wagon, and killed his little boy. She also reminded him of Phil Giles, who went home in a fit of intoxication, carelessly set fire to his house, and burned up two small children.

"O, well, wife, you have said enough," interrupted Doty; "I am convinced it is bad business."

"Yes, it is attended with evil, only evil, and that continually," continued Mrs. Doty.

"Well, wife, what would you have me do?"

"Do! Why, I would have you stop the business at once."

"Yes, but my buildings, you know, which I have been fitting up for the business, have cost me a good deal of money; all this will be lost."

"Very well; let it be lost. I had rather have the consciousness of doing right than all the money we have ever made in this business."

"And there are my liquors. They cost me about a hundred dollars. What am I to do with them? I know of no one to take them off my hands."

"I hope you won't think of selling them to any one. There has been misery and wretchedness enough caused by liquor from our cellar."

"Well, what in the name of sense would you have me do with them?"

"I would have you pour them on the ground, or burn them."

"Burn my property! Throw on the ground and waste that which cost me one hundred dollars! Woman, you must be getting crazy!"

"If it is something which does no one any good, but injury, why not destroy it, if it did cost you money? Suppose some one should buy a dozen rattlesnakes, and throw them into our yard, and they should bite our children; would you hesitate to kill them because he paid his money for them? I think you would not regard his plea for a moment. You would tell him, if he was fool enough to pay out his money for snakes, he ought to lose it. And that is just what I think in this case."

"Wife, you are getting eloquent; you wouldn't make a bad temperance lecturer. You had better start out with the 'radicals,' as parson Holyday calls them."

"And besides all this, Mr. Doty, you know you are far advanced in life, which is another very weighty reason why you should change your course of conduct. The bar room, with its evil associations, is not a very good place to prepare for another world."

"I guess you'd better wait until I talk of leaving this before you get on such a pious strain," said Doty, with much impatience.

"You know, Mr. Doty, that you are aged and infirm, and have spent yonr life in this business. And if you ever think of reforming, it is time you turned your attention to the things of eternity."

"I tell you, wife, I have heard enough of your moralizing."

Mrs. Doty, seeing it was useless to talk longer with

him, withdrew from the room, and left him to his own reflections. His mind carefully ran over the cases which she had mentioned. He thought of the evils of his traffic in liquor since he commenced; the untold injuries he had inflicted on many families; the sin of wholesaling as well as of retailing; that he was an old man, and, if he ever reformed, he must begin soon; the loss of the hundred dollars, and many other things which his awakened conscience brought to memory.

When his wife returned, he said, "Wife, I have been thinking this matter over since you have been out, and have come to the conclusion to destroy my liquor."

"I rejoice at that," replied Mrs. Doty; "I think you will never regret it."

"But it looks like a great sacrifice to make."

"Well, Abijah, one ought to be willing to make sacrifices for the good of others. And besides, you know you have no license, and no right to sell it; and I think you never will have again. Temperance principles are prevailing, and I presume we shall soon have the Maine law."

"O fiddlesticks! Who cares for your Maine law? That is what you never will get; it's all moonshine."

"It is strange you can think so, Mr. Doty, when petitions are going into the legislature from all parts of the state, and nearly every paper in the land advocates the principle."

"Well, I don't care for all that; there is so much

capital invested in the manufacture and sale of liquors in the city of New York, that the people of this state can *never get* such a law."

"Well, be that as it may; one thing is certain — the towns can prohibit license, as they have done in this, which is the same thing to you."

"So far as that is concerned, I could manage that. I could sell two crackers for sixpence, and throw in the liquor."

"But do you think that would be right? I thought you was a great advocate for the observance of law. I have heard you argue for hours in favor of the fugitive slave law. I have heard you say, repeatedly, that all who refuse to obey it are enemies to their country, and, in effect, guilty of treason."

"Yes — but then — hem! Well, I do go for law; but I never thought the license law was worth much, any way."

"Why then do you want license?"

"Well, because there are so many, like Scribner and Donaldson, who call us murderers and robbers, that we feel the need of a legal sanction to give us authority and the traffic an air of respectability."

"Well, really," said Mrs. Doty, "I am glad you are honest enough to own it. I have long been convinced that this is the reason why men wish to have a license. They hate to do it on their individual responsibility, and therefore wish the people to indorse it for them."

"I tell you, wife, I have always been honest, and that is why I am going to throw up the business now."

"Shall I go and tell Steve not to sell any more?" inquired Mrs. Doty.

"You may call him in here, and I will talk with him myself about it," replied Doty.

Steve was called in without delay, for she was exceedingly anxious to carry out his resolution while he was in the humor for it.

"Steve," said Doty, "I have come to the conclusion not to sell any more liquor. What do you think of that?"

"Goin' to stop the tavern?" asked Steve, in astonishment.

"No, I shall keep a tavern without liquor — a — well — temperance house, some call it."

"Ha! ha! ha! Who got you into that notion?"

"O, it's a notion I have received by thinking over the effects of the business. I am convinced, Stephen, that it is followed with great evils to many families. And in view of this, I have made up my mind not to sell any more."

"Now, I know licker don't hurt nobody when it's used as it or't to be. And because old Mose Whipple and Phil Saxbury makes fools of themselves, that's no reason why you or't to quit your business. The fact on't is, every body might quit their business for jest as good reasons. Uncle Watkins might quit his bakin' business, jest because some men eats too much bread; and Doctor Ulrick might burn up his pill bags, jest 'cause some folks are all the time dosin' when they don't or't to have it," said Steve, with much earnestness.

"Well, Stephen, you know if I don't sell it to them, and they hurt themselves, I shall not be to blame."

"Well, they will have it; somebody will sell it to 'em. I can't see why you mayn't as well have their money as any body else."

"Yes, I know, Stephen; but I have come to the conclusion not to sell any more. I have promised my wife, and I can't very well break my pledge."

"Well, you can do jest as you're a mind tew; but I know I wouldn't be coaxed into any sich thing by *my* wife, nor nobody else," said Steve, with a peculiar jerk of the head.

"I want you now," said Doty, "to clear out the bar. Empty the liquor in the bottles and decanters into the casks down cellar, and be careful and empty the brandy into the brandy cask, the gin into the gin cask, and so on. Do you understand me?"

"Yes, I understand it," replied Steve.

Stephen went back to the bar room and commenced his strange work. Strange, because for thirty years that bar had not been destitute of all kinds of intoxicating liquors. He commenced his labor by setting all the bottles and decanters down on the counter. The brandy he readily distinguished by the color.

"Now," he said to himself, "them ar' others, how can I tell 'em? I have such a deuse of a cold, I can't smell nothin'. That's gin," he said, tasting. "That's rum; no, 'tis whiskey," tasting again. In this way Steve went on tasting, to avoid all mistakes in the performance of his duty, until every thing in the room was in a whirl.

Mrs. Doty came in and found him sitting on a bench, with his hand on his head. "Stephen, what appears to be the matter?" she asked.

"I was took jest now, all of a sudden, with a powerful dizziness in my head," replied Steve.

"Perhaps you had better lie down a while, and sleep it off," said Mrs. Doty.

Mrs. Doty, seeing his difficulty, took one of her girls, and very soon completed the work of clearing the bar. She swept and garnished the room, until not a trace of the *evil spirits* could be seen.

After a few hours had passed, Steve crawled out of his bunk, rubbing his eyes, partially recovered from his "*sudden dizziness.*" Looking around the room, he exclaimed, "Gibraltar! how naked the bar looks!"

"It won't look so bare when we get in some good books and papers," said Mrs. Doty.

"Books and papers in a bar room! Mighty nice ide' that! Who do ye think'll read 'em?" asked Steve, in a sneering manner.

"Travellers will read them. Now the liquors are taken out of the bar, Stephen, the character of our customers will be changed. Instead of loafers, we shall have reading, temperate men here," replied Mrs. Doty.

"Well, I don't want to stay any longer, if you're goin' to turn the bar room into a meetin'," said Steve, soberly.

Mrs. Doty went on arranging and placing things about the room, setting up books and stowing in pamphlets and papers on the shelves, until it looked

more like a village library or reading room than a bar room.

A short time after the work was completed, Mose Whipple, Sam Laraby, and Job Ross entered, not having received the first intimation of Doty's determination.

"For Heaven's sake! what's up?" exclaimed Mose, with a stare of astonishment.

"O, nothin'; only uncle 'Bijah has got a pious fit come over him," replied Steve.

"What has become of the '*O-be-joyful*'?" asked Sam, looking towards the bar.

"We emptied that down cellar."

"Ain't the old man goin' to sell any more?" inquired Mose.

"He says he won't. That's all I know 'bout it."

"I guess his '*Satanic License*' scared him into it; didn't it, Steve?" asked Laraby, looking roguishly at Mose.

"I can't tell you nothin' 'bout it, for I don't know nothin' 'bout it," replied Steve, rather tartly.

"Well, boys," said Mose, "this is rather a dry place to wet our whistles; I guess we had better go and open an account with father Parks."

"I feel the need of a phlegm cutter from some quarter," said Sam, as the trio left the room.

In a few days, Mr. Doty so far recovered from his nervousness that he was able to walk out and make and receive calls. As soon as his good purpose was noised about, temperance men called upon him, for the purpose of strengthening and encouraging him in his enterprise. One morning, Mr. Scribner paid him a

short visit. Mr. Doty did not receive him with much cordiality, for he remembered his speech before the board, in which he accused him of profanity, Sabbath breaking, and of keeping a low and disorderly house.

"I understand," said Mr. Scribner, "you have made up your mind to discontinue the liquor traffic."

"Yes, that is my purpose," replied Doty.

"Well, neighbor Doty, I am heartily glad. And I think you will never have reason to regret it."

"I don't know how that will be. I have stopped the business, and emptied my bar."

"Have you much liquor on hand?"

"About one hundred dollars' worth."

"What do you think of doing with it?"

"I don't know yet. I know of no one who will take it off my hands."

"I have been thinking, Mr. Doty, rather than have you sell your liquors to any one else, we would get up a subscription and pay you for them, and then destroy them.

"Very well," said Mr. Doty; "just as you please."

Without losing any time, Mr. Scribner drew up and circulated a subscription, and very soon secured the hundred dollars, to be paid when the liquors were actually destroyed. He presented it to Mr. Doty, who carefully run it over, and pronounced it good for the amount of subscription.

"I will be at the trouble of collecting it," said Scribner.

"Very well," was the reply of Doty.

"I suppose we can have possession of the liquors now, as soon as we please?" asked Scribner.

"Yes, I have no objections," replied Doty, rather reluctantly.

"I have had conversation with a number of temperance friends, and they all seem to think we ought to turn out some evening and give you a benefit. You may get up an oyster supper, and we will pay you a good price for it. And on the same evening we talk of burning the liquors, which will secure a large attendance. Have you any objections to that?" continued Scribner.

"How soon do you think of having it?"

"Next week — say Wednesday night. Will that do?"

"Yes, I guess we can shape our matters to accommodate you."

Mr. Scribner left, feeling he had achieved a mighty victory over King Alcohol and Abijah Doty.

Billets were prepared and sent out in every direction, inviting the friends of temperance to attend and witness the overthrow of rum, the enemy of man.

The novelty of the thing, as was expected, secured a very large attendance. All seemed anxious to bear some humble part in a work so likely to result in so much *good* to the inhabitants of the town.

The first business was to roll the casks out of the cellar, which were made light by many hands. After they were brought out and placed in a row in the street, a small staging was built up near them.

"What is this for?" asked one of the bystanders.

"To make speeches on. This is a rare funeral occasion, which must not pass without some appropriate remarks," replied John Donaldson.

When all things were ready, the heads of the casks were broken in. John Brockway, a revolutionary soldier, was appointed to set fire to the contents, which duty he discharged in a grave and dignified manner. As soon as the liquors commenced burning, John Scribner was called to the stand to make a speech, and briefly addressed those present as follows: —

"My friends, I am sorry you did not call on some one else to break the ice; but, since you have selected me, I will do as well as I can in the way of speech-making. This is truly a glorious triumph over one of the mightiest tyrants that ever swayed his iron sceptre over man. For thirty long years, his rule on these premises has been undisputed; but his sceptre has fallen, and his empire is rapidly passing away. His subjects have fled from him; not one do I see in this assembly to sympathize with him. They may consider us cruel and severe in causing his death in this ostentatious manner; but, in the language of Dryden, —

> 'When force invades the gift of nature, *life*,
> The eldest law of nature bids defend;
> And if in that defence a tyrant fall,
> His death's *his* crime, not ours.'

"This mighty tyrant, whose corpse is before us, has for thirty years most cruelly and wantonly invaded the law of nature. He has entered our families, robbed them of their peace and happiness, stolen their reputation, confiscated their property, and has left them destitute, afflicted, and tormented. He has,

in several instances, taken the first born, the only son, the pride and hope of his parents, reduced him to a level with the brute, and stripped him of reason, self-respect, natural affection, and reputation. He has caused the death of many individuals in this community, whose names are yet fresh in your memory, and whose friends are yet mourning their premature decease. We are fighting, therefore, in self-defence; and 'if,' in the language of the poet, 'in that defence a tyrant fall, his death's *his* crime, not ours.' And I am heartily glad he has fallen. It affords me unspeakable pleasure to see his limbs bound with fetters of fire."

When Mr. Scribner closed, Patrick Sweeney, an Irishman, was called forward to address the assembly. Patrick was a very strong temperance man, and had been a valuable helper in the cause. He took the stand, and commenced, —

"My frinds, I am happy to mate you hare on this o'casion. I am excadingly happy to attend ould King Alkehol's funeral. I have been well o'quainted wid 'im for more than forty years, and can say I niver saw any good o' 'im. I knew him in ould Ireland — I have seen his murdherous works in the city o' Dublin — I have obsarved his pranks in Kilkenny — and I have known 'im for a long time in Ameriky; and he is the same divil in one place that he is in another. It is thrue he wears different garbs, but he's the same divil still. The praste tells us that the Schripture divil has the power to change himself into an angel o' light. It is so wid this King Alkehol divil; if he ain't, you see *we* have power to do it for him."

Patrick left the stand amid shouts of applause and a roar of laughter.

The supper being announced, the people crowded around the tables set in the different rooms of the house, and partook of a sumptuous meal, composed of turkeys, pigs, fowls, roast beef, venison, lamb, oysters, and all other kinds of eatables in proportion, prepared in the very best manner. The experience which Mrs. Doty had previously had in getting up public dinners, gave her grace and dignity to preside on this occasion which was pleasing to all present. She seemed ready to meet every desire and anticipate every want of her guests, with that unaffected politeness which commends itself to every refined mind. Mr. Doty was engaged during the supper, it is true; but it was evident, from his stiff and awkward manner, that his temperance principles, after all, were the result of compulsion.

After the supper was over, the tables were provided with some clean glass tumblers and sparkling cold water for toasts. Rev. John Pierce volunteered, and gave the following: "The temperance cause — the forerunner of morality and religion. May its progress be onward."

Mr. Pierce had just been settled in the place of Rev. Mr. Holyday, who was dismissed on account of his indifference on this subject. Mr. Pierce felt a very deep interest in the temperance reform, and, notwithstanding some of his parishioners thought it was not a part of the gospel, he faithfully preached it both in and out of the pulpit. He made the members of his church and the congregation feel that to traffic

in intoxicating drinks as a beverage was a crime against God and man. He had not been their pastor six months before all in the church who used it or trafficked in it were convinced by his prayers, counsels, and clear and argumentative discourses, that it was wrong and sinful, and repented.

Patrick Sweeney gave, "Ould King Alkehol — dark and cruel in his life, brilliant in his death. May his slape be long and quiet, and his risurrection niver come."

A number of other toasts were given suitable to the occasion, which had a very exhilarating and happy effect upon the assembly, and prepared them to break up in good spirits, and to feel, as they dispersed, "that it was good for them to be there."

"Well, husband," said Mrs. Doty, "what did you think of the party?"

"I have no particular fault to find with it; only I think Scribner, Donaldson, and some others rejoice too much. They act as though they thought more of having their own way than they do of temperance principles."

"I think, Mr. Doty, you misjudge those men. The efforts which Mr. Scribner has made to carry forward this cause afford evidence that he is a true friend to the reform. His wife told me the other day that he had paid out of his own pocket five hundred dollars for temperance tracts, papers, and books, to circulate gratuitously. This certainly looks as though he was a true temperance man."

"Yes, I know; but he is expecting to get his pay

for it in some way, either by having it refunded, or by office."

"I think, as long as we are not able to read his thoughts, or see his motives, we ought to give him credit for what he has done," said Mrs. Doty.

"If he has ever done any good, I am sure I am willing to give him credit for it. But I have never known much good of his doing. He has kept the town in a perfect uproar for the last ten years."

This remark convinced Mrs. Doty that her husband had been influenced to change his course by his "*terrible dream*," and not from principle. And she plainly saw, from his general deportment and daily conversation, that after its effect should wear off he might easily be induced to fill up his bar and resume his work of death. Nor were her fears without foundation.

CHAPTER X.

RESUMING THE WORK OF DEATH.

"But it is happened unto them according to the true proverb, The dog is turned to his own vomit again; and, The sow that was washed, to her wallowing in the mire." — 2 PET. ii. 22.

NOT many weeks after the oyster party at Doty's and the burning of King Alcohol, a liquor dealer drove up to the door with his cart of *Death* loaded with barrels and kegs, which contained all kinds of liquors.

"Is Mr. Doty in?" inquired the peddler of Steve.

"He's to the barn," was the reply.

He alighted from his cart, and walked back to the barn, and said, as he entered, "Good morning, Mr. Doty."

"Why! good morning, Mr. Ringgold," replied Doty, grasping his hand. "Why, I haven't seen you in a dog's age."

"These towns that won't give licenses must not complain if they don't see me very often."

"I suppose your business is better where they have license to sell?" asked Doty.

"Yes, it makes a good deal of difference, it is true; but then, by *managing* a little, a man can dispose of a large amount in the course of a year without license."

"I have always found it so."

"You know old Major Kemp, in Weston? He says he wouldn't give a fig for license. He says he has been fined once or twice, but he always makes it up before the year comes round."

"How does he do it?" said Doty, inquisitively.

"He has what he calls '*a hole in the wall*' — a dark room where no one can see him sell it. And by being careful to whom he sells, he says he gets along about as well without as with a license," replied Ringgold.

"Yes — I — know; but after all, a license makes a man feel as if he was engaged in an *honorable business*. I have tried *that*, but I had a little rather have it so I can come out in open daylight," said the conscientious landlord.

"Well, how is it with you to-day? Are you going to buy a stock of liquors?" inquired the dealer.

"I declare — I — don't — know. I am in rather a bad fix for that just now."

"Why, what is the matter?"

"Well, I have been rather forced to open a temperance house by my wife, and — some other things," said Doty, remembering the dream and bloody parchment.

"Temperance house! Why, what under heavens got you into that? I thought you was one of the old stand-by's — one of the *invincibles*."

"It was the notion of my wife, and I thought I would let her have her way this time, and if it didn't go well I would change back."

"Well, how do you like it? You ought to know by this time."

"I don't like it at all," answered Doty.

"As old Doctor Benny used to say, 'It's a leetle too much like goin' to meetin', isn't it?"

"That's the objection to it. Don't any body call but temperance men and long-faced Presbyterians, and I have got tired of it."

"Well, what do you say to a bill of choice liquors?" asked Ringgold, in a hurried manner.

"I guess, on the whole, I'll take some," replied Doty, hesitating.

Without consulting the feelings of his wife, he ordered one barrel of whiskey, one keg of brandy, one of gin, two of New England rum, and two of port wine, which were rolled out on the platform in front of the door.

The intelligence of this change spread through the village like fire in the woods in the month of August. The inhabitants, like the Athenians on a certain occasion, "spent their time in nothing else but either to tell or hear some new thing" about Doty's change.

John Donaldson, on hearing of it, took his cane and slowly walked down to the place of excitement. When he arrived he found them at dinner, and the barrel and kegs still standing on the platform. Being in one of his musical moods, he took from his pocket a piece of white chalk, and wrote in a large, fair hand, on one of the casks, "INFLAMED EYES;" on another, "RHEUMATISM;" on another, "FAMILY DISTURBER;" another, "NEIGHBORHOOD QUARRELS;" another, "DELIRIUM TREMENS;" on another, "MURDER;" and on another, "ETERNAL DEATH."

Having finished his mischievous work, he passed into the horse barn to await Doty's approach. He

did not fear him. His conscious integrity inspired him with that feeling which enables "*one* to chase a thousand, and *two* to put ten thousand to flight."

When Doty and Ringgold came out from dinner, Ringgold exclaimed, "St. Patrick! Who has been writing on these casks?"

"That's the work of some of the '*radicals*' — cold-water fanatics!" said Doty. "Ste——ve!" he bawled out at the top of his voice; "here, where are you? Get the wash dish, and come and wash off this *deviltry* here."

By this time, Donaldson had walked up to the platform, and stood reading the writing.

"Some mysterious hand must have written that," said Donaldson. "I should think it would make your knees smite together like old Belshazzar's."

Doty, not being disposed to get into a controversy with Donaldson, let the remark pass unnoticed.

When Steve commenced washing off the dreadful words, Donaldson said, "I guess you had better send Steve with his wash pot to see if he can't wash the inflammation out of old Joe Ruggles's eyes; the rheumatism out of old Dan Chipman's leg; and the delirium tremens out of old Tom Murphy's head. These men are in a dreadful condition, and a little assistance from you just now would come very good."

The men whom Donaldson had mentioned were among Doty's regular customers, and he had no doubt that they had contracted their diseases at his bar by hard drinking.

Being very much disturbed in his feelings by the allusion which Donaldson made to them, he went into the house. He felt like giving him a "piece of his

mind;" but he knew him so well that he feared his wit and shrewdness.

Donaldson, being well satisfied with the discovery he had made, and the few shots he gave Doty, walked off leisurely towards home.

"See here a moment," said Donaldson to a young man whom he met on the sidewalk, who was very fond of a social glass.

"Well, what is there to see?" inquired Sherman.

"Let us walk into Major Vandyke's office, and I will show you a curiosity," replied Donaldson.

After they had entered and closed the door, Donaldson drew from his coat pocket a half sheet of foolscap paper nearly written over with a lead pencil. "I have here," he said, "some extracts which I took from a little book I found in a liquor peddler's cart just now, down at Doty's."

"Suppose you did, what then?" said Sherman with much sang froid.

"I'll tell you what; I mean to read them to you and all other wine bibbers."

"Well, go ahead Davy Crockett; I am in a hurry."

"The title of the book was '*The Wine and Spirit Merchant's Companion,*'" said Donaldson, and then read the following extracts:—

"For beading brandy and rum—oil of almonds, oil of vitriol, and potash."

"Recipe to clear wine—sugar of lead, soap, and tincture of hedge mustard."

"Finings for gin—roach alum."

"To make gin—take oil of juniper, spirits of tur-

pentine, oil of vitriol, bitter almonds, and cassia ; add them to a barrel of common proof whiskey, then add twenty gallons of water, as the ingredients will give ten more gallons of apparent strength."

"To clear tainted gin — take American potash, alum, and salts of tartar."

"Rum may be greatly increased in quantity by adding strong beer and water."

"To make common brandy resemble the true French — use oil of vitriol, oil of bitter almonds, tincture of isponia, and vanilla."

"To make spirits over-proof — use soap and potash."

"To imitate port wine — use cider brandy with a little port, made rough with logwood, oak bark, and other astringents."

"To sweeten foul casks — boil fresh cow dung, and soak the casks with the water."

"To make new beer appear older — use oil of vitriol. Quassia chips and wormwood are generally used instead of hops. To make the beer entire or old, the brewers now need none of these, for, by an admixture of sulphuric and other acids, it is done in an instant."

"To make sour and stale beer into mild and pleasant — use alkaline earth, pounded oyster shells, and subcarbonate of potash. And to increase its intoxicating quality, use cocculus indicus, opium, nux vomica, and extract of poppies."

While Donaldson read off the above list, Sherman gave good attention, and as soon as he concluded, he said, "Where did you say you found that book?"

"Down at Doty's. There is a liquor peddler there. I saw a small book lying in his cart, and while he was in at dinner, I took it into the horse barn and made these extracts from it," replied Donaldson.

"Now, John, tell the truth, honor bright, did you find that book in a liquor dealer's cart?" asked Sherman, spitting, for he had just taken a hearty drink of port wine at Parks's tavern.

"I did, upon my honor," replied Donaldson.

"Let me see that paper," said Sherman, taking it, and running over the list of poisonous counterfeits. In a low tone of voice he read, "To imitate port wine — cider brandy with a little port, made rough with logwood, oak bark, and other astringents." "Hocus pocus!" he broke out; "what stuff to put into a man's stomach! Now, John," he continued, "have you any idea this is true?"

"I haven't the least doubt of it."

"You haven't?" asked Sherman, spitting copiously.

"Not the least. Why, don't you remember that old parson Holyday sent to New York for a cask of wine for the communion table, and it proved to be nothing but cider brandy, logwood, alum, oak bark, and sugar of lead?"

"Why, no! When? How long ago?" inquired Sherman, still spitting.

"I think about two years ago. Scribner insisted upon it that it was a base counterfeit. He and the parson had some sharp words about it; and finally, to settle it, Scribner went after father Snell to analyze it, and they found it composed of offensive ingre-

dients, such as no man wishes to put into his stomach, unless he desires to convert himself into a tan vat."

Sherman again turned his eye upon the paper, and read, "To make common brandy imitate the true French — use oil of vitriol, oil of bitter almonds, tincture of isponia, and vanilla." "John Rogers!" he exclaimed, his stomach heaving; "what delightful stuff to drink, and to put into cakes and pies!"

"As filthy and poisonous as it is," said Donaldson, "it is used very freely for that purpose in most of our public houses and first families."

"I hope," said Sherman, "I may be delivered from being one of their boarders."

"Now you can see," said Donaldson, "what kind of liquor you and other young men of this place have been in the habit of drinking. I presume you have drank logwood and vitriol enough in your clubs to supply old Gildersleeve's clothing works for six months."

"Yes," replied Sherman, "I can *see*, and I think I can *taste*, too. I have just taken a drink of port in at Parks's, and my mouth tastes as if I had swallowed a quart of oak liquor from old Nichols's tanyard."

"Well, Sherman, what shall we do?"

"Do! Why, *tell* of it, *read* it to every body in the street, *publish* it in the newspapers, and expose the *villains*," said Sherman with warmth and energy.

"Will you do what you can towards it?" asked Donaldson.

"I certainly will. Our club meets next Wednesday

night, and I will read these beautiful extracts for their edification."

"Get them all to pledge themselves if you can," said Donaldson.

"That I will," replied Sherman, "and to use their influence against the use of liquor in this community."

We will now return for a moment to Doty's, to see what is doing there. After Steve had washed Donaldson's significant names from the casks, he carried out from the bar the books and papers. The old bottles and decanters were brought up from the cellar, and placed on the counter. Steve concluded they must be washed, and while engaged in cleaning them, in came Mose Whipple, Phil Saxbury, and Sam Laraby.

"Well, Steve, what has turned up?" said Mose, with a significant wink to Sam.

"O, nothin', only the old man has turned *right side up*, jest as I thought he would."

"Going at it again, is he?" asked Sam.

"Yes, he thinks a cold-water house is a leetle too dull for him," replied Steve.

"I am glad of it," said Phil; "it's most too far to go up to old Parks's every time a man wants to cool his copper."

The bottles were all filled with the new liquors, and arranged on the shelves according to Steve's taste, with a mirror behind them to double their number.

"Come, boys," said Doty, coming in, "try the new brandy," at the same time placing on the counter four or five tumblers and filling them.

Phil, Sam, Mose, and Steve all crowded around the bar, and began to sip the sparkling contents.

"Well, boys, how does it relish?" asked Doty.

"Capital," said Mose.

"Delicious," responded Sam.

"Pri—pri—prime," said Phil, strangling.

"Now, my good fellows," said Doty, tapping Mose on his shoulder, "I hope you will remember your old friend, and give him all your custom."

"That we will," said Mose. "You have always done the nice thing with us."

"Yes, you don't water your liquor, as old Parks does," said Sam.

"Nor charge as much again as it's worth. I have paid him four cents a drink for whiskey more than once," added Phil.

"I went in there very early one morning last winter, and the old coby had his decanters around the fire, thawing out," said Sam.

"A man must be very dishonest to do such things," said Doty gravely.

From this day, Doty received a new impulse in his downward course. He rushed on to ruin with accelerated velocity. All restraint, and all motives to virtuous action, seemed to be removed from his mind. He was left entirely under the control of his passions, like a ship in mid ocean stripped of spars, chart, and helm, the plaything of warring elements. For a few days he sold crackers and gave away his liquor, to evade the law. At length he came out and sold openly, in defiance of law. His house was thronged with drunkards night and day. It was no uncommon

thing to see two or three at once lying upon his floor drunk. In a few months his grog shop became so notorious for drunkenness and every species of immorality, that the respectable people of the town thought it high time to take notice of it, and enforce the law if possible. Complaints were made to the proper officer, witnesses were found, a summons issued, and authority given to the constable to call a jury. On the return day of the summons, the parties being ready, the suit was called on. Mose Whipple was called to the stand as a witness for the people.

Counsel for the people. Mr. Whipple, was you in at Mr. Doty's on the 25th of December?

Witness. I believe I was, sir.

Counsel. Did you, or did you not, on that day, call for liquor at the bar?

Witness. I am not sure. I sometimes call for liquor, and sometimes I don't.

Counsel. You needn't tell what you *don't* do, sir; we wish to know what you *did* do. Did you on that day drink any thing at Mr. Doty's bar?

Witness. I think I did.

Counsel. Well, sir, what was it?

Witness. I drank some water.

Counsel. Well, what else?

Witness. I guess I had some brandy, but I am not sure.

Counsel. That, sir, is evading the question. I wish to know if you called for liquor on that day at Mr. Doty's bar.

Witness. I believe I did.

Counsel. Did you get it?

Witness. Yes, sir.

Counsel. What kind was it?

Witness. Brandy.

Counsel. Who let you have it?

Witness. Mr. Doty.

Counsel. Did you pay for it?

Witness. I did not.

Counsel. Did Doty give it to you?

Witness. Well, I can tell you how it was. I was in there and called for something to drink. Mr. Doty set down a bottle, and I poured out a good horn and drank it. I offered to pay him for it, and he said he had no license. He said he could let me have a couple of crackers for the sixpence; and I took them, and gave him the money.

Counsel. Was any one else in the room at the time?

Witness. I don't remember.

Counsel. Your memory is very short just now. That is sufficient.

Patrick Sweeney was called and sworn.

Counsel for the people. Mr. Sweeney, were you in at Mr. Doty's on the twenty-fifth day of December last?

Witness. I wuz, sir.

Counsel. Did you see Mr. Doty sell brandy to Moses Whipple?

Witness. I did, sir.

Counsel. Will you just relate the circumstances, if you please?

Witness. I wint in to see Misther Carman, and, while in, Mose Whipple called for some brhandy. Misther Doty set down a decanther, and Mose poured

out a stiff horn and dhrank it, and I saw him put out a small bit o' money.

Counsel. Did Mr. Doty take it?

Witness. He did, sir, or me eyes are no judge.

Counsel. That is sufficient.

Defendant's counsel. Did I understand you that you saw Mr. Doty sell brandy to Moses Whipple?

Witness. That's what I said, sir.

Counsel. Well, sir, how do you know that was brandy? Did you smell of it?

Witness. I did not, sir.

Counsel. Very well; did you taste of it?

Witness. No, sir. I think too much of me pledge I gave to Father Mathew for that.

Counsel. Well, sir, how, then, do you know it was brandy?

Witness. I know by its looks. I always judge o' the divil by the color o' his skin.

Counsel. Now, sir, I want to know if you are prepared to swear that what you saw Moses Whipple pour out and drink was not cold coffee.

Witness. May it plaze your honor, landlords are not in the habit of kaping could coffee in their decanthers, nor drunkards o' buying it at a saxpence a dhrink.

Counsel. You are not to be the judge of what men do. The question is, Do you know that was brandy?

Witness. Faix, sir, I have no raison to think it was any thing else.

Counsel. That is not to the point, sir. You may take your seat.

The case was argued on both sides, at some length, and submitted. After several tedious hours had been spent, the jury were led into the court room, and said they could not agree on a verdict.

This announcement was received by Doty, Parks, and other liquor dealers with great satisfaction and pleasure. They dispersed and went to their different haunts of vice, giving vent to their feelings by shouts and the burning of bonfires. The whole night was spent in drinking, swearing, and carousing. It appeared, from the whoops, yells, and hideous outcries emanating from the different liquor establishments, that all the lost spirits of hell had congregated in the village of Harwood to hold a jubilee.

The temperance men retired in silence, with heavy hearts. On their way home, Scribner and Donaldson called in at Major Vandyke's office. He was a true friend to the cause, and with zeal and energy engaged in every effort to promote it.

"Well, gentlemen," inquired the major, "how did that suit terminate?

"The jury couldn't agree," replied Scribner.

"I concluded they would not when I heard who they were. Such jurymen," said the major, "remind me of the words of Hudibras, —

> 'Do not your juries give their verdict
> As if they *felt* the cause, not heard it,
> And as they please, make matter of fact
> Run all on one side, as they're packed?'

"Well, now, major," said Scribner, "what is to be done? Must we sit down and see Doty and Parks

destroy our young men, and send ruin and death into so many of our families ? "

"I am well convinced," replied the major, "that we can do nothing with these men. We cannot reach them by moral suasion, nor with our present law. As you now see, it is not worth one fig. So far from being a law to protect us and our families from the ravages of the rumseller, it shields him, and exposes our children to his temptations. It puts him into a position where he can take advantage of the law, and so twist and distort it, that it will shield and protect him in his work of crime and death."

"Yes, we have just had an instance of that," said Scribner ; "because Mr. Sweeney could not swear positively that he knew it was brandy, and not cold coffee, his evidence was set aside by more than half the jury."

"It is with this law," said Donaldson, "just as it is with an old fish net with broken meshes, that let the fish slip through ; or like an old trap with the teeth worn off ; an old bear can whisk his tail right out of it. And I think it is time we had some other law ; we have fiddled on corn stalks long enough."

"All we can do," said the major, "is to exert ourselves, by using all the influence and all the arguments we possess, to get the Maine law."

"Is there any hope of getting it," asked Scribner.

"As to that I can't say. I know a large number of our assemblymen are *drinking men ;* from them we can't expect much," replied the major.

"The older I grow," said Scribner, "the more I see

the necessity of voting for good men — men who are temperate, virtuous, and moral; who will cheerfully make laws to protect us in our rights, and shield us from the taxation, pauperism, and crime which are the consequences of this traffic."

"O, it is lamentable that men will so closely adhere to party," said the major, "when they know it inflicts great evils upon our country."

"I have watched the workings of this law for twenty years," said Scribner; "and my experience is, that it is next to an impossibility to convict a rum-seller. You remember, major, a few years ago Paul Stevens was fined fifty dollars, and he carried it up before old Judge Crane, a hard drinker, who set the verdict aside?"

"Yes, and I remember," replied the major, "that I once complained before the grand jury of Sam Legget, and a bill was found against him. The district attorney came and took the names of witnesses, and on court week went to them separately and told them they might go home, that the suit would not be called. After they were gone he called on the case, and because the witnesses were not there Legget was discharged."

"Why did he do that?" asked Donaldson.

"Because his sympathies were all on that side. He himself was a drunkard," answered the major.

"That's the way the thing works, exactly," said Scribner. "They plead for rum, and rum keeps them in office."

CHAPTER XI.

THE PETITION.

"What though the mast be now blown overboard,
The cable broke, the holding anchor lost,
And half our sailors swallowed in the flood;
Yet lives our PILOT *still.*"

THERE are periods in the history of every reformer that are peculiarly dark and trying. When Martin Luther stood before the mighty men of earth at the Diet of Worms, he felt for a time that the cause in which he had embarked must be abandoned, and the long, dark night of Popery continue to reign unbroken. The light of God's face seemed to be withdrawn. His faith became weak, enemies multiplied around him, which overcast his mental horizon with dark, portentous clouds. "His soul," in the language of the historian, "was like a ship driven by a violent tempest, rocked from side to side, one moment plunged in the abyss, and the next carried up to heaven." In view of the dangers that encompassed him, and the immeasurable evils that would follow if he failed, he threw himself upon the earth, and uttered those groans and broken cries which none understand but such as have been moved by Christian sympathy and God's eternal truth to make efforts to reform the world.

John Scribner was a true reformer. The kind and generous impulses of his nature and his love to God

led him to engage in every work of reform. He did so, not because he looked for personal benefit — not because he was fond of contention or strife — not because he wished to make himself conspicuous, as some alleged — but because he sympathized with bleeding and suffering humanity. This was the secret of his successful career. During the years he labored to promote the cause of temperance in the town of Harwood, his life was a checkered scene — "*half sun, half shade.*" There were times when he was greatly encouraged, and thought he was almost certain of victory; when suddenly, on account of the treachery of a supervisor, or the duplicity of a magistrate, licenses were granted, which, for a time, dispirited him, and almost dashed his hopes to earth. From such disappointments and reverses he soon recovered. He was a man of strong faith in God, upon whose *Spirit* and *mighty word* he depended for success. He had no confidence in any reformation which was not carried forward by the gospel of the Son of God.

After Doty returned to his ruinous business and they had failed to convict him for selling without license, Scribner was very much discouraged for a few days. He saw no way to check the fearful ravages of intemperance in his town. But he soon recovered from his despondency by pouring out his soul to God for aid to destroy the traffic. He said to an intimate friend, "What though Doty *has* resumed his work of death. What though we cannot convict him for selling without license. And what though the wicked exult over us, and are holding a jubilee in

view of our defeat. '*Yet lives our* PILOT *still!*' and, if we put our trust in HIM, he will safely guide the temperance ship to port." He saw, as well as other friends of the cause, that the only hope of putting down the traffic effectually and forever was in securing the Maine law. With this instrumentality they saw the fiery channels could be checked; without it they must continue to roll on broader and deeper, bearing away upon their burning tide every thing lovely and valuable.

Petitions were drawn up to the legislature. Scribner was to circulate one of them through the lower part of the town called the Harwood Settlement; and John Donaldson was to pass through the west part of the town, known by the name of Grog Valley, with the other. As a general movement was then being made through the state for the Maine law, these friends of the cause deemed it of vital importance that every family in the town should be visited, and the names of all the voters secured, if possible. They considered it a favorable opportunity to arouse attention to the subject, which would prepare the way for the introduction of fact, arguments, and tracts, with which they were careful to fill their pockets.

Donaldson went over into the valley, and before he commenced his labors he called upon an old friend of the cause whom he had not seen in twenty years.

"How do you do, uncle Jabez Quimby?" said Donaldson as he entered. "You don't know me, I guess, do you?"

"No, I don't exactly," replied father Quimby, drawing down his spectacles and looking sharply.

"My name is John Donaldson."

"What! the John Donaldson that went to Georgia, the son of Jeremiah Donaldson?"

"It's nobody else."

"Bless you, John; how have you been this long time?" asked father Quimby, taking him by the hand.

"For the most part, I have been well, or I couldn't have stood the rough and tumble of life as well as I have."

"Have you come back to stay with us now, John?"

"I have concluded to stop with you a while. For the last twenty years I have tried other parts of the world; but I think 'there's no place like home.'"

"John, I am right glad you have come back amongst us. I love you on your father's account. Your old father, my boy, was a tried friend of mine; and I have felt very lonely since his death," said uncle Jabez, as the tears were stealing down his face.

"Was you with him when he died?"

"Yes, I saw him breathe his last. He died as he lived, praying for the prosperity of Zion. And only a short time before his death he sent for Parks, and tried to make him promise to sell no more rum."

"Then he held on to his temperance principles until he died?"

"Bless you, John," said father Quimby, "he would sooner have plucked out his right eye than to give them up."

"I am heartily glad to hear that. I consider that a richer legacy than any amount of money. Well, uncle Jabez, since my father was such a strong tem-

perance man, the people of Harwood won't consider it strange if I circulate a petition to the legislature for the Maine law, will they?"

"Circulate a petition for *what?*" asked father Quimby, with his hand to his ear, being a little deaf.

"For the Maine law — a law to prohibit rumselling," said John, raising his voice.

"O, I know; I understand now. I am right glad you have started on that business, John," said the old gentleman, as he took the paper in his hand.

After he signed it, John arose from his seat, buttoned up his coat, and was about starting off on his business, when father Quimby and his wife insisted upon his staying until after dinner. While it was being prepared, Donaldson and uncle Jabez spent their time in talking over old matters, as friends are wont to do after a long separation.

"Uncle Jabez, what ever became of the Schoolcraft family?"

"O, bless you, John, it's more than I am able to tell. I can tell you what has become of some of them. You remember where they lived — down on the flat, on what went by the name of the Baker farm?"

"O, yes; they lived there when I left home."

"Schoolcraft liked whiskey," said uncle Jabez; "and to have it cheap and plenty, he built a distillery right down on the forks of the road, by the stream. He run in debt for it, and mortgaged his farm; and in less than three years it was taken from him, and he was a confirmed drunkard. It was shocking to see how fast he went down after he got started. And that was not the worst of it, John; he ruined his

neighbor Morris Shepard, who signed with him at the bank and had it to pay. It was distressing to see his family. When he mortgaged his farm, he reserved an acre where his distillery stood, which was all he had left. After his farm was taken from him, his family moved into one corner of the distillery, which was partitioned off with rough boards. It almost killed Mrs. Schoolcraft. She was very proud spirited, you know, John."

"Well, uncle Jabez," asked John, "what finally became of Schoolcraft?"

"Why, bless your soul, John, he's been dead a dozen years, and I don't know but more. Some said he died of *delirium tremens*, and some said not; for my part, I don't know how it was. He was a poor drunkard, any way," said father Quimby.

"Did he die here in this place?"

"Yes; and was buried right back of the distillery, on a little rise of ground, without a stick or a stone to mark the place, in accordance with holy writ, which says, '*The memory of the wicked shall rot.*'"

"What became of the distillery?" asked Donaldson. "I was past there a few days ago, and saw nothing of it."

"That was burned some years ago. My memory don't serve me just how long."

"Well, uncle Jabez, what ever became of his son Joseph?"

"He too, John, I am sorry to say, turned out very bad. He got into the habit of drinking in the distillery, and when his father failed he went for himself.

He went into bad company, gambled, and finally got to dealing in counterfeit money. He was sentenced to the state prison for ten years."

"Is — it — possible?" exclaimed Donaldson. "Well, what became of Joshua? I used to think, if he lived, he would cut a figure in the world. He was a very smart boy."

"Indeed, he did cut a figure," said father Quimby, "one that shocked the whole community. He was in at Jenks's tavern one night, drinking and gambling with some base young men. They got into a quarrel, and he stabbed one of them by the name of Woodruff."

"Can — it — be — *possible?* Did the young man die?" asked Donaldson.

"O, yes, instantly."

"What was done with Joshua?"

"Nothing. In the confusion and uproar he made his escape, and has not been heard of since."

"O, what wretchedness rum brings upon families!" exclaimed Donaldson. "Well, uncle Jabez, what ever became of the daughters? There were two, I think — Susan and Martha."

"I declare, John, it's most gone from me; yet I think Martha married a man by the name of Hervey. He was steady and industrious; every body thought Martha had done well. He was a clerk in a store in Albany, getting eight hundred dollars a year. When his father-in-law started his distillery, he sent for Hervey to come and take charge of it. In less than one year he drank hard and soon after became

a perfect sot. And I am sorry to say, John, he abused his poor wife dreadfully. He has been dead a long time."

"Dear me! What work tippling has made with that family! Well, Susan — what became of her? Did she marry?" inquired Donaldson.

"O, bless you, John, she married a poor miserable creature. He was a hard drinker before she married him, and as soon as he was married he threw off all restraint. Even on his wedding ride he got so drunk he fell out of the carriage, and they picked him up for dead. Poor Susan had a hard time of it. She worked very hard to support her little family, and took in weaving, sewing, and washing. I have known her, John, to sit up all night to meet her engagements with people and to get the necessaries of life. She used to be without bread sometimes for a week. One time, I remember, when she had been without bread a long time, she went over the way there to my neighbor Johnson's and bought a half bushel of corn meal, and promised to pay for it in weaving. I went and took it home for her on my hand sled, and I never saw any beings more happy than her children were. They hopped and skipped around the room for joy, saying, 'O, goody! goody! now we'll have some Johnny cake.' Since that day, John, I have known better how to sympathize with the drunkard's wife and children. The next morning her *brute* of a husband took that corn meal and turned it out to Jenks to pay his liquor bill," said uncle Jabez, wiping the tears from his eyes.

"Did he take it?" inquired Donaldson.

"Be sure he took it! Why, bless you, John, he will take any thing from poor families for liquor. He knew he was taking the last mouthful of bread from his children; for Susan followed him, and begged of Jenks with tears not to take it. She told him it was all she had in the house for the comfort of her children. Her children followed her, crying as if their little hearts would break. The hard-hearted wretch pushed her away, and told her to go home and mind her own business. He said he had a *legal right* to sell to her husband, and he meant to have his pay for it. Poor Susan went home heart broken and discouraged, and lived only a short time after it. And I have no doubt, John, she has gone 'where the weary are at rest, and the wicked cease from troubling.'"

"Who did Susan marry?" asked Donaldson.

"Let — me — see; his name was — Ring — Rig — Rigden. Samuel Rigden. It always bothers me to remember it," said uncle Quimby.

"Well, what became of Mrs. Schoolcraft?"

"O, the poor creature is in the county house. She is deranged on account of her family troubles."

"O, dear, dear! What a dreadful enemy to the human family is rum! How many bright hopes it has blasted forever!" said Donaldson. "Well, bear with me, uncle Jabez, while I ask some more questions about old friends and associates."

"O, certainly, John. Talking up these old matters, though, gives me rather unpleasant feelings, it is true. It's some like visiting graveyards," said the old gentleman.

"What became of Philip Hopkins, the tanner?—the one, you recollect, that worked Nichols's tannery."

"He too, John, turned out very bad. Philip was naturally a good-hearted young man, and very moral, industrious, and saving. He was led into the habit of drinking by the Matthews family and young Schoolcrafts. For a long time he belonged to the temperance society; but he hadn't strength, poor fellow, to resist the temptation to drink wine when presented by Olivia Matthews. After he had broken his pledge, it was amazing to see how fast he went down. In a little while he quit work, and spent all his time at the taverns. One very cold night in January, Jenks turned him out of doors for disorderly conduct, and in the morning he was found dead under Mr. Janeway's cowshed."

"O, dear! Can it be *possible*," exclaimed Donaldson, "Philip came to such an end as that? Was there any thing done about it?"

"Yes, there was a coroner's inquest held over the body. The jury brought in that his death was in consequence of a 'mysterious visitation of divine Providence,'" said uncle Jabez.

"'*Mysterious visitation of divine Providence!*' O, shame on such a jury as that! Who were they?"

"Well, if my memory serves me, Jenks was one, Doty another, and Squire Pettibone another. The others I cannot recollect," answered uncle Jabez.

"No wonder they brought in such a verdict. Jenks and Doty murdered him, and Squire Pettibone licensed them to do it. Well, uncle Jabez, what ever

became of Reuben Sturdevant? — the man who used to live under the hill as you cross the flat to go over into the Hawes Settlement."

"Réally, John, I am sorry you mentioned his name. I never think of him without deep sorrow of heart. He married Mary Quimby, my niece; a sweet girl she was, too. Perhaps you remember he clerked it in Mr. Neal's store. He had free access to liquor there, formed an appetite for it, and became very intemperate. He came home very late one night from Jenks's tavern, and found his wife weeping. With terrible oaths he commanded her to stop crying. She could not, and remonstrated. This exasperated him; he struck her to the floor, and with a sharp knife gashed her flesh and hacked her limbs, and then fled away, leaving her half dead. When the neighbors came in they found her insensible, and her babe sitting by her side. And when they uttered exclamations of horror, the child held up its hands, covered with its mother's blood, and wept," said father Quimby, with deep emotion.

"It seems to me, uncle Jabez, you have had your share of the fruits of rum in this town."

"That we have, John; for thirty years it has been one unbroken stream of misery and wretchedness."

"How long did Mary live after that?"

"Only about twelve hours."

"What became of Sturdevant?"

"They pursued and apprehended him, and put him in jail. After he became sober, he asked the jailer what he was in there for. When he was told for

killing his wife, he exclaimed, with astonishment, 'For killing my wife?' and sank down upon the floor and wept like a child. When he was sober he loved Mary, and was willing to do any thing for her comfort; but rum ruined him. In a few weeks he had his trial, was condemned, and executed for murder."

"My conscience!" exclaimed John. "It seems to me, if ten thousand demons were turned loose upon the earth, they could not possibly do more injury than the traffic in rum."

"Bless you, John, the evils liquor dealers have inflicted upon this town can't be measured in this world," said uncle Jabez.

"I shall call on Jenks before I go home, and give him a piece of my mind," said Donaldson.

"It will do no good. He will only abuse you for it."

"Well, let him abuse; and I will return the compliment."

After dinner, Donaldson took leave of his old friend, and walked over to the tavern. He found a short, thick-set man in the bar, with dark eyes, heavy whiskers, and a large shock of hair on his head, giving him a savage appearance, which corresponded very well with the idea Donaldson had formed of Jenks. Around the fire sat three or four sleepy, ragged, dirty beings, who looked as if they had been disgorged from the dark regions of pandemonium — such as are generally found about our low grog shops, waiting for the finishing stroke of the *license law*. One was lying on the floor at full length, drunk. Two others were standing at the bar, taking their drams and making change.

Donaldson stepped up to the bar, and said, "I am circulating a petition to the legislature of this state for the passage of the Maine law. I didn't know but you would like to put your name down."

"Well, sir, you must have a very exalted opinion of my judgment," said Jenks.

"Why so?" asked Donaldson.

"Why, to think I would be such a fool as to put my name to such a paper as that," replied Jenks, angrily.

"Why, neighbor, you don't understand it; it's to secure a law to stop the sale of intoxicating drinks; or, to talk plain English, to stop men from making paupers, criminals, widows, and orphans, and from increasing taxation, and from *murdering men*," said Donaldson, with much emphasis.

"Do you mean to insinuate that I am guilty of the things you have just mentioned?" asked the angry landlord, walking towards Donaldson, and assuming rather a belligerent attitude.

"How long have you been engaged in the traffic?" inquired Donaldson.

"Fifteen years."

"Well sir, then I must charge upon you a share of the bloody work which has been done in this town."

"I have kept this house a good many years, and have always kept it orderly and quiet; and I don't want you to come and accuse me of things which are not true. You nor any other man can point out *one* thing that has ever been done in my house of which you have accused me," replied Jenks, in a rage.

"Suppose you go with me down to the graveyard,

and I will point out the grave of young Woodruff, who was *stabbed* in your house. Where is his blood? Have you washed it all out?" asked Donaldson, looking on the floor.

"That was none of *my* doings. They got into a quarrel, and Schoolcraft stabbed him," said the indignant landlord.

"I guess your *hell porridge* got into them first."

"You are one of the radicals — cold-water fools, that charge every thing to liquor."

"If you will go with me," continued Donaldson, "I will point out to you poor Sturdevant's grave; yes, and the grave of his poor innocent wife, whom he murdered while under the influence of *your* rum."

"Leave my house, you scoundrel!" exclaimed Jenks, in a loud and angry tone.

"What is the matter of *that* man?" asked Donaldson, pointing to the snoring drunkard on the floor.

"I didn't *force* him to drink," replied Jenks, with a violent shake of the fist.

"Suppose you didn't. You took advantage of his appetite for his money, and drunkenness is the consequence. And you are just as guilty for taking away that man's reason as though you had bored a spike gimlet into his head, and God will hold you responsible for it," continued Donaldson, with much earnestness.

"You needn't read any more of your moral essays in my house; I don't want to hear them," said Jenks, turning away.

"That's the reason I like to read them to you. Do you remember poor Phil Hopkins? — the man you

turned out of doors. Do you remember how cold and stiff he was the next morning when found under Mr. Janeway's cowshed?"

"Phil was a better man than you ever was," retorted Jenks.

"That's not the question. Do you remember where he took his *last* DRINK?"

"You are the most insulting puppy I ever met with," replied Jenks.

"It may be you will think I am an old dog before I let go of you," said Donaldson.

"Leave my house, you insulting rascal!" exclaimed Jenks, drawing his fist.

"One word more, Mr. Jenks, then I will leave you. Do you remember the time when you took the half bushel of corn meal from Sam Rigden for rum? Do you remember how his poor wife pleaded with you not to do it?"

"Leave my house instantly, or I'll be the *death* of you, you insignificant wretch!" said Jenks, trembling with rage and excitement.

"And do you remember Mrs. Rigden's tears? And O, the tears and piteous cries of her four children! Do you remember them?"

"Away! begone, you villain! I won't hear you!" exclaimed Jenks, as he opened the door and started for the other room.

Donaldson followed him, and cried out as he went, "*Corn meal!* CORN MEAL! RIGDEN'S CORN MEAL!"

"Come, now, neighbor, there ain't any sense in your talking so to friend Jenks," said one of his customers in the corner.

"If you had much *sense,* you wouldn't be ruined by him," replied Donaldson.

"Come, now, see here; don't throw out so freely your 'sinewations," said another.

"Our for'fathers fought and bled for liberty," stammered out another.

"Well, you take a strange way to enjoy it," said Donaldson, leaving the room.

One of the men present followed him out of doors, and said, "Stranger, see here; now, I know what you have said is true; but what can I do to reform? You see my situation: I have no coat to my back, no hat, no comfortable shoes, and, what is still worse, no character."

"I will tell you what to do," said Donaldson. "Follow the example of Zene Huff, Cale Mortimer, and Sam Crowfoot. Then you will be free, and your family will have enough to eat and to wear, and will be happy."

"Do you think they will hold out?" asked the poor man with trembling anxiety.

"To be sure they will. Their families are comfortable and happy, their children go to school, and they are respected."

"If you can do any thing," said the poor man, in tears, "to help me break away from this terrible appetite, I can never be thankful enough."

Donaldson was very deeply affected by his touching appeal. Being a noble, generous-hearted man, whose life had always been devoted to acts of kindness and benevolence, he wept like a child. He was one of the few who, from the commencement of the reform,

blamed the rumseller, and sympathized with the drunkard. He was well prepared, therefore, to hear the tale of woe of this poor, forlorn man, and succor him. He pulled off his coat and gave it to him, and promised him a new hat and a pair of shoes if he would reform.

"Are you willing now," asked Donaldson, "to make an effort to help yourself?"

"O, yes, sir; I am will——" The poor man was so overcome by his kindness that he could not speak. After a short pause and the storm of emotion had passed off, he said, "I am willing to do all I can to reform."

"How many of your associates can you induce to go with you?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Will you talk with them, and meet with us tomorrow night at uncle Jabez Quimby's? I will be there, and bring with me Mortimer, Huff, and Crowfoot, and they will tell you how happy and comfortable their families are."

"I will, sir; I will see them all, and get them there, if possible," replied the poor man.

Donaldson went on securing names to his petition, feeling that, if he could succeed in breaking that poor inebriate away from the tyrant rum and the power of Jenks, it would be worth a whole life of toil and self-denial.

CHAPTER XII.

THE ISSUE.

"(I see) to argue 'gainst the grain,
Or, like the stars, incline men to
What they're averse themselves to do;
For when disputes are wearied out,
'Tis *interest* still resolves the doubt."

As we have already informed the reader, John Scribner went into the lower part of the town that originally went by the name of "Harwood Settlement."

While engaged in circulating his petition, he fell in company with the Hon. Leverett Morrison, a legal gentleman, of some celebrity of character. Mr. Scribner very soon discovered that he was warmly opposed to the Maine law. His objections were urged on the ground of its unconstitutionality. He was a strong politician, and partook largely in his character of the low, intriguing, truckling demagogue. He had several times been elected to office, for which he was more indebted to rum and fraud than to the favor of the people. In one instance, in particular, he was detected in leaving money with the landlords of Harwood, for the purpose of buying votes. It was not strange that such a man should affect to believe the Maine law unconstitutional. Nor is it strange that thousands like him, all over our land, who are dependent

on rum and fraud for political preferment, loudly proclaim against a prohibitory law. They are men, in the language of John Randolph, of "*seven reasons*," five loaves, and two fishes; and whatever tends to deprive them of their *booty*, they denounce as unconstitutional. The glorious prospect of reducing taxation, pauperism, and crime, of saving annually fifty thousand drunkards from a premature and dishonored grave, and of sending peace, plenty, and an unlimited tide of happiness into many thousand families, fails entirely to move the hearts of that class of men. These political gamesters seem to be linked together to perpetuate a public sentiment which loads honest men with heavy taxes, multiplies orphans and widows, and annually grinds out the fire of life from many thousands of its victims. But for this class of men in our country, a prohibitory law would soon be procured, and the terrific channels of fire and death would be checked. But every where, from the lowest intriguing demagogue up to the most noisy brawling politician, we are met with the cry, "*unconstitutional!*" "an unjust interference with long-established usage!" which is calculated to blind and mislead the uninformed, and discourage and dishearten the friends of the reform. Let it be remembered, therefore, that Mr. Morrison is the representative of thousands now in the State of New York who oppose the law on the alleged ground of its being unconstitutional.

"I am circulating," said Scribner, "a petition to the legislature for the Maine law. Will you allow me the pleasure of adding your name?"

"I would be glad to do so," said Morrison, "if my honest convictions of duty were not in the way."

"Then you have objections to it?"

"I have, sir. No one deplores drunkenness more than I; and no one can desire more than I that the horrible evils of intemperance may be met and prevented. I often tell Mose Whipple and Phil Saxbury that they are fools to spend so much of their money and time at the taverns."

"That is all very good, Mr. Morrison, so far as it goes. But do you think these men will ever be reformed, while the temptation remains before them to allure and overcome? Is it not morally certain, that just so long as men are licensed to sell it by the drink, just so long these men will be intemperate? And is it not certain, too, that others will be raised up from the ranks of young men to fill their places?"

"Well, we have a very good law now. I can't see the propriety of consuming time in the legislature to procure a new law, while we have one that answers every purpose."

"I know it answers the rumseller's purpose. A better law to secure his ends could not be enacted."

"It will answer your purpose, too, if you will use it. Why don't you *use* what law you have?"

"Morrison, haven't we used it until it is worn threadbare? Haven't we tried repeatedly to enforce it, until the rumsellers actually laugh at our weakness?"

"The difficulty with you is, you are not thorough enough."

"You know, Morrison, that in nine cases out of ten

the offender slips out of it. There is no such thing as inflicting the penalty of the law. Did we not try hard to convict Doty? And just because Patrick Sweeney could not swear positively that it was brandy, and not cold coffee, which he saw him sell to Mose Whipple, the jury could not agree."

"Well, but you must be careful in getting testimony. You should depend on none but such witnesses as can swear positively; then there will be no dodging it."

"How can we get such witnesses? Morrison, you know that is impossible."

"Why, get men who buy the liquor, who can swear positively what it was. In this way you can succeed."

"We have repeatedly had such men on the stand, and they have always been troubled with a short memory. Whipple, the other day, hardly knew whether he bought any or not; he 'believed he did,' but he 'thought he didn't pay for it.' And when we have succeeded in getting good witnesses, and have fined them, you know very well how it has turned out. As a general thing they have appealed, and on account of a drunken judge, or district attorney, the verdict has been set aside, as in the case of old Paul Stevens before Judge Crane."

"Yes, I know, Scribner, there are difficulties to be encountered; but in my judgment it is better to have the law lean on the side of mercy. I think a prohibitory law would be exceedingly unjust and oppressive. There are a great many men who have invested their capital in distilleries, breweries, and suitable build-

ings for keeping tavern. If you get the law you are asking for, it will ruin that class of men."

"Well, suppose it does; isn't it better that they should be ruined *in* their business, than to have them ruin hundreds and thousands of others *by* their business."

"I think, Scribner, the law you want would be cruelly oppressive."

"What is law for? Is it to protect the weak against the strong, or is it to arm the strong and lawless with fearful power to destroy the weak and defenceless? Talk about leaning on the side of mercy! Where does the present license law lean, Morrison? Does it not throw a broad shield over the guilty heads of rumsellers, to protect them in robbing the innocent, multiplying paupers and criminals, and in filling the land with lamentation, wailing, and woe?"

"Now, candidly, Scribner, do you not think it would be an act of great injustice in the legislature to pass such a law? — a law that must necessarily turn many persons out of employment, and reduce their capital fifty per cent., if not totally annihilate it."

"Not at all. 'Turn about is fair play.' They have been engaged in ruining fortunes a long time; now, if it ruins *their* fortunes by stopping their business, *let them be ruined.*"

"I certainly think, Scribner, you are very fanatical in your notions. With what legal knowledge I have, I cannot see that the legislature has any right to enact such a law."

"Well, sir, what right had the legislature to pass the

law we now have? If they had power and authority to pass a law that will allow not more than one in a thousand to sell, have they not power, and also the constitutional right, to prohibit *all* from selling?"

"I think not. Their object was to regulate the sale, not destroy it. You are asking for a law that will annihilate the traffic. The legislature, no doubt, has a right to pass any law, as they have, from time to time, to regulate and suppress the abuses of the traffic, but no right to destroy it."

"You might as well talk about passing a law to regulate brothels, gambling houses, horse racing, and cock fighting. Do you not know, Morrison, that notwithstanding all the tinkering and lawmaking upon the question for two hundred years, intemperance has been increasing, and is now running rampant over the land? And yet *you* are for *regulating* it!"

"As I understand the constitution of the United States, this is all that *can* be done," said Morrison, with much warmth.

"There is nothing in the constitution of the general government against such a law. You are aware, Mr. Morrison, that Congress *prohibited* the sale in the District of Columbia during the cholera season. Now, if they, under the constitution, had a right to pass a prohibitory law in the District of Columbia, will it be a violation of the constitution for our legislature to pass a similar law for this state? And you are aware, I suppose, that Congress has passed a law prohibiting the introduction and sale of ardent spirits in the Indian territories. Now, if the passage of that law was not a violation of the constitution, will it be

unconstitutional for our legislature to pass a law prohibiting the sale in this state?"

"What Congress did in the cases to which you have referred was all very proper. It was thought at the time that the free use of spirits made the people unhealthy, and prepared the way for the scourge; and that it exasperated the Indians, and made them more warlike and savage. These are the reasons which led them to pass the laws to which you have referred."

"Well, sir, it is of little consequence what were their motives; the question is, Had they the constitutional right to do it? If it was not a violation of the constitution to prohibit the sale in the District of Columbia and in the Indian territories, most clearly it will not be unconstitutional to prohibit it in the several states."

"That is possible; but it seems to me that a traffic which has been established in our country for two hundred years by common consent and the usages of society ought not to be annihilated in this unceremonious manner, without giving the men who are in the business a chance to turn themselves."

"If your argument has any force, then we have no right to engage in any measure to overthrow Satan's empire; for that has not only been established two hundred years by common consent, but six thousand. The truth is, Morrison, the rum traffic can have no claim on our sympathy on account of its long standing. Each additional year of its hoary age, as it rolls its tide of fearful woes over the land, calls loudly upon us to rescue the inebriate and save his family from ruin. With regard to giving the rumsellers a

chance to turn themselves, what chance do they want? Why don't they take warning by the present agitation, and discontinue their ruinous and oppressive business? If you can tell of any way whereby they can be prevailed upon to abandon their traffic, we will be obliged to you; for that will save us the trouble of procuring the Maine law."

"Use moral suasion; that will do it. The work accomplished in that way will save much hard feeling and wrangling; and, besides, it is more effective and abiding than legal force."

"Moral suasion! You might as well talk of stilling a tempest or controlling a maniac by moral considerations as to move the rumsellers of the present day by *moral suasion*. You may appeal to them in view of all the horrors of their traffic, and they will laugh at, abuse, and ridicule you. Moral suasion has done all it can do for this class of men. The rumsellers of this age are the fag ends of a ruined humanity, out of whom the last particle of tenderness has been driven by avarice. They will not be moved by any motive that can be presented. They have been pressed down by guilt and crime to that strata of society where moral influences seldom, if ever, reach them. Money is their object; to secure which they deliberately rob men of reason, health, reputation, and property; and yet *you* are for having the law lean on the side of mercy!"

"Scribner, you may say what you please about the character of these men and their business; all that does not touch the question of *right* in their case. I hold that a man has an inalienable RIGHT to buy what

he pleases in this republic, and sell it again, if he chooses. But the law you are asking for says he shall not. It prohibits a man from having it about his premises."

"You are mistaken, sir. As I understand it, any man can keep it for his own use, but has no right to sell it to others as a beverage."

"That is the same thing. According to your own understanding of the law, no one can purchase it with a view of trafficking in it. Is not that your idea of it?"

"My view of the law is, that no one has a right to deal in it, except for medicinal and mechanical purposes."

"If a man purchases a quantity for the purpose of retailing it as a beverage, by this law it can be destroyed. Is that the idea?"

"Certainly."

"Well, sir, I do not hesitate to say that such a law is cruelly unjust and oppressive."

"To be consistent, then, you must denounce other laws as unjust and oppressive. Suppose you pay your money for a dog, and he runs mad and endangers the lives of the citizens; will the law spare him because he is your property? We have a law which makes it the duty of public officers to destroy the implements of gamblers; do you consider that an unjust and oppressive law? We have a law which seizes and destroys counterfeit money, and all dies and plates for making it, no matter how much they cost the owner; do you think *that* is an unjust and oppressive law? We have laws which prohibit men from dealing in

lottery tickets, tainted meats, and all contraband goods; do you consider those 'cruelly unjust and oppressive'?"

"I understand all that. But bring up as many laws as you will of that stamp, they do not change the character or severity of the law you are asking for in the least. It is manifestly unconstitutional, and every man of intelligence must see it so," said Morrison, sharply.

"You have harped a good deal on the unconstitutionality of the law; now, have the goodness to tell me wherein it is so."

"Well, sir, that I will do. The constitution of the United States gives to Congress the power of regulating foreign commerce. Congress has, by law, authorized the importation of spirituous liquors. The law which you propose comes in collision with that law, and thus subverts its constitutional power."

"Your argument, Mr. Morrison, would appear more plausible if it referred to the whole trade in spirits. But it does not; it only covers importations, which is less than one sixth of all that is sold in our country. Granting, therefore, the validity of your argument, — which I do not, — when you confine it to importations, it has but little weight."

"I cannot tell how the matter appears to you; but to my mind it is clear that such a law would contravene the law of Congress and the constitution of the United States."

"That is a very strange opinion for a legal gentleman to give, certainly. I should think a well-informed child would know that Congress has no power or

right to force the sale of liquor upon any of the states. This clause, which is in the constitution, may throw some light upon the subject: 'The powers not delegated to the United States by the constitution, or prohibited by it to the states, are *reserved* to the states respectively, or to the people.' Now, if Congress has made a law whereby liquors may be imported into the country, it is clear they have no right to force those liquors upon the individual states. We have a case at hand which clearly illustrates this point. By an act of Congress, the importation of negroes into this country was lawful up to 1808. Previous to that time some of the states abolished slavery, and by law made it a crime for any person to introduce and hold them as slaves. But I believe the objection was never urged that the law was unconstitutional because it conflicted with the law of Congress allowing their importation."

"Yes, but there is one very important clause in the constitution which you have studiously avoided: 'Congress shall have power to regulate commerce with foreign nations, and among the several states, and with the Indian tribes.' That certainly says that Congress *shall have* power to regulate commerce among the states. Now, if Congress has passed a law allowing the importation of liquors into the country, it is plainly implied in this passage that every state law interfering with or contravening the sale of that liquor in the several states is unconstitutional."

"The phrase, 'among the several states,' has always been understood as meaning '*between state and state*,' and never as touching internal trade between citizens

of the *same* state. By turning to Story's celebrated Commentary on the Constitution, you will find the following: 'Commerce among the states means commerce which concerns more states than one. It is not an apt phrase to indicate the mere interior traffic of a single state. The completely internal commerce of a state may be properly considered as *reserved to the state itself*.' It is very plain, therefore, that the clause in the constitution under consideration has no reference whatever to any law which an individual state may enact to control a business or traffic internal to itself. And it seems to me that no legal gentleman of standing would peril his reputation by giving a contrary opinion."

"You are paying quite a compliment to my legal knowledge," said Morrison, sneeringly.

"Well, sir, dare you hazard your reputation by publishing the opinion you have advanced on this question?"

"It will be time enough for me to show what I *dare* do when I am placed in circumstances where I shall be obliged to express my opinion publicly."

"You know, I suppose, Mr. Morrison, that this question has already been decided by the Supreme Court of the United States? The rumsellers of Massachusetts carried their case up to that court, and employed Daniel Webster to defend it for them, and it was decided against them; in other words, the law was pronounced constitutional. And when Mr. Webster was asked what he thought of the decision, his reply was, 'Gentlemen, if I had been on the bench, I should have made the same decision.' It is very clear,

therefore, that, in the opinion of that clear-headed statesman, a law to prohibit the sale of ardent spirits as a beverage in the state is not unconstitutional."

"Yes, I am aware of all that; but still, to force matters through in this way, by law, makes costs, and creates unpleasant feelings in neighborhoods, which ought to convince any one of the impropriety of it, to say the least. Moral suasion should be employed, and not legal enactments, to carry forward this reform."

"I have already shown you, Mr. Morrison, that it can never be done in this way. And besides, if it is unconstitutional to suppress the traffic by law, it is no less so to do it by moral suasion. In other words, if the law of Congress which allows the importation makes it the duty of the several states to buy and use it, then a law to suppress the traffic in those states is no more unconstitutional than the use or employment of moral suasion is to suppress it. The truth is, Morrison, if your position is correct, then every temperance organization is unconstitutional, and every lecturer is guilty of opposing the constitution of his country. Indeed, if you are correct, then no man has any right to persuade his neighbor or son to abandon the use of liquor, for it tends indirectly to lessen the demand for importation."

"Really, you are getting quite captious; you seem to be in one of your hair-splitting moods."

"Not at all; I only want to run things out to their legitimate conclusions."

"Well, Scribner, suppose you get the Maine law this winter, what will you do?"

"Sustain it, for one thing, and enforce it to the letter."

"That can't be done. You can't enforce it in this town. The opposition to it would be so great that you would need a standing army around every grocery and tavern in town to carry it through."

"If what you say is true, Morrison, most certainly we need such a law. This is a very good reason why we should have the law. If men have become so depraved as to resist a good law, that is the very reason why you and every other good citizen should labor for it. It would not be good policy to withhold law from gambling because it would stir up opposition; or from piracy because it would lead to bloodshed. But you are not correct. It *can* be sustained and enforced. It has been done in several of the states, and can be in this. The people are not less law abiding than in other states."

"Well, suppose you get it and enforce it, what practical benefit will result from it?"

"Mr. Morrison, there is no such thing as measuring the good which will result from it in a very short time. In the first place, it would greatly reduce our taxes. According to a very safe calculation, more than two thirds of taxation in consequence of pauperism and crime is the result of intemperance. It appears from official returns made to the secretary of the State of New York, that the cost of pauperism, in 1849, was eight hundred and seventeen thousand four hundred and forty-one dollars. Of this, six hundred and seventy thousand one hundred and forty-three dollars were set down to intemperance. It

would prevent an astonishing amount of human suffering. There is no class on earth which suffers so much as the drunkard and his family. Who can estimate the amount of privation, want, hunger, cold, nakedness, oppression, cruelty, and physical and mental agony that the inebriate's family suffers, and all in consequence of the legalized traffic in rum? All this, Mr. Morrison, the Maine law would prevent. The sale of intoxicating drinks is the procuring cause of nine tenths of the blasphemy, Sabbath breaking, street brawls, assaults and batteries, and defiance of God and his holy gospel. Stop the sale of liquor, and a change would follow immediately in the diminution of crime. 'Of the one hundred and eighty thousand six hundred and forty-six persons committed in six years and a half, eighteen thousand seven hundred and ninety-three were for assault and battery; twenty-five thousand one hundred and sixty-four for disorderly conduct; two thousand six hundred and forty-five for fighting in the street; forty-four thousand three hundred and eighty-three for intoxication; thirty-five thousand and forty-eight for intoxication and disorderly conduct; fourteen thousand eight hundred for vagrancy — making one hundred and forty thousand seven hundred and eighty-three for offences resulting almost entirely from the use of liquors *legally sold* in dram shops.' From these vestibules of hell men come forth at all times of night, prepared to fight, fire buildings, excite street brawls, and to commit murder. The Maine law will put an end to all this immediately. It would reform every inebriate in the land, and save thousands of young men from be-

coming drunkards; it would send peace, comfort, and plenty into the inebriate's family, save the Sabbath from desecration in many thousands of low groggeries, and recommend the religion of Jesus Christ to multitudes who are now so stupefied that they have no strength of mind to reform, or even to think of death, judgment, and eternity. All this the Maine law would do, and vastly more."

"All that is very well, Mr. Scribner; but the way you propose to get the law is carrying the matter into politics. I think all moral questions and reforms should be kept out of politics entirely."

"This question, Mr. Morrison, is already in politics, and has been for many years. You understand very well the efforts the rumsellers of this town put forth every spring to elect men who will grant licenses. What is that but carrying the matter into politics? And now, because we ask the legislature for a prohibitory law, the welkin is made to ring from one end of the state to the other with the cry, 'You are carrying temperance into politics.'"

"It is both natural and right for men to fight in self-defence. Rum dealers go to the ballot box to retain their rights, because you and other fanatics go there to deprive them of their long-established privileges. That, certainly, is nothing wrong, for you and your party are the aggressors — the active assailants."

"Very well; to the ballot box it is then. Let both parties have an equal chance at the ballot box: if the people sustain them in their work of ruin, we will submit to it; but if they sustain the principles of

temperance, then they, like good citizens, should stop their work of death. We ask no unreasonable thing; we are willing to submit to the will of the majority; if they will agree to do that, the question can easily be settled."

"I am wholly opposed to deciding the matter in any such way. You and your party have pressed this question until you have broken up the political parties into fragments. No matter what great political question is up, you must throw in your hackneyed topic, to distract, divide, and break up the parties into factions."

"That, undoubtedly, Mr. Morrison, is the secret of your opposition to this law. You well know how many men are elected to office by the aid of rum. You are a man of too much sense not to know that rum is a powerful ally to the present political parties. You understand very well the influence of rum in elevating persons to stations of honor."

"How does rum do it? By you and your fanatical party, all the evils in the world are charged to rum."

"I think I can show you so you can understand it. One year ago last fall, when Samuel Legget was elected assemblyman, he spent more than three hundred dollars. Jenks peddled out more than two barrels of whiskey, that were bought with his money, for votes. Five or six years ago, when James Halsted was up for Congress, he spent over a thousand dollars for liquor, which the landlords in the Congressional district peddled out for votes. It was a common report, you remember, that all, or nearly all, the

drunkards voted for him. And you, I presume, have not forgotten that, when Mr. Henderson was up for magistrate, Doty had a barrel of liquor concealed in his old horse barn, and charged Ned Darby to give it out freely to all who would vote for him, and to be sure and tell them that he was in favor of granting licenses. Now, Morrison, I for one am opposed to this kind of business; and it seems to me that you and every other respectable man should be."

Mr. Scribner left Morrison feeling that party ties are closely drawn, and that, unless men can be induced to act from principle in their political relations, the temperance reform could never be carried to its triumph. As he passed through the town securing names to his petition, he called on Mr. Samuel Colburn, a gentleman of standing and wealth. Mr. Colburn, at an early age, formed an appetite for intoxicating drinks, and became quite intemperate. He had possessed good natural talents, energy of character, and a passable business turn. Soon after his marriage he became very intemperate, and spent much of his time and money with dissipated companions. Through the instrumentality of Scribner's father and Jeremiah Donaldson he was induced to sign the pledge, which saved him from bankruptcy, disgrace, and a premature grave. He owed his all, under the providence of God, to the temperance reform, and ought to have given his influence and money to carry forward the cause. When Scribner went in he found Mrs. Colburn sitting in an easy chair, with her poodle in her lap, reading the antiquated novel of "*Paul and*

Virginia." Mr. Colburn sat near his wife, for whose edification she was reading aloud.

"We are deeply interested in this book," said Mrs. Colburn to Scribner; "I don't think I have shed so many tears in three years as I have since I commenced it."

"It is very touching, is it?" asked Scribner.

"Indeed it is. It fills my eyes to think of their sufferings. Poor Paul saw many hard times."

"I have been informed so; I never read it."

"You haven't? Why, you should, to learn something of the difficulties and asperities of life, especially among the afflicted."

"I can learn that without reading novels. I was in at Whipple's the other day, and I thought I saw something of the roughness of life there. Whipple was lying on the floor drunk; two of his children were sick with the scarlet fever; and two others were crying for bread, not a mouthful of which had they in the house. And Mrs. Whipple said they had nothing in the house which they could eat. The poor woman reeled, as she walked from one sick child to the other, from hunger and weakness."

"Indeed! I was not aware that there were any so poor as that in our town," said Mrs. Colburn, with an indifferent air and tone of voice, rocking in her easy chair.

"There are eight or ten just such families in town; and they are in a suffering condition, and need help."

"Their intemperate habits, I suppose," said Mr. Colburn, "is what has reduced them to such extreme want?"

"Yes, rum has ruined them. And as long as the sale of it is legalized, there is no hope for them. I am out to-day soliciting names to a petition for the Maine law. You will give me your name, I suppose, Mr. Colburn?"

"Well, really, Mr. Scribner, I hardly know what to say. I am a temperance man, you know. I am not quite clear in my mind as to the *constitutionality* of the law. I had a little *rather* not now, until I get a little more light on the subject."

"If you will take pains to visit some of the wretched families in this town, made so by intemperance, you will get light as fast, perhaps, as you need or even desire it," said Scribner, pleasantly.

He left them to weep over their novel; while the sobs, groans, and agony of the inebriate's wife, and the piteous cries of her innocent babes for bread, could neither secure their attention, nor excite a particle of sympathy in their hearts.

The case of Mr. and Mrs. Colburn is not an isolated one. There are many Colburns in our state. They owe their life, health, reputation, property, and all the enjoyments of their domestic relations to the temperance reform; and yet they are not willing to give a single dime to promote the cause. They snarl when lecturers take up a collection to buy tracts and documents, — object to the Maine law because it is *unconstitutional*, — find fault with temperance men because they go *too fast*, — and fly into a rage if called upon for money to assist the poor and perishing in their own neighborhood. O thou inconsistent man, thou art spitting in thy mother's face! We have many

Mrs. Colburns also. In almost every society we have those who bestow their sympathies upon their pet dog, and weep profusely over the imaginary wrongs and sorrows of some creature of fancy; but poor, crushed, bleeding, shattered humanity lies beyond the limits of their anxiety and care.

CHAPTER XIII.

EXPERIENCE MEETING.

"For as the light
Not only serves to show, but renders us
Mutually profitable, so our lives,
In acts exemplary, not only win
Ourselves good names, but do to others give
Matter for virtuous deeds, by which we live."

MAN is an imitative being. It is this quality of his nature that inclines him to yield to wrong and vicious practices, and also to deeds of virtue and benevolence. It is a maxim of long standing, that "actions speak louder than words." However good may be the sentiments a man holds, however valuable the instruction he imparts orally, his actions, as exhibited before men, will exert tenfold greater influence upon them than either of the former. To do good, it is not necessary to deliver long homilies on morality and religion; we have only to act out or imbody our sentiments in our daily deportment. This is what the Savior meant when he said to his disciples, "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your *good works*, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."

A practical and beautiful fulfilment of this precept is found in the conduct of the good Samaritan, in affording relief and comfort to him who had fallen

among thieves. And wherever the gospel shall be circulated, to the end of time his example will be admired, and thousands will be induced to copy it by the sweet fragrance it breathes.

This principle John Donaldson well understood. He had felt the restraining power of virtuous example from youth up. His father not only taught him to be kind to the poor and unfortunate, but impressed it upon his son's mind by daily efforts to relieve, elevate, and save them. It was the influence of his father's example that led him to appoint a meeting at uncle Jabez Quimby's, that the wretched beings he saw at Jenks's tavern might hear the happy experience of reformed men, and be incited to imitate their example.

On the evening appointed for the meeting, the reformed men, together with many who were still in the power of the rumseller, assembled at an early hour. The former came there with an ardent desire to impart light and truth to their fallen brethren; while the latter came out of curiosity, and with a disposition to ridicule and disturb the meeting.

After all had assembled, and the house had become quiet, John Donaldson said, "Father Quimby, I have taken the liberty to appoint this meeting at your house without consulting you. My knowledge of your devotion to the cause led me to think it would not be displeasing."

"Bless you, John; you couldn't have pleased me better. I love the cause, and am right glad you 'pointed here. I am so old and infirm that I don't get out much, and know but little what is going on.

I have been shut up here with the rheumatiz a long time, and ain't been to any of your meetings."

"Will you open the meeting, father Quimby, by reading a passage of Scripture, and a short prayer?"

"I will, with pleasure. To grapple successfully with this terrible monster, we must have aid from above. Human aid alone can't do it. I will read a part of the tenth Psalm. I read it the other day, and discovered a most wonderful description of a rumseller. David, no doubt, was moved by the Spirit of God to write it, or he couldn't have given such an exact picture of Jenks and Doty, and all other liquor *dealers*."

Commencing at the sixth verse, he read the following passages, and commented upon them as he passed along:—

"'He hath said in his heart, I shall not be moved; for I shall never be in adversity.'

"I wish to say, for the benefit of those who are present, that this sounds just like rumsellers' talk. When we entreat them, and beg of them not to sell strong drink to our neighbors, they tell us, 'I shall not be moved.' All we can say or do don't move them to abandon their work of ruin. When we tell them God will certainly punish them for their wickedness, they say, 'We shall never be in adversity.' They seem to think, because they are making money by ruining others, that *their* families will never be in adversity. I am an old man, and have watched the dealings of Providence with that class of men; and I tell you the truth when I say I never knew a rumseller who did not come to adversity. They either lose

their property, become drunkards themselves, or make drunkards of their wives and children. Yes, my neighbors, the curse of God is on this business.

"'His mouth is full of cursing and deceit and fraud; under his tongue is mischief and vanity.'

"I venture to say there is not a rumseller in the land whose mouth is not full of cursing. They curse God and all who are opposed to their traffic. Some of them are the most profane men in the world. And as for deceit and fraud, their equal in this business can hardly be found. Their whole study is to practise it successfully, that they may defraud men out of their property, reputation, and immortal life. It is all deception and fraud from beginning to end; and I presume some of you have found it so. They tell the poor drunkard their liquors will do him good, when they know better. They deceive him, and they do it intentionally, to get his property.

"'He sitteth in the lurking-places of the villages.'

"They always open their shops where they can carry on their business without being found out. All these cellars and under-ground saloons in our villages are lurking-places, where men are ruined. Rumsellers choose such places because their business can't bear the light.

"'In the secret places doth he murder the innocent.'

"They do murder the innocent. Who does not believe that Mrs. Howland was murdered by this infamous traffic? A better woman never lived; and the cruel treatment of her husband, which was all on account of rum, caused her death.

"'His eyes are privily set against the poor. He lieth in wait secretly as a lion in his den: he lieth in wait to catch the poor: he doth catch the poor, when he draweth him into his net.'

"The liquor dealer, as a general thing, makes his money out of the poor; upon that class of men he fixes his eye, and watches them as a lion does his prey. And when they come near his lurking-place, he springs upon them, and draws them into his net.

"'He croucheth, and humbleth himself, that the poor may fall by his strong ones.'

"You have all noticed how very polite a rumseller is when he wants to get a young man to drinking, or a reformed man to go back to his cups. With what a low bow and pleasant smile he will meet you, and tell you a little cider or wine won't hurt you! This he does to form an appetite, that men may fall by his '*strong ones.*'

"'He hath said in his heart, God hath forgotten: he hideth his face; he will never see it.'

"This is the language of all rumsellers. They think God has forgotten the poor and suffering of our race. They flatter themselves they can go on, and rob and ruin his fallen children, and he will never see it, and never call them to an account for it. But God has *not* forgotten; he *does* see it, and in due time will arraign them before his awful bar, and punish them for their wickedness."

Father Quimby closed the Bible, and offered a very appropriate and devout prayer, in which his soul was wonderfully drawn out to God for the reformation and salvation of the inebriates before him. His age,

fervency, and apparent earnestness and sincerity melted his listeners to tears, filled them with deep emotion, and admirably prepared the way for just such results as Donaldson hoped to secure when he appointed the meeting.

After a short pause at the conclusion of father Quimby's prayer, Mr. Mortimer arose and related his experience as follows: —

"My friends, I have no talent for public speaking; but I want to tell you how I have felt, and how my family have felt, since I signed the pledge. You have all known me for a good many years. I was born here, and have always lived among you. I married my wife here; you have all known her from a child. A better woman never lived. During all my abuse and ill treatment to her, I never saw her out of humor. Often her kindness to me, when I came home from a drunken frolic, has been like fire shut up in my bones. I have often thought that it would be a great relief to me if she would get angry and reproach me. But this she never did. Whatever was my conduct, she was the same kind, tender, and affectionate wife. For several years after our marriage we were perfectly happy. I was blessed with good health, and had a good trade, which enabled me in a short time to purchase a small house and lot, clear from debt. Always when I got through my day's work, I went home and spent my evenings with my wife, which was to me the most pleasant place on earth. That is the *first* page in my history.

"One night, as I was returning home from my work, old Reuben Danforth, who kept the tavern where

Parks now keeps, called me in. He said he had a job of work for me. He was putting up an addition to his house, and wanted me to lay the foundation, build the chimneys, and lath and plaster it. After we had completed the bargain, he asked me to drink a brandy sling with him. I had never been in the habit of drinking; but I thought *one* drink could not hurt me. I can't say I did not like the taste of it. It relished well, and I thought helped my cough that I was then troubled with. When I went to work for him he gave me a brandy sling three times a day; and before I left him I thought my muscles were stronger, my nerves steadier, and I really thought I could lay a smoother wall than I had ever done before. During my stay with him I did not go home immediately after my day's work. I made it a point to spend an hour or two in the bar room, as there was always plenty of good company there. My wife used to say, 'Why, Caleb, what kept you so late?' I usually said in reply, 'O, I had a little business down at the lower end of town,' or that 'I worked a spell in the evening to hurry on my job.' After my job was finished at Danforth's, my appetite had become so strong that I went there regularly, once a day, for my dram. After a few months I felt the need of *two drinks* a day, and in a very short time I thought I needed *three* as much as I did one. Now, in looking back at the rapid growth of my appetite, I am perfectly astonished. I can *now* see there is no safety but in *entire abstinence* from all intoxicating drinks. If I had not taken that first brandy sling, I should never have been what I now am. My strong appetite and habit of drink-

ing I tried to conceal from my wife. Lest she might detect me by my breath, I used very freely of cloves and cinnamon. She asked me why my breath smelt so strong of cloves. I told her I was troubled very much with teethache, and used them for relief from pain. This is the *second* page in my history.

"At this stage of my history I was so far gone that I spent all of my time nearly at Danforth's. I could see it was wearing rapidly upon my wife. She looked sad and dejected, and had not that cheerful and happy countenance which she once had. I tried to be kind to her; but little things irritated me, which led me often to answer her in a cross and abrupt manner, thus giving her many hours and days of weariness. Often have I seen the large tear start from her eye and roll down her face. I did not ask her what was the matter; I knew without asking. In this way things went on, until I lost all sense of shame and all self-respect. I kept liquor in the house, and drank freely before my wife, and in spite of all her tears and prayers. I lost sight of my obligation to love her, and provide for her and my children, and paid the money to Danforth and Doty which I ought to have laid out for their comfort. Yes, my friends, I say it with shame, that I lost all love for my dear wife, and left her and her innocent children to suffer for bread and fuel while I spent my time and money at the tavern. I trust I have repented of it, and hope God will forgive me. Rum stole my affections from my family, and transferred them to Danforth's and Doty's bar room. This is the *third* page in my history.

"But, my friends, I have signed the pledge, which

I trust is the commencement of a brighter page in my history. Yes, thanks to God, the pledge has saved me! It has brought light, peace, and happiness to my family. I wish I had power to describe the joy that sprang up in the heart of my poor wife and children when I told them I had signed the pledge and should drink no more. I hold in my hand a copy of a letter she wrote to her mother the next day, which will give you some idea of her feelings, and the hope of future happiness which it awakened in her soul: —

HARWOOD, December 23, ——.

DEAR MOTHER: I am very anxious to let you know how happy I am. Dear Caleb has signed the pledge, and says he shall never drink any more intoxicating liquors. O, the change, the blessed, happy change, that has come over our family is truly wonderful! Little Willie and Mary are perfectly happy; and Henry says he shall love to go to school now, for the children won't point at him, and say, "Your father is a drunkard." My dear mother, it is impossible for me to describe the happy change in our family; *do* come and witness it for yourself, and rejoice with us.

Your affectionate daughter,

SUSAN.

"From this, my dear friends, you can see how my poor injured wife feels. I would not dwell upon this, for I feel I ought to be ashamed of my intemperate habits, which have brought much suffering into my family; but I do it for the benefit of my associates, who are in the same condition that I have been in for

years. And your families, my friends, are in the same situation that mine has been in. O, I beg of you to sign the pledge! Do it to-night; do it now! Jenks and Doty have had enough of your money. Their wives and daughters are dressed in silks, while yours are hardly able to wear shilling calico. Their's live on the finest fare, while yours are compelled to live on corn bread and potatoes. It is your money that is supporting them in such style, while your own families are suffering. Come, my friends, go with us, and we will do you good, and the blessing of Heaven will rest upon you and your ——"

Mr. Mortimer's voice faltered from very deep emotion, which prevented him from proceeding. His simple yet graphic narrative moved every heart to tenderness and sympathy. Father Quimby wept like a child, and Donaldson reclined on the bed and sobbed aloud. Tears were even seen coursing down the faces of the hard and sturdy inebriates who were present. Nothing can be more appropriate than tears which flow at the recital of others' woes and others' joys. In the language of Darwin, —

> "No radiant pearl which crested fortune wears,
> No gems that twinkling hang from beauty's ears,
> Not the bright stars which night's blue arch adorn,
> Nor rising sun that gilds the vernal morn,
> Shine with such lustre as the tear that flows
> Down virtue's manly cheek for others' woes."

Uncle Jabez and Donaldson both felt it a relief to shed tears in view of the sufferings of Mortimer's family, and a luxury to shed tears of joy on account of the happy change which had blessed them.

After the storm of emotion had subsided, Zeno Huff arose and spoke: —

"My friends, I don't know as I can say one word. The story of my friend Mortimer has brought up to my memory so clearly my whole life, that I feel ashamed, condemned, and confounded. I would gladly keep my seat without speaking, if it were not for the good I may do by telling my story. The early part of my life is probably not known to any of you. I am a native of Massachusetts, and have been in the habit of drinking liquor ever since I can remember. My father kept it in the house, and it was his custom to prepare the morning dram and pass it round to the children. It was at home, at an early age, that I first began to like the taste of liquor. My father prided himself on being a temperate man; but, my friends, it grew upon him, and he now sleeps in a drunkard's grave. O, that morning dram not only ruined my father, but all his sons. Long before I was ten years old, I used to go to his bottle two or three times a day and help myself. So did my brothers, which we concealed from our father. He finally discovered it, and forbade us, which led us to provide ourselves with pocket bottles, managing to fill them at the groceries and taverns. We were careful not to get intoxicated while at home, for my father had a great abhorrence of drunkenness.

"When I was in my sixteenth year, I went to Boston as clerk in a store where liquor was kept; indeed, it was then kept in all the stores, and sold freely for drinking purposes. There were four or five young men in the establishment besides myself, and all of

them had habits similar to my own. We all drank more or less every day, and I could see it grew upon them rapidly from month to month. Nights after we shut up, we were in the habit of playing chess and cards for money, and sometimes for liquor ; and very frequently we continued it until daylight. All this we carefully concealed from our employer, because we thought if we were there during the day it was none of his business what we did nights. It was a common thing for his son to join with us and furnish his share of the liquor from his father's casks down cellar. Things went on in this way for two or three years, during which I drank quite hard, but managed to conceal it from my employer. I found I had acquired considerable skill in games of chance, and frequently played for large sums of money. Sometimes I lost, which made it necessary to borrow from the drawer of my employer, with the intention of replacing it again. But I lost again and again, and after a while my conscience became seared, and I lost all desire to return it. After I lost all scruples of conscience I frequently took large sums of money, without any intention of replacing them. At last I was suspected and accused of it, and not being able to satisfy him I was innocent, he discharged me. That was the darkest day of my life. I wandered about in the back streets, and felt so guilty and self-condemned that I could look no one in the face. I went down to the wharf and looked off on the ocean, and wished myself the other side of it, or in the bottom of it. While I sat there I thought of my friends, my early associates, the fine opportunity I had to make

money, and of the *accursed morning dram*, the cause of my ruin. My feelings became so intense in view of my deplorable situation that I felt I must have relief, or die. I went to a grocery and drank, and drank again, until I was frantic, became involved in a street brawl, and was thrown into jail. In the morning, when I awoke, my vision was bounded by the gloomy walls of a prison. I thought I was getting along fast for a young man, improving rapidly in morals. My life was now a burden to me. I wished myself dead, and if I had possessed the means I should have put an end to my life. I cursed the *morning dram*, my father for giving it to me, and myself for being such a fool as to take it. When I was discharged I left Boston and went to Albany, where I engaged as waiter in one of the large hotels, restrained my appetite, and allowed myself only one drink a day. There I got acquainted with my wife and married her. She has always been very much opposed to drinking intoxicating drinks, and asked me before we were married if I drank. I told her I was not in the habit of using liquor at all. After taking my morning dram, it was my custom to chew cloves, which prevented her from smelling liquor in my breath. For several years I was sober, industrious, and happy. We loved each other, and every thing passed off in peace and quietness. I left Albany and went to Utica because I could get higher wages. There I fell into bad company, threw off all restraint, and gave myself up to drinking, gambling, and carousing. Sometimes I left my family for two weeks, in the coldest weather, without bread or fuel.

O my friends, it is too bad to relate. It almost kills one to think of it. I used to go home, whip my wife, and turn my poor innocent children out in the storm. O, what a wretch I have been! God forgive my cruelty to my family.

"All this, my friends, was caused by rum — the *accursed morning dram.* Some eight years ago I came to this place. Since that time you have known me; my crimes are before you; I need not detail them. I have been a poor wretched vagabond upon earth, wandering from tavern to tavern. But, thank God, I have signed the pledge, and am free. And I wish I had power to describe the happiness it has brought to my poor family. O, I wish I could persuade——" Pausing a moment for his emotions to subside, he wiped away the tears with the back of his hand, and then continued: "I wish I could persuade all of my friends to sign the pledge. Then you will know, by experience, all about the happiness it will bring to your poor families. I know your feelings, my friends; you are afraid of Doty and Jenks, and you are afraid you won't hold out; but fear not, make up your minds you *will* be free, and cast off the government of rum forever. O, I beg of you, think of your poor wives, your innocent children. O, think of the world of misery you have brought upon them by the course you have taken."

This touching appeal from one who had for many years experienced the evils of intemperance again broke up the fountain of their tears, and caused them to flow freely.

After a short pause, father Quimby, whose white

locks and bending posture, as he leaned upon his staff, gave him a patriarchal appearance, arose. "This," said he, "is the happiest hour of my life. While I have been listening to these friends, my soul has been full and running over with joy. And if I could only see all in this room and all in this town sign the pledge, and reform, I could say, as did good old Simeon, 'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word; for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.'"

After father Quimby sat down, Joseph Peterson took the floor, which created no small stir among those present. He was one of the lowest grade of drunkards. Whatever hopes Scribner and Donaldson had of the reformation of other inebriates, of Joseph Peterson they had none. He had been for many years an intimate associate of Henry Howland, and very frequently accompanied him home to drink and play cards, which, as the reader has already seen, added much to the grief of Mrs. Howland and her daughters. He possessed very little acquired intelligence, but had naturally a strong and brilliant mind, which would have burned brightly in some exalted station in life had it not been for the drinking usages of society and the legalized traffic in rum. Alas! how many brilliant lights this ruinous system has extinguished forever!

Peterson spoke as follows: —

"My friends, this is a queer place for me, any how. I don't know as I've any business here; but I'm here, and I'm jist a goin' to tell you my feelin's about this here drinkin' and foolin'. I'm one of the old soldiers

in this here kind o' business, and I'll bet a new hat I've drinked more whiskey, slept out doors more nights, fit more battles, whipped my wife more times, and been put in jail oftener than any other man in this town. And I guess I've paid old Doty more money for whiskey than I ever paid out for bread or clothes for my family. I've been thinkin' this business over for two or three days, and I've come to the solemn conclusion that this here whole matter or't to come to a sudden endin' up. And I jist want to tell you what started me to thinkin' in this here direction. But before I begin on that ar', I want to tell you that I had jist one of the best women that ever wore a bonnet, and as good lookin' as any of your wives in Harwood ; but trouble has wrinkled her face, and took the fire out of her eyes. She used to sing like a swan, and play on her guitar evenings, when we were first married, which made my house attractive and pleasant. After I got into this here drinkin' business she didn't sing any more, and she sold her guitar for things she needed in the family. One night I went home feelin' funny, and says I, 'Peggy, why don't you sing, as you used to?' And says she, 'I can't sing, Joseph ; my heart is broke because you are a drunkard.' I said nothin' to it, for I knew it was true, and got up and left her ; I couldn't bear to stay and see her cry.

"But I want to tell you what set me to thinkin' about this here business. The other night I went to bed well 'over the bay,' and jist after I got to sleep I was feelin' mighty unpleasant about somethin', and looked up, and all at once there stood by the bed a queer-lookin' thing, some in the shape of a man, and

some it wasn't. He was covered with long hair, and had on horns, and a long tail draggin' on the floor. And says I, 'Who is there?' Says he, 'I'm here.' Then says I, 'What do you want?' 'I want you,' says he. 'I ain't ready to go,' says I. 'You *must* go,' says he. And says I, 'I can't, no how; I'm owin' Doty; I want to pay him my liquor bill. When I leave the world, I want to leave it honorably.' And says he, 'I'll see that Doty is paid, if that is all you owe; liquor dealers will get their pay.' Jist as he said that, he took me by the hair and lifted me up, and carried me up, up, up to a wonderful height, and then he let go of me, and I went down like lead; down, down into a dark, dismal place, where I kept sinkin' and sinkin' deeper and deeper, I didn't know where. Jist then I seen a light, and I felt somethin' creepin' and twistin' about my hands and neck; and I looked, and I was all kivered over with snakes and adders, runnin' out their tongues, and a-hissin' with all their might. And I looked down to my feet, and the ground was all kivered with toads and lizards, and all kinds of slimy critters, hoppin' and jumpin' about as if anxious to devour me at one meal. Around on the rocks I seen the awfullest shaped things that ever was; they seemed to be mighty tickled on account of my comin', and made all sorts o' faces at me. Once in a while one would come to me and pinch me; then they would make the place shake with their laughter. Says I, 'O God, is this hell?' My voice waked me up. This is what set me to thinkin'. Says I, 'Peggy, I shan't drink no more as long as I live;' and I won't."

This decision of Peterson's was received with evident marks of pleasure and satisfaction.

Thaddeus Kendall then arose, and said, "My friends, I came here with the intention of disturbing the meeting, and to break it up if I could. The remarks made by Mr. Quimby are true. The passage he read is a perfect description of all rumsellers. They are bad men; they curse God; they curse every body who opposes them. Jenks is cursing father Quimby for having this meeting here to-night, and he'll curse me because I havn't done as he wanted me to. He hired me, and treated me and Hank Howland to come here and disturb you; and the only reason why Hank didn't come is, he got so drunk before meeting time he couldn't. And what do you think he gave me to disturb you? You can easily guess, for he only deals in one kind of change. Here it is," he said, as he pulled out of his side pocket a bottle of brandy, and held it up; "this is the price he put upon my reputation, which I should lose by disturbing a meeting of this character. I have had all kinds of feelings to-night. Some of the time I thought I would carry out my promise, and some of the time I said to myself I wouldn't. I finally made up my mind I would not, and thought all I should lose by it wouldn't be much. I may lose old Jenks's friendship and a few drinks of liquor — they will be a glorious loss; I heartily wish I had lost them before. It is customary sometimes at a raising to confirm the name by throwing the bottle. I have been raising a resolution in my mind, and I am now going to confirm it by throwing this bottle." As he uttered these words, he threw it with violence

against the chimney back. Its contents ran out into the fire, from which sprang up a bright-blue flame. "In the light of that fire," he continued, "kindled by the body of the greatest enemy of man, I now solemnly pledge myself never to touch, taste, or handle another particle of intoxicating drinks, as a beverage, as long I live. I now bid an everlasting farewell to all liquor groceries and taverns, and all drinking usages and customs."

He sat down in the midst of shouts of "Good!" "Good!" "Amen!"

Kendall was a man of an iron will, who seldom if ever yielded after he had once made up his mind. They all knew this, and were sure he would keep his pledge, which filled them with great joy.

Kendall's novel speech and proceedings induced many others to follow his example. As soon as he sat down, Gilbert Williams, Joseph Peterson, and Franklin Wood arose, went to the table, and put down their names. They had long been intimate associates of Kendall's, and had been led by him into vice and immorality; and it was impossible for them now not to be influenced by his example, and sign the pledge with him.

To describe the joy of the wives of these inebriates, when they heard their husbands had signed the pledge, is impossible. None can fully appreciate the feelings of the inebriate's wife on such an occasion, except those who are familiarly acquainted with their trials and sorrows. The bright and happy change which passed over them was very soon apparent to all. It was seen in their sweet and smiling faces and in

their new and clean apparel. And while the change was a matter of rejoicing to nearly all in the town of Harwood, there were two who could not rejoice. Jenks and Doty had long been the unjust receivers of their earnings, and felt a sort of claim upon them and their purses. They saw clearly, if the reform progressed, the time was not far distant when their income would be entirely cut off. In view of this, they did every thing in their power to retard and check the reform, by abusing temperance men, and by treating liberally and freely all who came to their houses. They were especially polite and kind to boys and young men, and gave them liquor, evidently to raise up a new set of customers. Jenks was heard to say that "one drink of liquor given away was better than money let at ten per cent."

CHAPTER XIV.

VILLANY DEVELOPED.

"Money and man a mutual falsehood show;
Men make false money — money makes men so."

"O mischief, thou art swift
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men."

"THEY had a great time at old Quimby's last night," said Mose Whipple to his comrades at Jenks's tavern, who had assembled there for their morning dram.

"What was that you was saying about Quimby?" asked Jenks.

"They had a snivelling time there last night, and worked upon the feelings of some of them till they got them to sign the pledge."

"How many of them signed?"

"Four, so I heard this morning."

"Who are they?"

"I understood it was Thad Kendall, Gil Williams, Joe Peterson, and Frank Wood."

"Well, Whipple, do you think they will stick to it?"

"Thad Kendall will, and Frank Wood may possibly; but the others won't stick to it a week."

"What makes you think Thad will?"

"Because, you know, he is an obstinate devil any

way. When he gets his head set in any direction, you can't turn him any more than you can the wind."

"*He* may; but Frank Wood won't, I'll bet ten dollars," said Sam Laraby.

"I tell you he will," said Whipple; "he and Kendall are very intimate. The influence that he will exert over Wood will keep him fast to his pledge."

"It will keep him till somebody treats him. He will never get drunk if *he* has to buy the liquor: he is tighter than the bark on a white oak tree," said Phil Saxbury.

"I know he is tight; but, gentlemen, you'll see he will stick to his pledge," replied Whipple.

"Perhaps you'd like to bet something on that?" asked Jenks, betraying feelings of interest.

"I'm not afraid to," was the reply.

"Come, now, I'll bet you five dollars he will be drunk in less than one week," said Jenks.

"Done; if you will treat the company to bind the bargain," returned Whipple.

"That I'll do, cheerfully."

Jenks entered the bar, and the company gathered round it to drink liquor given by Jenks, as an earnest that he would do all in his power to seduce poor Franklin Wood from his high and noble purpose.

It is almost incredible that such men are to be found in our land. There are many engaged in the liquor traffic who rejoice when a poor inebriate, who is struggling to recover himself from ruin, falls back into the ditch. And there are not a few who are so depraved, and have such a burning thirst for gold,

they do not hesitate for one moment to push him back. The happiness of his family, his reputation, and the salvation of the poor inebriate have no influence whatever to restrain them from their work of ruin. They engage in the traffic to make money; and if they can accomplish their purpose, it is of little consequence to them how many estates they ruin, how many valuable young men they destroy, how many miserable families they make and separate, how many deaths they cause, and how many souls they send into a miserable eternity. These are considerations which do not serve to restrain them for one moment from the accomplishment of their work of death. They have long since lost their power as motives to influence them to abandon their mischievous and ruinous practice, because they have been, and are now, sustained by law. Law is generally considered the will of the majority. Whatever, therefore, the law sustains in a popular government, is sustained by a majority of the people. Taking this view of the subject, it is not at all strange that base, depraved men engaged in the liquor traffic do as they are doing to make all they can by their abominable business. When we expostulate with them, they tell us they have a *license*, which is the same as to say they have a *majority* of the people on their side. So it has been for many years past, and so it will continue, unless men break away from *party ties*, and vote for those who will give us the MAINE LAW.

Several days after the interesting meeting at father Quimby's, one rainy day Franklin Wood was passing by Jenks's tavern on his way home.

"Won't you call in, Mr. Wood?" asked Jenks, with all the suavity and mildness he possessed. "You are very wet; I guess you had better call in and dry yourself; I have a good fire."

"I don't know but I will," replied Wood, suspecting no harm.

Wood was a man who lacked firmness and decision of character, making him an easy subject for the rum-seller. Jenks knew this, which induced him to make the bet that he would be intoxicated in less than a week.

"I think you had better take a little port wine, you are so wet; hadn't you, Mr. Wood?" suggested Jenks, with much apparent concern for his health.

"No, I guess not. I don't need any."

"Don't need it? A man never needs it if not when he has been out in such a storm as this."

Jenks went into the bar, poured out a tumbler two thirds full, came and put it into the hand of Wood, and told him to drink it. He said it would do him good, warm him, and prevent his taking cold.

Entirely contrary to his feelings and inclinations, Wood drank it down. In a few minutes he felt the power of his old appetite returning, which called for something stronger than port wine. The truth is, Jenks had put into it a large quantity of brandy, for the purpose of rekindling the old fires; for he had an object in view. It was not long before Wood walked up to the bar and called for a drink of gin, saying he needed something that would cut the phlegm in his throat.

"Wood has been with the cold-waterites so long,

his throat is filled with phlegm — ho! ho!" said Hank Howland, who sat in the corner so drunk he could scarcely look up.

"We'll clear his throat for 'im, if he stays with us a leetle while longer," said another.

"Frank, was you good Wood fur 'em?" asked Howland.

"Yes, by ginger; clear stuff," replied Wood, with his face distorted from the fiery effects of the gin, a large portion of which he had just turned down.

He continued to drink until he was beastly intoxicated, and again heartily engaged in singing obscene songs and the recital of vulgar stories. He owed Jenks quite an amount for liquor which he had procured at his bar previous to signing the pledge. To secure this was one object which Jenks had in view in getting him intoxicated. Some time in the evening, after Jenks had filled out a chattel mortgage, he said to Wood, "We have been dealing some time, and there is a balance due me. Are you willing to put it into a due bill?"

"Be sure I am. Who ever heard of Frank Wood's cheating any body?"

"Every body considers you honest, Frank."

"I am not only honest, but able, you see. I say I am able to pay all my debts and every body's debts. You hear that?"

Without any knowledge of what he was signing, he put his name to a chattel mortgage on his cow to pay hss grog bill.

The landlord, feeling very well in view of his achievement over his victim, freely dealt out to him

his liquors, until poor Wood lay senseless and stupid upon the floor.

"Who is that so drunk on the floor?" asked Mose Whipple, who came in late in the evening.

"It's Frank Wood. What did I tell you?" replied Jenks, triumphantly.

"Frank Wood! No, it ain't."

"Well, look and see," said Jenks, holding a candle near his face, and lifting his hat from his head.

"I cave in, Jenks; the five dollars are yours."

"Didn't I tell you I'd come it? I never undertook any thing yet I couldn't accomplish. I will get all their converts back in less than three months, if they don't pass the Maine law."

"You are pretty good at it, I see. But you had better be careful and not let Donaldson find you out; if you do, he will be in your hair again," said Whipple, laughing.

"Let him come into my house again, and I will fix him so he will have something else to do for three months to come besides getting up experience meetings."

"You think he'll have an experience to tell, do you?"

"Indeed he will, if he don't mind his own business."

Towards morning, Wood was so far recovered from the stupefying effects of liquor that he arose from the floor, and started for home. But O, who can describe the feelings of that poor family when the wretched inebriate entered his dwelling? Mrs. Wood sprang from her seat, flew towards him, and exclaimed, "O

Franklin, you have dashed all my bright hopes to earth."

"Yes — tha — that's jist — like — the wo — woman; all hopes dashed — now," stammered out the poor creature in maudlin tones, as he fell whole length upon the floor.

Mrs. Wood then realized more than ever that

> "'Tis the cruel artifice of fate
> Thus to refine and vary on our woes,
> To raise us from despair, and gives us hopes,
> Only to plunge us in the gulf again,
> And make us doubly wretched."

A darker hour never passed over her mind. While he lay upon his couch sleeping soundly, insensible to the great injury he had inflicted, Mrs. Wood and her children felt it keenly, and gave vent to their feelings by bitter tears of unavailing anguish.

The next day Jenks sent his hired man and drove away the poor man's cow.

"Franklin, what does that mean?" asked Mrs. Wood, as she saw the cow being driven from the yard.

"I don't know."

"Have you sold her to Jenks?"

"No, I haven't."

"*Do* go and ask him what it means."

"Ben, what are you going to do with my cow?" asked Wood, as he went out.

"That's a likely question for you to ask. You don't remember the mortgage you gave the old man on her last night, do you? and that you agreed to let him take her away to-day?" replied Ben.

Wood remembered the whole matter now. He recollected the due bill, which he had no doubt was a chattel mortgage on his only cow, which his little children very much needed. He threw himself upon the neck of his poor weeping wife, and asked her forgiveness, heartily and ingenuously confessing his fault, and most solemnly pledging himself he would never be guilty of the like again. She freely forgave him, and asked him how he came to violate his pledge. He disclosed to her the course Jenks took to get him intoxicated, and how he deceived him in getting his name to a mortgage, when he supposed he was signing a due bill of small amount.

After they had talked over the matter very freely, Wood asked his wife to get the Bible and read the tenth Psalm. As she passed along, he called her attention to the ninth and tenth verses.

"*He lieth in wait secretly, as a lion in his den: he lieth in wait to catch the poor: he doth catch the poor, when he draweth him into his net. He croucheth and humbleth himself, that the poor may fall by his* STRONG ONES."

"I see now," said Wood, "that father Quimby was right in his remarks on this passage the other night. I have no doubt that Jenks has been secretly lying in wait to draw me into his net ever since I signed the pledge."

"How did you come to go in?" asked his wife.

"He saw me as I was passing by, and urged me to go in and dry myself by the fire. He was very polite and palavering; and when I got in, he urged me to drink a glass of port wine; and all that was done to rekindle

my appetite, that I might *fall* by his '*strong ones*' — that is, his stronger liquors."

"I presume that was his object," said Mrs. Wood.

"He won't play that game with me again," exclaimed Wood, with energy and firmness.

"I most sincerely hope and pray, Franklin, that he may never be able to. You now have your eyes open, and I hope you will keep entirely away from him and his house. If you do so, you will be in less danger of temptation."

"I now pledge myself," he replied, "that I will have nothing more to do with him or any other of the liquor dealers in this town."

"If you will only keep sober, dear Franklin, Jenks may have the cow, for we can very soon buy another with our earnings."

In passing to and from his labor, it was necessary for Mr. Wood to go past Jenks's tavern twice a day; and lest he might again be decoyed, Mrs. Wood took the precaution to go with him in the morning by the tavern, and meet him again at night. In this way she prevented the villain from drawing him a second time into his net.

When Donaldson heard of his fall, he went up to pay Jenks a visit. The landlord saw him when he was some distance from the house; and as he felt no particular relish for his company, he resolved in his mind not to see him. He feared Donaldson more than he did any other man in town. He was afraid he would again remind him of Woodruff's blood and Rigden's corn meal.

When Donaldson stepped upon the platform to enter

the bar room, Jenks darted out of the back door, and went into the horse barn. Donaldson saw him crossing the road in a hurried manner, and followed him. As Donaldson opened the door, the fearful rumseller scrambled up the ladder into the hayloft. Donaldson followed him.

"What are you after?" asked Jenks.

"I'm after *you*," was the reply.

"Well, I'd thank you to mind your own business."

"I *am* minding my business. It is a part of my business in this world to look after the welfare of the poor and oppressed."

"Yes, you are very attentive to the poor when you can make that a pretence to annoy your neighbors."

"Did you call in Frank Wood the other night?" asked Donaldson.

"I guess I had a right to ask him, as a neighbor, to come in and dry himself."

"Did you induce him to drink a glass of port with a *stick* in it?"

"That's *my* business, you meddler."

"Did you make him drunk, and then get him to sign a due bill for what he owed you?"

"It's none of your business."

"And is it true that the next morning that due bill proved to be a chattel mortgage on the poor man's cow?"

"Go down, you abusive scoundrel!" exclaimed Jenks, in a loud and angry tone.

"O, you villain! You deserve to be shut up in the penitentiary for ten years. You are not fit to live in a civilized community. Your character is infinitely

below that of the highway robber. And I shall not leave you till I express my views freely of your villany," said Donaldson, with warmth.

"Get out of my barn, you insulting villain!"

"Have you used any of that cow's milk? Don't the strippings curdle in your coffee?"

"Go down, you infamous wretch, or I — I — I'll be the death of you!" exclaimed Jenks, excited, and trembling with rage.

"If you only had some of Rigden's corn meal now to eat with that milk, you could fare sumptuously every day," was the sarcastic reply.

"Begone, you vagabond, out of my sight; I won't hear your abuse," said Jenks, turning his back to Donaldson, and crowding his fingers in his ears so as not to hear him.

This interview troubled Jenks very much for a number of weeks. The thoughts of the mortgage, and of poor Wood's last cow, and especially, when he sat down to breakfast, the idea of the milk curdling in his coffee, troubled and annoyed him exceedingly.

Scribner and Donaldson in a few days provided Wood's family with a cow, and told him it would be his as long as he adhered to his pledge.

CHAPTER XV.

A POCKET ARGUMENT.

"The rumseller lives abhorred by all
Like a disease; yet cannot so be 'scaped,
But, canker-like, eats through the poor men's nearts
That live about him; never has commerce
With any but to ruin them."

EACH member of the human body fills a very important office. And while each fills its proper sphere and meets its appropriate duties, health and harmony prevail through the whole system. It is so with the community. Each person in the neighborhood is a member of the social compact, and is inseparably connected with the weal or woe of every other. In other words, the conduct of every person will affect for good or ill every other person in the society. A man may think he is independent and at liberty to do what he pleases, without any regard to the effect of his conduct upon others. This is a palpable mistake. It is a principle which, if admitted and adopted, would disorder, derange, and finally destroy human society. It is this principle which actuates the rumseller, and all who sustain him and apologize for him. It is the idea that he has a *right* in a free country to do what he pleases that induces him to sow broadcast in the community the seeds of disorder, ruin, and death.

The rumseller who has a license has a legal right to

do this, it is true; but he can have no natural or moral right, either with or without a license. That which is wrong in itself, human enactments cannot make right. That which results in evil to the community at large, no man can be properly authorized to perpetrate, though he may have ten thousand legal enactments to sustain him. Herod passed a law that all male children of such an age should be slain; but did that law make it right? Will it, in the final judgment, clear those who stained their hands with innocent blood? When God shall make "inquisition for blood," will they be able to establish their innocence by pleading the legality of their offence?

The people of the State of New York say the rumseller for five or ten dollars may sell as a beverage intoxicating liquors, from which results loss of health, character, property, reason, leading men directly to degradation, crime, pauperism, premature death, and a miserable eternity. But is it *right* because the people say the rumseller may do all this? Will the people say, when closely questioned upon this subject, they have the least shadow of right to authorize men to traffic in that which unavoidably results in a manner so ruinous and disastrous to the bodies and souls of men?

Gentle reader, are you a voter? If so, you are one of the sovereign people. Come, now, and let us reason together for a few moments upon this subject. What *right* have you to license the rumseller to destroy your neighbor's health, blight his fair character, send misery into his family, swallow his substance, dig down his dwelling, send him to a premature

grave and a drunkard's hell? What *right* have you for five or ten dollars to multiply paupers, fill our jails with criminals, the country with heart-broken widows and orphans, and the land with lamentation, wailing, and woe? What *right* have you, my fellow-citizen of the Empire State, to give your neighbor authority to light the torch of the incendiary, to whet the assassin's knife, and to scatter through the community firebrands, arrows, and death? Do you say you have no right as a private individual? If you have *no* right to do it in your private capacity, have you when associated with others? Have you a right, when you go to the polls, to vote for a supervisor or magistrate whom you know to be in favor of granting licenses, or for an assemblyman who will vote against the Maine law, because the multitude thus vote? If you have, then you have a right to go through the community and inflict upon families the evils which result from this traffic. It is both law and common sense that what a man's agent does he does himself. If you vote for a man who is in favor of perpetuating this traffic by licensing the rumseller, he is your agent, and is doing your work, for which God will hold you responsible. No man of common intelligence, it appears to me, can see any difference in the degree of criminality between the voter, the officer, and the rumseller.

This was the view John Scribner took of this subject. He believed the rumseller, though he had a license, had no *right* to sell spirituous liquors as a common beverage. He considered the great mass of liquor dealers as useless appendages to society He

could see no good resulting from their business, but "evil, and only evil, and that continually." He held the doctrine that every person should be a producer, should in some useful way reward the community for his support and protection. He thought it was just as reasonable for one man to ask another to *eat* his bread as to *earn* it for him. The great class of rum-sellers he considered consumers, without rendering any equivalent whatever to society — consumers not only of the fruits of others' toil, but the consumers of peace, happiness, reputation, and the bodies and souls of men.

One day Scribner met Parks on the sidewalk, when the following conversation passed between them : —

"Mr. Parks, what good do you expect to accomplish in this world ? " asked Scribner.

"What good ? Why, I expect to take care of my family. The Bible says, 'He that provides not for his own is worse than an infidel.' "

"Yes ; but, in providing for your own, are you not under obligation to regard the welfare of others ? "

"I suppose I have nothing to do with others. My business is to take care of myself and family," replied Parks, somewhat agitated.

"If that principle, Mr. Parks, was adopted by every man, would it not break up and destroy society ? "

"I have nothing to do with society. I must look out for number *one*, and let every body else take care of themselves."

"Mr. Parks, you are a member of this community, and, since you are protected in all your natural rights,

we have a right to expect that you will do something to build up and support it; but instead of that you are doing all you can to weaken, injure, and destroy it."

"What do you mean? How, I wish to know, have I weakened and injured society? Haven't I always paid my taxes? Haven't I always met promptly my school bills? And haven't I always paid punctually my corporation taxes?" asked Parks, in a loud and boisterous manner.

"I know, Mr. Parks, you have paid your taxes; but you have reduced many in this village so low they have no taxes to pay. It is true, you have met punctually your school bills; but I can point you to eight or ten whom you have rendered unable to pay theirs. And I know, too, you have paid your assessments; but your business increases mine and every other business man's to an alarming extent."

"My business increases *your* taxes? I should like to have you make that appear!" exclaimed Parks, indignantly.

"The truth is, Mr. Parks, your business tends directly to saddle the community with a heavy and unjust tax; and if I give you the evidence, you won't believe it."

"I defy you, Mr. Scribner, to produce any such evidence. It is one thing to make an assertion, and quite another to prove it," replied Parks.

"Why was it, Mr. Parks, that Mose Whipple and Sam Laraby were not able to pay their school bills last winter? Was it not on account of intemperance?

Their bills, which amounted to seven dollars, I had to help pay; and it was all because you and Doty took their money for rum."

"Well, there were others who couldn't pay their school bills. Widow Scoville couldn't pay hers; do you charge that to rum too?"

"Certainly I do. You have forgotten the last drink her husband took at your bar, which caused his death, haven't you?"

"Scribner, I have heard enough about that. It is time that was dropped. You and your fanatical clan are forever harping about Scoville's freezing to death," said Parks, in a rage.

"I know you have heard all you wish to hear on the subject; but you called for evidence, and I mean you shall have it. But for the liquor you sold to Bill Scoville he might have been alive now, and been a useful citizen, and able to educate his children. But you and Doty *killed* him, which has made it necessary for me and others to school his children."

"Lay it all to liquor. If it wasn't for *liquor* and *rumsellers*, I don't know what you and Donaldson would do for something to talk about. You have so long harped upon it, that you can't talk or think about any thing else."

"Parks, I want you to understand that we don't mean to talk about any thing else till you and your brother rumsellers abandon your wicked traffic, and engage in some honest employment for a living."

"Do you mean to insinuate, sir, that my business is not honest?" asked Parks, excited.

"Most certainly I do. Is it honest to take from a man his money, and give him no equivalent in return?"

"I do give him an equivalent," replied Parks.

"Yes, a most fearful equivalent! It would be a great deal better for him and his family if you gave him nothing in return for his money. The conduct of the highwayman who takes a man's money and lets him go home to his family uninjured, is merciful compared with yours. And should you establish yourself by the wayside in some dark ravine, and filch from every man his money, you would stand fairer in the estimation of the good and virtuous than you now do."

"Scribner, go and preach your doctrine to the board of excise, and not to me. If I am a robber, what are they? It is by their authority I do it. They have licensed me to sell, and the people elected them knowing they *would* do it," replied Parks, with an air of triumph.

Parks, having no disposition to further protract the unpleasant conversation, turned away from his hated antagonist.

This interview awakened a new train of thought in Scribner's mind. He saw at once that it would render important aid to the temperance cause to collect and circulate statistics respecting the enormous taxes which accrue from intemperance. Following out this new suggestion, he went to all the business men in the place and made known his plan, and requested them to furnish him with an exact statement of all their losses, during the last five years, in consequence of

dealing with intemperate men. He had made many appeals to the sympathies of voters and tax payers to lend their influence to put down the traffic, but with little success. He thought this would be an appeal to their purse — a kind of pocket argument which they would hear and fully appreciate.

As soon as Scribner received returns from the professional and business men of the town, he arranged the facts in the following order, embracing the statements and signatures of the gentlemen from whom he received them : —

MR. SCRIBNER :

Dear Sir : You have requested me to give you an exact account of the sum I have lost during the last five years as a physician, in consequence of intemperance. I find, in looking over my books, that for the last five years I have lost two hundred and seventy-five dollars.

OLIVER BIRDSALL, M. D.

MR. SCRIBNER :

Sir : You requested of me statistics respecting the amount I have lost in consequence of dealing with dissipated men. I find, on looking over my books, I have sold to that class of men boots and shoes, for which I have never received a farthing, and never shall, to the amount of one hundred and fifty-four dollars.

SIMEON VANDERBELT.

MR. SCRIBNER :

The amount I have lost in the past five years,

by deal ng with drunkards, is much larger than I supposed. As near as I can ascertain, I have lost goods to the amount of two hundred and thirty-four dollars.

ELIJAH BEMIS.

MR. SCRIBNER:

Dear Sir: I have carefully examined my books, and find I have visited during the last five years one hundred and twenty patients connected with the families of drunkards. My loss, as near as I can calculate it, amounts to one hundred and ten dollars and seventy-five cents.

GARDNER BRIGGS, M. D.

MR. SCRIBNER:

I have examined my books, as you requested, and find I have lost in selling flour to the families of inebriates, the last five years, not far from eighty-six dollars and thirty-four cents.

HENRY WILSON.

MR. SCRIBNER:

Dear Sir: I find on my books seven charges for coffins which I sold to drunkards, all of them for children, for which I have never received a penny, and never shall, amounting to twenty-one dollars.

TIMOTHY NEWCOMB.

MR. SCRIBNER:

During the last five years I have sold goods to drunkards, which I have lost, to the amount of two hundred and thirty-eight dollars and fifty-four cents.

WILLIS AIKEN.

MR. SCRIBNER:

Dear Sir: I am glad you are looking into the amount of losses sustained by business men in consequence of the liquor traffic. I find mine much larger than I had any idea of. I have sold drugs to that class of men, which I have lost, to the amount of one hundred and nine dollars and sixty-seven cents.

ALFRED RUSSELL.

MR. SCRIBNER:

Sir: I find old debts made during the last five years, for groceries, standing against inebriates, to the amount of one hundred and thirty-eight dollars and seventy-three cents.

GEORGE GODFREY.

MR. SCRIBNER:

I have been a farmer in the town of Harwood for nine years. During the last five years of that time I have sold grain and pork to inebriates, for which I have not received pay, to the amount of fifty dollars.

OGDEN PHILLIPS.

MR. SCRIBNER:

You wish to know of me how much I have lost by the liquor traffic for five years past. I have lost a horse and a carriage. Henry Howland, while intoxicated, started his team from Doty's tavern at the height of their speed, and ran into me, instantly killing my horse, destroying my carriage, and very badly injuring my wife and myself. My loss was estimated at two hundred and fifty dollars.

DAVID EGGLESTON.

MR. SCRIBNER:

Sir: I will add to the list of your statistics of the loss of property by the rum traffic the destruction of a good barn, two wagons, one fanning mill, one good sleigh, and a large amount of hay and grain. It appears some fellows intoxicated went there from Jenks's tavern to gamble. The probability is their light in some way communicated fire to the hay. My loss, which I am compelled to sustain without any redress, is about six hundred and fifty dollars.

SAMUEL DOWNER.

RECAPITULATION.

Oliver Birdsall, M. D.,	$275 00
Simeon Vanderbelt,	154 00
Elijah Bemis,	234 00
Gardner Briggs, M. D.,	110 75
Henry Wilson,	86 34
Timothy Newcomb,	21 00
Willis Aiken,	238 54
Alfred Russell,	109 67
George Godfrey,	138 73
Ogden Phillips,	50 00
David Eggleston,	250 00
Samuel Downer,	650 00
Total loss, as above ascertained,	$2318 03

Mr. Scribner went into all the districts in the town, and got the amount of exemptions, in consequence of intemperance, for five years past. He found in the fourteen districts the aggregate amount

of schooling which the children of inebriates had received, and which was paid by the sober and industrious part of the community, was three hundred and fifty dollars.

He also, so far as he was able, ascertained the amount of assistance which had been rendered to the families of drunkards by voluntary donations, which he put down at four hundred and fifty dollars.

After collecting the above statistics from the professional and business men of the town who were friendly to the temperance cause, he was perfectly astonished to find, on footing up the several sums above enumerated, an aggregate of *three thousand one hundred and eighteen dollars and three cents!* He saw at once the honest and industrious men of the town of Harwood were paying out annually more than six hundred dollars, besides their regular town taxes — three fourths of which no one disputed was in consequence of this traffic. This he considered a powerful weapon against the legal sale of intoxicating drinks, nor did he hesitate to use it. He made known the result of his examination to all the business men, and especially to all such as were indifferent or conservative in their feelings respecting this reform. He spent several days in visiting the farmers, to show them what an unjust tax the liquor traffic imposed upon their property. Among others he saw Mr. John Hamilton, who owned three or four hundred acres of land, and who prided himself upon his skill in tilling the soil. He had generally favored the traffic, and had always cast his vote for men on that side of the question.

After the usual salutations were passed, Scribner broached the subject in his abrupt manner by inquiring, "Mr. Hamilton, did you know Parks and Doty have a mortgage on your farm?"

"No, I didn't," replied Hamilton, with much astonishment.

"Well, they have."

"That is impossible. I owe no man a cent."

"Why, you don't pretend to say your property is clear, do you?"

"Most certainly I do."

"What is the amount of your taxes annually."

"About forty dollars."

"Now I will explain myself," said Scribner. "If you pay forty dollars, then you give not far from twenty-six dollars to support the rum traffic."

"How can you make that appear?" asked Hamilton.

"From statistics; actual facts."

"But where do you get your facts? Can they be relied upon? You know, Scribner, I am a little incredulous in this matter."

"Certainly they can. I take them from the report of the committee appointed by the legislature on the excise question, in March, 1850. 'From returns made to the secretary of state,' says the report, 'the cost of pauperism, in 1849, was eight hundred and seventeen thousand four hundred and forty-one dollars.' Of this the report estimates six hundred and seventy thousand one hundred and forty-three dollars for intemperance. Were there no dram shops, and no intemperance, the whole cost of supporting the

poor in that year would have been but one hundred and forty-seven thousand two hundred and ninety-eight dollars. 'Taxation for crime,' says the report, 'it is difficult to estimate. One trial for murder has recently cost the county of Albany six hundred dollars. Another, the county of Orleans, one thousand dollars,' (and still another, the county of Alleghany, a thousand dollars.) 'Nearly all the business of grand juries, sheriffs, constables, and almost the entire police system in all the cities is chargeable to intemperance.' So you see, Mr. Hamilton, I was right when I told you the rumsellers have a mortgage on your property."

"Upon my word, Scribner, I never saw it in this light before. I have often read in my paper that intemperance increased taxation, but I never saw the evidence of it before. I recollect now the trial of Sanders, for killing Phelps, which cost this county nine hundred dollars. That I know was chargeable to intemperance, because Sanders was drunk when he committed the murder."

"But, neighbor Hamilton, this is not the only tax it imposes. I have here some statistics, which show how much our business men and farmers lose annually in consequence of this traffic."

After Scribner had read over the list, Hamilton laughed, saying, "I can add another item to your category of taxes. Some six or eight years ago I sold a cow to Sam Laraby, and agreed to take his labor in haying for pay; but he never came near me. And what was still more trying, he afterwards sold her to Doty, no doubt for rum."

"Well, friend Hamilton, that is the way it goes, and that is the way it will continue to go, unless you and other tax payers break away from your party and vote for men who will give us the Maine law."

"I have always been opposed to bringing it into politics, but I must confess I believe we shall be compelled to do it in self-defence," replied Hamilton.

"It is already *in* politics," said Scribner, "and it is the strong arm of the law that makes you pay twenty-six or twenty-eight dollars annually to support this wretched system."

"Scribner, I believe you are right."

"Certainly I am. Why, look at Herkimer county. 'In 1849, there were one thousand seven hundred and thirty-nine drunken paupers, according to the report of the superintendent of the poor, for whom a tax was levied of ten thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars, or five hundred and sixty-five dollars and nineteen cents to each of its nineteen towns; all of which was caused by one hundred and forty-seven liquor dealers.' So you see I was right about the rumsellers having a claim on your property."

"Yes, I see it now. It is true, they have."

"Well, neighbor, what will you do?"

"Why, I shall do all I can to have their claim relinquished. In other words, I shall vote for men who refuse to sign licenses, and for assemblymen who will give us the Maine law, that a stop may be put to this unjust and oppressive system."

Scribner left him, feeling he had achieved a valuable victory. He had often appealed to him to enlist his feelings and sympathies, but had been unsuccess-

ful. His pocket appeal, or the disclosure of the fact that the rum traffic increased his taxes about two thirds, worked upon his feelings like a charm. Scribner tried its power upon others, and almost wherever he went he saw evidence of its power to convince the understanding and enlist the feelings of nearly all the tax payers, who had hitherto stood aloof from the reform.

CHAPTER XVI.

INTEREST AGAINST PRINCIPLE.

"Likewise must the deacons be grave, not double tongued, not given to much wine, not greedy of filthy lucre." — 1 TIM. iii. 8.

"WHAT have you there, Sherman?" inquired Mr. Nash.

"I have some printed resolutions which we passed in our club, respecting the adulteration of liquors, which I am going to stick up on every store in town."

"What are they?"

"It will take but a moment; I'll read them."

Sherman unfolded one of the handbills and read the following: —

"NOTICE. — The following resolutions, after a lengthy discussion, were unanimously adopted by the Harwood Literary Association: —

"*Resolved, first*, That we believe, from good authority, that the liquors retailed at our public houses are adulterated, and heavily charged with nauseous and poisonous drugs.

"*Resolved, secondly*, That, from the evidence we have before us, we do not hesitate to say that a large portion, if not all, of the wines that are sold as pure and genuine are nothing but a mixture of cider brandy, logwood, oak bark, and other astringents.

"*Resolved, thirdly*, That those men whose cupidity

leads them to sell drugged wines and adulterated liquors, thereby exposing the health and lives of their fellow-citizens, deserve the unmeasured rebuke and condemnation of every honest man.

"*Resolved, fourthly,* That hereafter total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks shall be one of the conditions of membership to this association.

"*Resolved, fifthly,* That a copy of these resolutions shall be posted on every store door and tavern in the town of Harwood, and be published in the county papers. CHARLES RICE, *Secretary.*"

"Why, Sherman, you are getting to be very radical. Are you not going a little too fast? Are you not in advance of the times?" asked Mr. Nash.

"If you mean by radical going to the *root* of the matter, then we *are* 'radical.' It was our object to strike a blow at the root of this evil, and we could see no better way than to expose the villains who are selling drugged liquors."

"Well, have you not made charges which you cannot sustain? Have you not made yourselves liable?"

"We are able to prove all we say in these resolutions."

"Where will you find testimony to prove that 'a large portion, if not all, of the wines which are sold as pure and genuine are nothing but a mixture of cider brandy, logwood, oak bark, and other astringents'? These, Sherman, are grave charges to bring against our retailers of liquors. It seems to me you ought to consider the matter a little more carefully before you come out in this public manner against these men."

"It is not at all surprising, Mr. Nash, that you take this ground. I understand your difficulty. Your feelings and *interest* are on that side of the question."

"*My* difficulty! What do you mean?"

"Well, sir, I mean you have just built and rented a new public house, for which you receive a high rent, which you think cannot be sustained without the sale of liquor. And besides, Deacon Nash, you think a little too much of a dram occasionally, especially of wine. The Bible says that 'deacons must not be given to much wine.'"

"Well, sir, I don't wish you, stripling as you are, to attempt to instruct a man of gray hairs. The world has come to a strange pass, that young men who are scarcely out of their 'teens' assume the authority of lecturing old people."

"Deacon, I wish to be reverent and respectful, but I must protest against the position you occupy in this community. You stand right in the way of the temperance reform; your whole influence is on the side of rum."

"Well, where have you stood? and where has been your influence?"

"I confess, deacon, I have always been on that side, and I came very near being ruined by tippling. But I now see my danger and my only safety. And I have labored with the members of our association until they see and feel as I do. These resolutions contain the honest sentiments of our club. And now, as we are making an effort to reform ourselves and others, — for you know that some of us had become

very hard drinkers, — I feel grieved to find a deacon of an Orthodox church standing in our way."

"You misrepresent me altogether. I am not in your way. I should be glad to see the evils of intemperance banished from the land."

"Why, then, do you drink wine? and why have you rented this house for a liquor tavern? There is an inconsistency about this which needs some explanation."

"Respecting my drinking wine, I suppose I have a *right* to drink what I please; and you have no right to dictate to me about my habits."

"That's — right — deacon, gin 'im some; I think jes' — you — do; you 'spress my mind zack'ly," said a poor old drunkard, who stood leaning against the deacon's new tavern.

"Zack, shut your head; Sherman will think the deacon's bad as you, if you don't stop your blubberin'," said another inebriate, as he pulled down Zack's hat over his eyes.

"And as for this house," continued the deacon, "I have no control over it. I rent it for two hundred dollars a year."

"Did you say any thing to Graham about selling liquor in it when you rented it to him? Did you express any desire that he would not?"

"No, I said nothing to him about it. I rented it to him for so much, and gave him full liberty to control it, and do as he pleased with it. If he sells liquor, allows gambling, or any other wicked practice, it is nothing to me. It is his house, not mine."

"Did you not tell some of the friends of tem-

perance that it should be kept as a temperance house?"

"Suppose I did; have I not a right to change my mind?"

"That fact, deacon, shows that your attention was called to the subject before you rented, and that you could have controlled it had you been so disposed. The idea that a man is not responsible for the mischief his property does is a ridiculous one, and one which, it seems to me, will not be entertained for a moment but by supremely selfish men. Why, deacon, suppose you put under the care of some one a wild ox, and he breaks away and gores men and women; would you not be held responsible?"

"No, sir; not at all. There could be no legal claim upon me whatever."

"I am not talking about the legality of the thing. I had reference to your moral responsibility. If men are made drunkards in this establishment, will not God hold you responsible for their ruin? Will you not be held at his bar as an accessory?"

"That is quite another matter, and one which it is not proper to discuss in this place," replied the deacon, much agitated.

"I should think, deacon, this would not be a very pleasant topic to you; a man occupying the station you do in a Christian church, and at the same time sustaining intemperance by your influence and money."

"To be plain with you, Sherman, I think for a young man you have meddled quite enough with my business. I hope hereafter you will have the good-

ness to say nothing about me or my business," returned the deacon, rather sharply.

Sherman promised Donaldson, when he showed him the extracts from the liquor peddler's cart, that he would lay the matter before the young men's association, and induce its members, if possible, to pledge themselves to total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks. By reading the recipes for counterfeiting liquors, he succeeded in securing their attention, which resulted in the appointment of a committee to investigate the matter, and finally the resolutions which Sherman was posting up when the deacon met him.

For the information of the reader, it is proper to say that Deacon Nash was a very avaricious man, and emphatically double tongued. He became all things to all men in the worst sense of the term. He had claimed to be a temperance man, talked loudly in its favor, and sometimes ventured to speak in its behalf in temperance meetings, notwithstanding he was in the constant habit of using port wine as a beverage. This, however, he concealed from his brethren and the world. In the construction of a railroad, which was located nearly a mile from the village of Harwood, it became necessary to locate the depot on the deacon's land. He saw at once it would put him in a situation to make money by dividing up his farm, and selling it off for village lots at a high price. To start the excitement, and make people believe it would be a village, if not a second-rate city, he immediately erected two good buildings, one of which he denominated a tavern. In this we see

no particular harm, nor of this do we complain. It was very proper for the deacon to erect a public house where travellers could be made comfortable during their stay. But what we complain of is the deacon's cupidity, which led him to rent his building to a low, vulgar, profane, drinking man, for the purpose of keeping a liquor tavern. He spent much of his time there in the midst of inebriation, without exhibiting any signs of compunctions of conscience. He lost his standing in the church so far as his spirituality was concerned, and was considered wholly unfit for the office he held. His warmth in opposing Sherman was wholly on the ground of interest. It was ascertained that Graham told him he would give him fifty dollars more rent if he would allow him to sell liquor. For a little "*filthy lucre*," therefore, this good deacon allowed Graham to open wide the gates of death, and to ruin his neighbors for time and eternity. We have such men in abundance; but, thank God, they are not all deacons.

The above resolutions, coming from the source they did, created a great sensation, not only in the town of Harwood, but in a large section of country surrounding. In a very few weeks it was apparent to all that the sale of port and brandy had diminished, and many young men who had been noted for their habits of tippling became abstemious, and absented themselves from the grog shops. The rumsellers saw the change the resolutions were working among the young men, and deeply felt the loss they were sustaining in consequence of the stand the association had taken. They called a meeting, made long and

noisy speeches, and finally passed a resolution to prosecute the young men for slander; but no prosecutions were commenced, which increased the evidence that the charges made in the resolutions were true.

One morning, several weeks after the passage of the resolutions, Doty was in at a drug store, and called for some *creosote*, carbonate of potash, and lunar caustic; and while the druggist was putting up the articles, Scribner and Dr. Finley came in.

"My wife," said Doty, evidently chagrined, "is going to color some garments, and I am getting these articles for her."

"What use does she make of lunar caustic and creosote in coloring?" asked the doctor, with an insidious smile.

"I didn't ask her. If you wish to know, you must inquire for yourself," replied Doty.

"Now, Doty," said Scribner, "I hope you won't mix these ingredients with your liquors. You have poisoned men enough. Creosote is a subtile poison, one drop of which is sufficient to kill ten men; and you are mixing it with your new whiskey, to give it the appearance of age."

"Who says it's a poison?" asked Doty, sharply.

"All chemists and well-informed physicians," replied Scribner.

"All ignorant fanatics, you'd better say," sneered Doty.

"Well, here is Dr. Finley, who has never been called a fanatic. I should like to hear his opinion on the subject," said Scribner.

"I have no objections, gentlemen, to giving my opinion on this question, although it may not be worth much to you. It is the prevailing opinion with scientific men, I believe, that creosote is an active, subtile poison. Few substances, I think, act more fatally on the nervous system than this. Dentists use it very carefully to destroy the nerves of the teeth. And with all their care and prudence, it sometimes has a disastrous effect. You probably recollect, gentlemen, the melancholy death of Dr. Boardman, a dentist of Hartford, who died in consequence of using it for this purpose."

"What is your opinion, doctor, of adulterating liquors with these poisons?" asked Scribner.

"O, it must have a very injurious effect upon the health of those who use the liquors. The drugs which are now used is the reason why men become drunkards so soon. Since my remembrance, it was a common thing for men to use pure liquors through life without inebriation. We have no such cases now. It is a common thing now to see young men of seventeen reeling in the streets as common drunkards. All this, I think, is in consequence of drugged liquors. Thirty years ago, also, *delirium tremens* was a rare disease. Now it is so common that almost every drunkard has its symptoms, if not the disease, in some of its fearful forms. This, I have no doubt, is to be charged to the adulteration of liquors."

CHAPTER XVII.

FORCE OF PUBLIC SENTIMENT

"Our enemies have beat us to the pit:
It is more worthy to leap in ourselves
Than tarry till they push us.

"WHAT is going to be done here?" inquired Mr. Coonradt of Doty and John Matthews, as they were examining the old distillery which had been idle for a number of years.

"We think some of repairing this building," replied Doty.

"For what purpose?"

"To open a market in the neighborhood for corn and rye."

"Then you think of starting a distillery again?"

"Yes, that is our purpose now."

"If they pass the Maine law, it will be apt to put out the fires, won't it?"

"That law won't pass this session. I have received a letter from the member for this district, who assures me there is no danger of its passing; on the strength of that, we are going to repair the old distillery."

"The'e is too much stwength in New Yo'k fo' that law eve' to pass. Liquo' deale's contwol too many votes fo' that," said Matthews, twirling his ivory-headed cane.

"I think myself," said Coonradt, "it will be some time before they pass it, if they ever do."

"The wadicals a'e twying to crowd it th'ough; but I guess they will have thei' labo' fo' thei' pains."

"It is to be hoped they will. I should consider it a great calamity to our state if it should pass."

"So should I, Mr. Coonradt," said Doty.

Coonradt was an extensive farmer, and a man of great influence. In the temperance reform, his sympathies were all on the side of the rum traffic. He called himself a conservative, which is only another name for a *moderate opposer* of the temperance enterprise. No matter how carefully a man of that description defines his principles and position, liquor dealers and their supporters will claim him as a partisan.

John Matthews married Lucy Doty, and at this time felt he was a very important member of the family. It was in part on account of his advice that Doty thought of rekindling the fires of his distillery, and partly because he desired to express his contempt of the rapidly-growing sentiment for the Maine law.

In a few weeks, the old building was newly roofed and silled, and supplied with new apparatus for converting the blessings of Heaven into liquid fire.

This move of Doty's was deprecated by the whole community. A public meeting was called, a petition was drawn up in respectful language, and signed by the inhabitants, and presented to Mr. Doty. The wives of drunkards went to him and besought him with tears not to open a distillery; but petitions and

entreaties made no more impression on his hard heart than the shadow of a cloud passing over a rock.

After the laboratory of ruin and death was in full operation, John devoted his whole time to superintending the purchase of wood and grain, and the sales of liquor. Very soon John discovered their sales did not come up to the number of gallons daily manufactured.

"Fathe' Doty," said John, "I think we had bette' send out a peddle'. Ou' sales a'e wathe' too slow fo' the amount we a'e making."

"Who can we get that will make a good salesman, and carry the matter through successfully?" inquired Doty.

"Ned Da'by, I think, will be just the chap. He loves to wide, and he would wathe' be on the woad any time than to eat."

"Have you said any thing to him on the subject?"

"Yes; he is weady to go wheneve' we say the wo'd."

"What team shall we send him out with?"

"I wathe' guess we had bette' let him take the gway ho'ses; he likes to dwive a good team."

A few days after the above conversation, Ned Darby was seen driving away from the distillery, mounted on a huge load of dingy barrels and filthy-looking kegs filled with whiskey. To act as hostler, or have charge of a team, was a calling quite as high as he desired. As he passed through the streets of Harwood, the crack of his whip, his erect posture, and his assumed air of importance afforded abundant evidence that he felt his promotion. He was not entirely

destitute of the qualities requisite for a successful rum peddler. He had impudence, confidence in himself, and a strong appetite for the article in which he dealt. He abounded in profanity, vulgarity, and almost every vice common in that class of men, which Doty thought would give him a warm reception in every bar room and liquor store.

John Matthews, by his aristocratic feeling and airs of dignity and importance, had secured the ill will of the young people of the town, especially of all such as were inclined to favor the temperance reform. They took great pleasure in hectoring him when in his presence, by imitating his speech and walk, and by wearing loose, flaunting watch chains, and rings upon their fingers.

One warm afternoon in the month of April, John seated himself on the bank near the distillery to bask in the sun. His stupid, sluggish nature soon became relaxed under the influence of heat and a southerly breeze, and he dropped asleep. Some rude young fellows passing by and seeing his condition, resolved on having some sport at his expense. A large box which was lying close by was carefully placed over him. They seated themselves around their caged humanity, anxiously awaiting the moment when he should awake from his slumbers. Soon the box raised up on one side and fell back. At the second effort, he succeeded in throwing it over. Looking around upon the young men indignantly, he exclaimed, "Well, weally, you a'e fine gentlemen!"

"We did it out of kindness to you. We we'e

afwaid the wavens would pick out you' eyes," said one.

"You a'e all a pack of woudies."

"Don't be so angwy," said another, "we wo'e afwaid the ways of the sun would tan you' skin."

"Go off, you wascals; you a'e wo'se than a gang of wobbe's," replied John, in a loud and angry tone, as he went towards the distillery.

"*Matthew*, *Mark*, *Luke*, and *John*," said one, moderately; "what a specimen you are to represent the *first* and the *last* of the holy evangelists.

"Who do you wepwesent, you wenegades?"

John was glad to enter the distillery and hide himself in its fumes and smoke, away from the sneers and reproaches of the young men.

Several incidents occurred about this time in the town which exasperated the public mind to a feverish degree, and resulted in a violent storm upon the heads of all liquor dealers and their apologists.

"Hank, where are you going?" asked the keeper of a low groggery of Henry Howland, as he passed out of the door one dark and stormy night.

"To hell!" was his reply.

His wretched comrades, whom he left gambling for liquor, had scarcely ceased laughing at his remark before they were startled by the cries, "Help! help! O God, have mercy!"

This liquor saloon was situated near a high bridge, which spanned a large stream of water that swept along down through the lower part of the village of Harwood. Some eighty rods below the bridge, on

the bank of the stream, stood Doty's distillery. It was supposed, from the direction whence came the distressing cries for help, that some one had fallen from the bridge into the river. Not many minutes elapsed before the streets were filled with anxious inquirers after the cause of alarm, and the banks on either side lined with men carrying lanterns and torches, making search for the unhappy victim; but no trace of him, that night, could be found. Next day, by carefully raking the bottom of the river, the body of Henry Howland was found lodged against one of the piers upon which rested the sty attached to Doty's distillery. A coroner was called, a jury summoned, and a verdict rendered that he came to his death by "*drowning, caused by intoxication.*"

The same week Philip Saxbury returned home late at night from Doty's tavern, drunk. His family were absent. The next day when his wife came home she found him lying upon the hearth, his head burned to a crisp, and a small jug of whiskey standing by his side.

These incidents, which occurred in the village and within so short a time, silenced the cavillers, aroused the conservatives, and stimulated the active temperance men to greater exertions and self-denying labors to suppress the traffic. By Scribner and Donaldson they were looked upon as special providences to circumscribe, and finally destroy, the sale of intoxicating drinks as a beverage in the town of Harwood.

"Well, Ned, have you sold out your load?" inquired Doty, as Ned was driving into the yard on his return.

"No, I hain't," replied Ned, as he clambered down from the huge pile of barrels.

"You haven't! What's the matter?"

"'Cause don't no body want any. That's what's the matter."

"Did you go to Mr. Plummer's?"

"Yes."

"What did he say?"

"He said he didn't want none. He said he hain't got no license; and besides, he said the Maine law would pass, and he's got liquor 'nough now to lose on."

"Did you go to Mr. Wentworth's?"

"Yes."

"What did he say?"

"He said he didn't want none. When I driv up, the store was full of men talkin' about Howland and Saxbury; and they made all sorts of fun of me, and told me I or't to be in better business than to be peddlin' death around the country."

"What did Wentworth say?"

"He didn't say nothin' to it, only laughed."

"If I'd been there, I'd have given them a piece of my mind."

"It wouldn't done no good. All along the road folks pints their fingers, and some says '*murder*,' and some '*death peddler;*' and over in the Rogers Settlement the boys wrote on the barrels and wagon all sorts o' stuff, which I washed out."

"What did they write?"

"They wrote '*Hell Porridge*,' '*Devil's Broth*,' '*Liquid*

Fire,' and '*Satan's Juice,*' and a good deal more sich as I never hearn on afore."

"Well, I'll go myself. It won't be healthy for them to write on *my* load. I'll cowhide every mother's son of them if they come around me with their stuff."

Very early the next morning, partly from the promptings of avarice, and partly to defy public sentiment, Doty mounted his load of barrels, and started off to make sale of his whiskey.

"Good morning, Mr. Doty," said a gentleman whom he met. "You are not going out to peddle liquor, I hope?"

"Why do you hope so?" asked Doty.

"On account of the effects of it in the community. I have a couple of neighbors here near me, who are as fine men as I wish to live by, when sober; but when they get liquor, they act more like devils than men. One of them came home last night, struck his wife with a large dipper, and cut a gash in her head three inches long. I heard the noise, and went over; if I hadn't, I guess he would have killed her."

"Well, what is that to me?"

"Perhaps it is *nothing* to you, but it is to me. It annoys *me* very much. Every time he comes home drunk, I have to go over to keep him from killing his wife. And it seems to me, Mr. Doty, it ought to be *something* to the man who furnishes the liquor."

"Go and talk to them that let him have it."

"That is the very reason, sir, I am talking with you. His wife says he spends all his earnings at your bar."

"Well, I wish you and some others would mind

your own business. It is very strange a man can't pursue an honest calling without being abused and ridiculed by his neighbors."

"You may possibly think you are engaged in an honest business, but I doubt it some."

"Doubt as much as you please; I shall make it, and sell it, in spite of all the cold-water fanatics that could stand between this and Boston," replied Doty, angrily, as he drove off on his mission of death.

"Halloo, friend!" said Doty, to a man some distance from the road, ploughing; "I wish you would come with your team and help me up the hill with my load."

"I will do so," said the man.

He unhitched his cattle from the plough, and drove them out to Doty's team.

"What are you loaded with?" inquired the curious Yankee, as he walked around the pile of rusty barrels.

"Here is a ring to hook into," replied Doty, pretending not to hear his question.

"Yes, but what have you aboard?"

"Never mind, hook on. I'll pay you well for it."

"Now, see here, mister; I won't stir an inch till you tell me what is in them ar' black-lookin' barrels."

"I am loaded with liquor."

"Whoa, haw, Buck and Bright, go 'long there," said the man, driving off his team; "my oxen don't draw whiskey."

"You're a very accommodating man!" exclaimed Doty, with a tone of impatience.

"I've seen too much of your 'tarnal stuff; gee, go 'long; you can't fool me."

Doty saw no way but to manage in some manner to roll off from his load two or three barrels, and run the risk of leaving them until he returned. He placed two rails as skids from his wagon to the ground, upon which to slide his barrels. The first one got the advantage of him, burst off the chime hoops, and emptied its contents upon the ground.

"My friend," said Doty to a young man passing by, as he was lifting on the second barrel, "I wish you would assist me a few moments in rolling off a part of my load."

"What are you loaded with?"

"Whiskey."

"I should be glad to do you the small favor; but I cannot."

"What is in the way of your doing it?"

"I am a temperance man. I have pledged myself not to use it, or provide it for others, and in every suitable way to discountenance its use in the community; and I know of no way so effectually to discountenance the use of it as to withhold assistance from you on this occasion."

"Nonsense on your pledge! Lay aside your superstitious notions, and help a man in distress."

"No, *sir;* not to handle whiskey. How many men will that load kill? How many wives will be whipped, and children starved, by it? How many quarrels do those casks contain, and how many buildings will they burn? And how many ———"

"Go along about your business, and stop your abuse," replied Doty, interrupting him.

"Did you say Howland got his last drink at your bar? And did I understand you to say Saxbury got his jug filled at your distillery the night he went home and fell in the fire? I am a little deaf," said the young man sarcastically, holding his hand up to his ear.

"It's a pity you ain't dumb as well as deaf."

"Yes, no doubt you would be glad if all the temperance men were dumb just now. But, unfortunately for you, they still have the use of their unruly member, which will 'set on fire the course of nature,' and convince you that rum making and retailing is warm business."

"Well, do your best; I am not to be frightened by striplings and fanatics; I have lived in this town too long."

"What have you ever done to improve it in morals or wealth?"

"I have minded my own business, just as every honest man should."

"Yes, you have. It has been your business for more than thirty years to make paupers and criminals."

"It is false, sir."

"Doty, you know it is true. I can point to twenty or thirty men who have been made bankrupt and brought down to a premature grave by your traffic. Your whole life has been a blight and mildew and a withering curse upon the inhabitants of this town."

"That is your opinion, you fanatic."

"Not only mine, but of others. How have you made your property."

"I have made it honestly."

"How many of the houses you rent in the village did you get of intemperate men, by taking advantage of their appetites? And how many poor women have you crushed and ruined? and how many children have you reduced to beggary and want?"

"None of your business, you insulting wretch!" replied Doty.

"Your whole life has been devoted to doing mischief; and the sooner you are out of the world the better. And I have no doubt that hundreds of pious hearts are daily praying that society may soon be relieved of its excrescence, which is diffusing the virus of the most deadly infection through it."

"Who cares for their prayers; they won't rise higher than the old church steeple."

"You may rest assured their prayers *will* be heard. Our heavenly Father has styled himself the God of the fatherless, the widow, and the oppressed. He *will* hear their cries, and speedily avenge all their grievances and wrongs; for 'the day of vengeance is in his heart,'" replied the young man, in a grave and solemn manner.

After lifting and toiling until nearly exhausted, Doty succeeded in rolling off from his load three or four barrels, which enabled his team to ascend the hill. His feelings were far from being pleasant. "Can it be possible," he thought, "that public sentiment has so changed that a man can't be considered

respectable who is engaged in the making and selling of ardent spirits? There have always been some to oppose me, upon whom I have looked as fanatics; but now it seems to be every one. They are not even willing to assist me in rolling off a few barrels, or to allow their cattle to draw my load up the hill. The world has truly come to a strange pass. Well, I shall either be compelled to leave the world, or stop my business. The latter I *won't* do — I'll *die* first."

"How do you do, Mr. Chester," said Doty, as he drove up to a store where strong drink had been kept and sold for many years. "Do you wish a new supply of liquors to-day?"

"I think not, Mr. Doty. I have on hand more now, I fear, than I shall be able to sell."

"Why, what is the difficulty?"

"There has been a perfect revolution in this neighborhood within a few months past. Almost every man has taken the pledge. And besides, as public sentiment is shaping, I dare not keep it in my store for sale."

"Why not?"

"Because they have formed a society here, the members of which have unanimously resolved not to patronize any one who in any way countenances the use or sale of intoxicating drinks."

"Worse and worse! When was that done?"

"Last week. Right away after the death of Howland and Saxbury."

"Then you think you won't take any?"

"O, no; if I should, it would ruin me. I should never be able to trade another dollar's worth in this place."

"Well, really, it seems as if the world was running mad with fanaticism," said Doty, as he started off from the store.

After travelling two or three days about the country, he became thoroughly convinced that Ned had abundant reason for not relishing the occupation of a liquor peddler. Almost every man he met curled the lip of contempt, pointed the finger of scorn, and reproached him with severe language. Very often, while passing persons, they would cry out, "DEATH," "MURDER," and use other epithets expressive of the infamous business in which he was engaged.

When he was passing the county house, he saw a man sitting in the corner of the fence by whom he did not wish to be recognized. It was Peter Wilkins. Doty knew him, for he had known him in former days.

"Halloo, Doty, is that you?" inquired Wilkins.

Doty paid no attention to him, but struck his horses, and passed on as if he did not hear him. Wilkins sprang up and ran along by the side of the wagon, and imploringly stretched up his long, bony arms, saying, "Give me back my farm you stole from me! I say, Doty, give me back my farm!"

If a ghost had met him, or if one had appeared to him in his winding sheet from the realms of the dead, it would not have surprised him more. Poor Wilkins, his victims of former years, had long since been forgotten; but his sudden appearance, and the tones of his voice, which he had so often heard in his bar room, revived in his memory all the wrongs he had deliberately inflicted upon him and his innocent fami-

ly. He was once a respectable man, and owned a hundred acres of land, well improved, with a comfortable house and barn. He commenced tippling at Doty's bar, which resulted in the loss of his health, reputation, and farm. By a mortgage, Doty swept the whole of his little estate from him, which compelled him and his family to go to the county house for support.

Doty had met so much opposition, and saw so many evidences of a change in public opinion respecting his traffic, that he was induced to return home as soon as possible. His conscience was so keenly awake that from every person he met he expected to receive curses and reproaches. All nature seemed vocal with his guilt. The passing breeze, the rustling leaf, and the murmuring brook reminded him of his life of villany. He felt as did Shakspeare's Richard III., when he exclaimed, —

> "My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
> And every tongue brings in a several tale,
> And every tale condemns me for a villain."

While on his way home, on a piece of road which was newly worked, his horses became set. He made several attempts, by prying up the wheels and whipping his team, to remove his load from the slough, but all to no purpose. It was now dark. He saw no alternative but to go nearly a mile to a farm house and secure assistance. While absent from his load, a physician passed by, who very freely recorded his sentiments upon the wagon box and barrels with phosphorus.

Doty returned without assistance, and to his astonishment he read in blazing characters of light upon his wagon and barrels, "*Death Cart*," "*Lucifer's Agents*," "*Liquid Fire*," "*Delirium Tremens*," "*Property Destroyer*," "*Disease Breeder*," "*Death Invoker*," "*Hell Procurer*." If he had read these dreadful words in characters of fire upon the blue vault of heaven, or if a fallen angel from the bottomless pit had announced them, he could not have been more agitated or alarmed. Stung with the keenest remorse, like Judas, he put an end to his existence.

The next morning his lifeless body was found suspended from the branch of a small tree standing near his load. Thus closed the worthless life of Abijah Doty. His corpse was taken to the village of Harwood for interment, and in a few months the family erected over his grave an expensive monument, with the following inscription : —

"*Sacred to the Memory of* ABIJAH DOTY, *who departed this life* —— ——, *aged* 60 *years.*

"—— No mortal woes
Can reach the lowly sleeper here,
While angels watch the soft repose."

It is common for the ties of nature to incite us to cherish in our memory deceased relatives, though, when living, they were vicious and abandoned. But it should be remembered that no marble pile, or deeply-cut inscriptions upon granite or brass, can blot out their crimes from the memory of men, or change the sentiment of the world respecting their character.

A few days after the erection of the monument at Doty's grave, the following lines were written upon it with a lead pencil by some unknown hand: —

"*To the Memory of* ABIJAH DOTY."

"Born for a curse to virtue and mankind,
Earth's broadest realms can't show so black a mind;
Night's sable veil your crimes can never hide,
Each one so great, 'twould glut historic tide.
Though dead, your cursèd memory shall live
In all the glare that infamy can give:
Curses of orphans shall attend your name;
Rummies alone will glory in your shame.
Almighty vengeance sternly waits to roll
Rivers of sulphur on your guilty soul;
Nature looks back, with conscious error sad,
On such a tarnished blot as she has made.
Let hell receive him, riveted in chains,
Damned to the hottest focus of its flames."

The friends of Doty charged the above to John Scribner and the village schoolmaster. The language appears harsh and severe, it is true; but when we remember that he was the direct cause of destroying the property and reputation of thirty or forty men, a large number of whom had already gone down to a drunkard's grave, it is no more harsh or severe than an enlightened philanthropy would dictate.

The death of Doty inspired the people with the hope that the distillery would stop, and the sale of liquor at his tavern cease. But John had become so thoroughly committed to that side of the question that he nerved himself anew, and collected every particle of energy he possessed to brave it through. He knew public sentiment was setting against him; he was con-

vinced his traffic was ruinous to many of the inhabitants; he was satisfied he was sending distress and anguish into many families, and multiplying criminals and paupers; but he had committed himself, and his iron will and pride of opinion would not allow him to change.

John, however, in view of the growing opposition against him, very soon felt the need of having some one to assist him in carrying on his business successfully. His aged father was applied to, who readily accepted the proposition to become the partner of his son. This arrangement was made because Mr. Matthews was well acquainted with several gentlemen in the city of New York, who were at the head of extensive establishments for the adulteration of liquors. John had become convinced that it was impossible to dispose of their whiskey at home; hence he sought a foreign market through the acquaintance of his father. His project succeeded to a charm. The old gentleman went to New York and contracted all they could manufacture at a large price.

The old distillery was now enlarged, remodelled and its fires rekindled for a long and steady blast. Every facility which could in any degree enlarge its capacity to pour forth a burning stream of death was added. A double set of hands, and materials in abundance, were provided, which continued the fumes, fire, and smoke of Pluto's laboratory day and night, Sabbaths even not excepted.

Several months after the above arrangement, the elder Matthews was taken violently ill. A council of physicians was called, and, after a critical examina-

tion into the nature of his disease, it was pronounced a *malignant case of inflammation on the brain*, which in a few days terminated his life. On account of the feelings of surviving friends, physicians, no doubt, are often tempted to give a softer name to diseases than truth will warrant. It was so in the case of Matthews. He was a very intemperate man, and had been so for years. It is true, he did not frequent low groggeries, stagger in the streets, and wallow in the gutter; yet he was a drunkard, a drunkard in high life, and died of *delirium tremens*, notwithstanding he was surrounded with beauty, intelligence, and wealth.

The practice of concealing the vices of high life in this manner is pernicious, and paves the way for intemperance to run rampant over society. Physicians should strip off the mask, and let all classes see that inebriation in high life is attended with the same fearful results as in the lower classes, and that just as many hissing serpents crawl through the hair, and demons with glaring eyeballs dance on the pillows, of the rum maniac in the well-furnished parlor of Brussels carpeting, and rosewood and mahogany ware, as in the lowly hovel or shanty. It is high time men learned that vice *is vice*, and no possible circumstances can change it to virtue, or in any degree soften its nature.

The people of Harwood again entertained the hope that the distillery would be discontinued, and its fires cease to burn forever. In this they were disappointed. It is sometimes the case, when "sentence against an evil work is executed speedily, the

hearts of the sons of men are fully set in them to do evil." It was so in the case of young Matthews. The advice of friends he rejected, the entreaties of temperance men he treated with contempt, and the prayers and tears of the drunkard's wife he ridiculed. The fires of alcohol had burned out of his soul all the finer feelings of humanity. He *feared* no one, he *cared* for no one, and *respected* no one. Like Ishmael, his hand was against every man, and every man's hand against him. He became very abusive to his wife, and on several occasions laid violent hands on her, which caused her severe fits of sickness.

One night, during a heavy fall of snow, he left the distillery for the house about nine o'clock. Not coming home as usual, about four o'clock in the morning his wife became alarmed, and went to the distillery in search of him. The hands informed her that he left there for the house at nine o'clock. The taverns were searched, and grocers called upon, but no trace of him could be found. After daylight he was discovered in the corner of the fence, under a foot and a half of snow, cold in death. Thus ended the useless life of John Matthews.

Thus Providence quenched the fires of the old distillery, and caused many hearts to leap for joy.

"God will hear prayer," said the pious wife of a drunkard. "I have prayed for more than a year that he would stop that distillery."

The next morning after the burial of young Matthews, the following notice was found posted on the door of the distillery: —

"The undersigned take this method to notify their

customers that they have removed to the head establishment, of which this was but a branch, where they are now carrying on their business more extensively, free from the annoyance of all temperance fanatics and the opposition of an unjust public sentiment.

"ABIJAH DOTY,
"WILLIAM MATTHEWS,
"JOHN MATTHEWS."

CHAPTER XVIII.

LEGITIMATE FRUITS.

"Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."—PROV. xx. 1.

"Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine."—PROV. xxiii. 29, 30.

"WELL, Mike, what do you think of the Carson League?" asked John Holyday of a comrade, as he entered an under-ground saloon.

Mike Emerson was one of the low drunkards of Harwood, who spent the most of his time at the lower class of groggeries. He had been something of a musician, and still retained enough of his skill, by sawing the strings of his old violin, to draw around him the low and vulgar. For this purpose, Mike was employed by the liquor dealers to draw custom. When Holyday went in, Mike sat with his feet upon the stove, leaning back in his chair, hat on one side of his head, eyes closed, forcing out of his old fiddle one of his favorite tunes. He was so deeply absorbed that he appeared to take no notice of Holyday's question.

"Mike, wake up! Why don't you answer when gentlemen ask your opinion on important questions?" continued Holyday, as he pushed Mike's old chip hat down over his eyes.

"I ain't going to break off in the middle of a strain for you nor nobody else," replied Mike.

It may be necessary, to make our narrative intelligible to the reader, to state that John Holyday married the beautiful and accomplished Olivia Matthews, with whom he became enamoured at a social party at her father's house. The reader will remember on that occasion wine was presented to the guests, and freely drank by all but one. The indifference of parson Holyday to the temperance reform, and his habit of drinking wine at weddings and other social gatherings, influenced John to imitate his example, which resulted in inebriation and death. John was naturally social, impulsive, and energetic, and possessed good talents and a well-balanced mind. Having a taste for study, his father took great pains to instruct his son, and lay the foundation for a liberal education. When John became acquainted with Miss Matthews, he was in his third year in college. He became so charmed and enamoured with her beauty, intelligence, and accomplishments, that he told his friends he could not go on and finish his education till the question of matrimony was favorably settled between him and Miss Olivia. This, however, was not done under two years, during which much of his time was spent in her society and family, where the sentiment prevailed, —

> "One sip of this
> Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight
> Beyond the bliss of dreams. Be wise, and taste," —

and where the cry broke forth from every lip, —

> "Wine — bring wine:
> Let the crystal beaker flame and shine,
> Brimming o'er with the draught divine."

In such society, and under such influences, it is not strange that John Holyday formed an appetite for intoxicating drinks, and became a degraded inebriate. The reader may imagine a tall, well-built man standing before him, with red eyes, bleared face, with here and there a blotch, wearing a crownless hat, with slouching rim, his coat out at the elbows, pantaloons worn through at the knees, and his toes out of his boots. This degraded, forlorn, ruined being is John Holyday. This was his appearance when he stood before Mike Emerson, demanding of him his opinion of the Carson League.

To suppress the illegal sale of intoxicating drinks in the town, a league had been formed, which created no small stir among liquor dealers and their customers.

"What do you think, Mike, of the Carson League?" repeated John, after Mike laid down his violin.

"Ain't thought much about it. I guess if Scribner stops all the licker sellin' in this town, he'll have his hands full," replied Mike, assuming a grave and wise expression of countenance.

"That's what I tell'd 'em," said a poor sleepy drunkard, getting up from a bench in one corner of the room, where he had been taking a short nap.

"*You* tell'd 'em. You are very free to express your opinion, for a stranger," said Mike.

It was true of him that he was a stranger in Harwood, although that was the place of his birth. His

voice attracted the attention of Holyday ; there was something in it which reminded him of former days.

"Is that you, Joe Schoolcraft?" asked Holyday, taking him by the hand.

"'Tain't nobody else," replied Joe.

The reader will bear in mind that Schoolcraft contracted the habits of drinking and gambling in his father's distillery, and finally was detected in passing counterfeit money, and sent to the state prison for ten years. Though he had been out of prison a number of years, this was his first visit to the place of his childhood.

"Why, Joe, I haven't seen you since I saw you in irons starting for Auburn," said Holyday.

"That was a dark day, John. The rattlin' of that cold iron was darned heavy sounds to my ear," returned Joe.

"How did you like it there?"

"Didn't like it. Had no licker, and wasn't allowed to talk to nobody. Rather dry way to live, I thought."

"Where have you been since you come out?"

"I've been every where."

"What doing?"

"To work at the old trade — drinkin', gamblin', and passin' counterfeit money."

"Are you not afraid of going back?"

"Let 'em come. I'm 'nough fur 'em," replied Joe, drawing out of his pocket a six-shooter. "That'll work a few button holes in their hides, if they meddle with me."

"That wouldn't scare old Sheriff Stempser. You

couldn't kill him any more than you could a shadow."

"John, where have *you* been all this long time?" asked Joe.

"O, I've been here, superintending matters in Harwood. The town couldn't exist without me."

"Have you got a wife, John?"

"Indeed I have, Joe — one of the right kind."

"Who was she? Any body I ever knew?"

"Don't you remember Olivia Matthews?"

"I wonder if you got her. You must have had a pile of the *ready* with her, seein' the old man was rich."

"Only five thousand, Joe."

"What you done with it?"

"Why, I've been living on it — living fast. I believe, as old Denison used to say, in sopping both sides while the sop lasts. When it's gone, we will look out for more."

In this Holyday uttered the truth. He did indeed live fast, so far as crime and squandering money were concerned. It was a common thing for him, during one night's debauch, to spend two or three hundred dollars. He frequently gave public dinners at the hotel, when he invited all of his particular friends, who would eat, drink, and smoke to their heart's content at his expense. Sometimes he would spend the whole day in walking the streets with a decanter of brandy in each hand, urging every man, woman, and child to drink with him. When his decanters were empty, he took pleasure in dashing them upon the sidewalk, saying, "Empty bottles are not worth carrying

home." He had another peculiar habit of squandering, by trading his garments. It was very common for him to go from home in the morning sober, with a good suit of clothes, and return at night drunk, with an entire change of garments. It was his custom to trade even with every man who gave him a challenge, without any regard to the size, color, fashion, or quality of the garment.

This very much grieved and afflicted his wife, for which she often rebuked him gently. Sometimes he received it kindly, while at others it chafed and irritated him, and called forth harsh and severe language. By his prodigality they were so reduced that it became necessary for Mrs. Holyday to give music lessons, occasionally paint a landscape, or engage in drawing or embroidery to support the family. She had two beautiful children — a son and daughter. The former she named after her father; the latter Alice, after a dear friend living in New York city. They were both remarkably bright, amiable, and attractive, and partook largely of the intellectual strength and penetration of their mother.

For several years Mrs. Holyday supported herself and children well by teaching music. Her skill and accomplishments were such that it was not difficult for her at any time to procure a class of young ladies, who were glad to sit under her instruction, and pay her the highest price for her services. For a while she controlled her income, and used it to pay house rent, and to procure the necessaries of life for herself and family. But when Holyday had spent all the earthly substance he could call his own, he turned his atten-

tion to his wife's hard-earned income. He first began by teasing her for twenty-five cents, which she readily granted — then for larger sums, and still larger, until she was obliged to refuse him. He then went about among her scholars and collected her bills without her knowledge, threatening them with prosecution if they refused to pay him. This he continued until she was compelled to throw up music teaching and turn her attention to some other employment, the avails of which she could more easily conceal from her husband. When he found this source of income cut off, he became very angry, and swore, if she did not go to teaching music again, he would sell her piano the first opportunity he found. She pleaded with him not to do it, and told him he had spent her property in his course of inebriation, and that the piano was all she had left from her father's estate.

"It is mine," said the unfeeling man, "and I will do what I please with it. Since you have refused to give music lessons, it is a useless article in the house, and is not worth the room it occupies."

"Why, John, it cost you nothing; and perhaps I may conclude to give instruction in music again after a few weeks," replied his wife, very feelingly.

"Go at it, then. If you will get up a class immediately, I won't sell it."

"Well, John, will you agree not to collect and spend my wages?"

"Agree not to spend *your* wages! What do you mean? I wish you would explain yourself."

"You know you collected and made use of all my

last bills, not one dollar of which ever came into the family, or any thing like an equivalent for it."

"Is that any of your business? Must a wife know all about her husband's business? Must I be catechized respecting every dollar I pay out? This is, indeed, fine business for a wife — one who has promised to obey her husband, and consider him the head of the family. I tell you, woman, you must put away your obstinacy, or I'll take some measures to drive your perverseness out of you."

"Why, my husband, I have no desire to interfere improperly with any of your matters. I am willing to give instruction in music, in drawing, painting, or even to take in washing, to support the family, if you will not take up my wages and waste them."

"What do you mean by *your* wages? Are you going to set up a separate purse in the family? Are you going to claim the right to handle all the money, and pay it out as you please, without consulting *me?* I never will submit to it!" exclaimed Holyday, with emphasis, stamping his foot upon the floor.

Mrs. Holyday sat trembling with fear. She had never seen so much wrath and malice exhibited in his countenance before. Little Allie and Willie became alarmed, and cried as if their little hearts would break. Willie hid himself behind his mother's chair, and Allie buried her face in her mother's lap. The conduct of the children very deeply affected Mrs. Holyday. It was something new — an exhibition of another phase in the course of her husband's inebriation. "Can it be possible," she thought, "that my dear

children are to be afraid of their own father, whom they ought to love, respect, and honor? O, who can measure the evils of intemperance in this single point alone, that it sets the child against the parent!"

Some days after the above conversation, Holyday came home accompanied by Parks, who wished to examine the piano. After he carefully surveyed it inside and out, and passed his hand several times over the keys to see if it was in tune, he said, "I will take you up, Holyday, at your offer. I guess it is a good instrument."

"Perhaps you would like to hear the tone of it. Olivia, won't you just play a piece, one of your best airs?" asked Holyday, exhibiting some signs of shame.

"I have no objections to playing a piece of music," very pleasantly replied his injured wife.

With a calm and dignified composure, she took her seat at the instrument, for a moment ran her fingers over the keys, and then, with an unusual sweetness, sung in the tune, "The Mellow Horn," accompanying her voice with the full and rich tones of the instrument, the following lines:—

"At dawn the drunkard drowsy wakes
In all his vile attire,
And, tottering to the dram shop, hastes
To ply the liquid fire.
The landlord smiles to usher in
His victim in the morn,
And glass by glass his poison deals
To this poor wretch forlorn;
Poor wretch forlorn,
Poor wretch, poor wretch forlorn.

" At eve, when gloom and sorrow reign
Within the drunkard's cot, —
Where mourns his wife, once bright with smiles,
Heart broken, and forgot, —
'Tis then she hears his bitter oaths,
On raging tempests borne,
In withering cadence seem to float
Around her faded form;
Her faded form,
Her faded, faded form."

Mrs. Holyday arose from her seat, and passed into the other room to conceal her fast-falling tears from Parks and her husband. As she turned from the instrument, she saw John had covered his face with his hands, and was weeping bitterly from the effects of the music, which seemed to touch the only sensitive chord remaining in his bosom.

Parks, without uttering a word, took his hat, and went home with the settled determination never to take Mrs. Holyday's piano at any price.

Holyday remained at home for several days, and manifested a disposition to abandon his habits of dissipation, and make amends by providing for his family.

"My dear wife, how could you sing those verses yesterday in the presence of Mr. Parks?" asked Holyday, the next morning, when he was sober.

"I don't know; I am astonished at myself when I think of it. But I felt very deeply injured in view of his treatment to the family, and I thought then of no better way to express my feelings than to sing that hymn. Did you think it out of place?"

"I? O, no! I think he deserved it."

"Well, now, my dear husband, why will you not pledge yourself to me that you will never drink another drop of intoxicating liquors? Can you not, in view of the wretchedness it has brought upon you and your poor suffering wife and children?" she asked, with her arms tenderly thrown around his neck.

"Olivia, if you knew the strength of my appetite, you would not wonder that I hesitate to answer your question in the affirmative. It is right, dear Olivia, you should feel deeply on this subject; but I am afraid you will never see me a reformed man."

"O, John, *don't* talk so. How can I live if you go on as you have done for a few years past? I must save you from a drunkard's grave," she replied, as she drew him up convulsively to her.

"Dear Olivia, I appreciate your feelings," said Holyday, as the tears rolled down his face. "I esteem you for your tender solicitude over me, and for all your kindness in overlooking my faults; but you must make up your mind to give me up."

"Why do you talk so, my husband? Others have been reformed; and is there not hope in your case?"

"You have no idea of the difficulties in the way of my reformation. I have a good many associates; wherever I go, I see them; they use all their influence over me to keep me drunk. And there, too, is the landlord's influence; how is it possible for a poor inebriate to get out of the ditch, when there are so many ready to push him back? I have felt for a long time I should like to reform, and I have often resolved I would reform; but the temptation that I every where meet has been too strong for my feeble resolution. I

have now settled down in the belief that I shall never be able to reform until we get a law to prohibit the sale of liquor."

"O my dear husband, don't give up in despair. I beg of you, for the sake of your afflicted wife and innocent children, and for the sake of yourself — O, *do* make one more effort to escape from the grasp of the destroyer. I will do all I can to assist you, whatever it may be. As for your associates, you need not see them; you can shut yourself up away from their influence until your strong appetite subsides."

"Your reasoning, Olivia, is very good. I am half tempted by your eloquence to follow your prescription."

"O, *will* you, John?" she asked, with a bright and animated countenance.

"I will try it, my dear Olivia," he replied, drawing her up to him, and kissing her forehead.

The reader need not be informed that this pledge brought a great amount of happiness to Holyday's family. Willie and Alice both, though young, seemed to understand what had been done, and shared largely in their mother's joy.

For a number of weeks Holyday was sober, and seemed anxious to break up all his habits of dissipation, and again be a man, and a kind and affectionate husband and father. He spent the most of his time in or about the house, where he would be in no danger from intemperate associates or the landlord's powerful temptation.

His wife, being encouraged in view of his effort and pledge to reform, resumed her music class, and taught with a degree of skill and efficiency which she never

before possessed. She fancied that the tones of her piano were far richer and sweeter than ever before. Her soul seemed to swell with a full tide of happiness, and the bright daystar of hope had dispelled the long, dark night of gloom.

Several months after Holyday had pledged himself to reform, came election. The parties were nearly equally divided, which caused the excitement to run high, and induced demagogues to exert all the influence they possessed to carry their points. Holyday had been in his day something of a politician, and wished to attend, especially on account of the assembly man, to secure the Maine law.

"I am afraid, my dear, to have you go," said his wife.

"Why are you afraid, Olivia?"

"Will you not put yourself under the influence of your old associates? and will they not make an effort to get you to drinking again?"

"I will take care of that. I feel strong. I think I shall be able to withstand their influence."

"I am really afraid to have you go, my husband."

"I think, Olivia, I ought to go. Mr. Aiken is running for the assembly; and I understand, if he is elected, he will vote for the Maine law. And since Jenks and Parks are doing all they can to defeat him, I think it would be wrong for me not to go."

"Well, can you not go and put in your vote and come right back?"

"I *can* do that," he replied, as he left the house.

He little understood his own weakness, and the power of his associates and the landlord's to draw

him back again to his cups and inebriation. He had not been on the ground more than ten minutes before he was prevailed upon, not only to drink, but to vote for the liquor candidate. In a few hours he was reeling in the streets, clad with rags, and bespattered with mud, for he had already traded away the clothes he wore from home.

About twelve o'clock at night he was assisted in getting home by two individuals, for he was so much under the influence of rum that he had very little use of his limbs.

"'Liv'a, you — see I — I'm a *leetle* under the weather. But never mind, 'Liv'a, 'lection comes on — on — only once a year, you know. Found old friends, lots on 'em; and I swow, I had to drink with all on — 'em, which was a *leetle* too much for me in my present sitiwation," he stammered out, as he crawled on his hands and knees into the house.

"O John! John! I was fearful this would be the result. O, why did you go? O, dear me! why must it be so?" exclaimed his wife, wringing her hands from grief.

"Do you say, 'Liv'a, why did I go? 'Lection must be 'tended to, you know. We poli — i — ticles must foller up these here — now — what's names, — O, *Hunkers*, that's 'em, — or we'd — go to ruin, you see."

From this time onward he continued to drink, carouse, steal his wife's earnings, and went so far as to take her silver spoons, and sell them to Jenks for whiskey. His appetite was so strong that he frequently drank the spirits from his wife's camphor bottle. Every little thing that he could find about the house

that he could dispose of to the liquor dealers went to gratify his base and unnatural appetite.

Several weeks after the election he became involved in a street brawl, and received several severe and dangerous wounds about his head and chest. He was picked up and carried home by friends, perfectly insensible. Doctor Finley spent the whole night in dressing his wounds and in efforts to bring him to his senses and make him comfortable. Among others, Scribner was there to do what he could for the unfortunate man and his afflicted family.

"O Mr. Scribner," said Olivia, "how often I have thought of the passage you quoted that night at our party."

"I quoted several; to which do you refer?"

"The one showing the effects of wine drinking: 'Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine.' I have thought of it a great many times, that you are the only one who was there who has escaped the dreadful effects spoken of in this passage," said Mrs. Holyday, with much feeling.

"I was fearful this would be the consequence, Mrs. Holyday; and that was the reason why I so obstinately refused to drink with you that night."

"I see now, Mr. Scribner, where I have missed it. I have brought it all on myself, and I alone must bear it. If I had taken a different course, my husband would not have been a drunkard. O my God, is it possible I have been the means of changing that

fair and noble countenance into this bloated, bleeding, mangled mass of flesh?" she exclaimed, wringing her hands as she bent over his disfigured form.

"O 'Liv'a, take away — away!" Holyday exclaimed, raising himself up in bed. "There, don't you see? Now on this side; O, do, 'Liv'a; that dog — O — O take him away! This bed is on fire. Fire! fire! fire! Water! wa——ter! O, why do you let me lie here and burn up? There, now, who is that? What are you after, you — you!" He fell back upon the bed, and remained stupid and insensible several days.

During this sickness, caused by dissipation, Mrs. Holyday felt she saw a perfect fulfilment of the passages which stand at the head of this chapter.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE CLOSING SCENE.

"Think, while thou swallow'st the capacious bowl,
Thou let'st in seas to sack and drown thy soul,
That hell is open, to remembrance call,
And think how subject drunkards are to fall."

"Death lies on her like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field."

"HAVE you hearn from Holyday's this mornin'?" asked Mike Emerson of the crowd around him in Jenks's tavern, who had assembled for their drams.

"Why? What is *there* that you are interested in?" replied Sam Laraby.

"If reports is true, they had something of a time there last night, I should reckon," said Mike.

"What kind of a time?" asked Mose Whipple.

"Mose, seems to me you're mighty ignorant jist now," said Nate Fleming, who sat leaning back in his chair, with his legs spread apart, his hands in his pantaloons pockets, and a short stub of a pipe in his mouth. "Why don't you keep posted up better on town business?"

"Well, if you are better informed than your neighbors, I wish you would tell me what was done there last night?" replied Mose.

"Well, sir, they had —— Mike, I wish you would stop sawing on that old gourd when I am talking.

I'd as lief hear a splinter on a rail in a windy day, any time, as to hear that old fiddle. I was sayin' they had a bustin' time, one of the regular downeasters — one of the *roarinest* times ever come over," said Fleming; after which he put his short pipe into his mouth, and very mechanically commenced puffing and blowing off his smoke, with an air of confidence that he had imparted all the information Whipple could desire.

"I's a-thinkin' that 'ar del'cate wife o' his'n won't feel quite so crank arter this spree. Every dog must have his day — she's had hern. She'll have somethin' else to do herearter besides sittin' at the peana all day and te — tu — ri — la — lo — tum — tum — tum," said Alf Ingraham, sitting on the bunk.

"Well, come," said Whipple, "I have heard enough of your generalities. What terrible thing was done there last night?"

"Holyday went home drunk last night, mauled his wife terribly, and kicked his children out doors," said Jenks.

"Where did he get his liquor?" asked Whipple.

"I don't know. He didn't get it here. I never sell him but two drinks. As soon as I begin to see the effects of the liquor, I don't sell him any more," replied Jenks, with an air of self-complacency.

"Ho! ho! ho! You're gittin' amazin' pious, Jenks. How long you been so? The Lord no doubt'll let you live to be as old as Mathus'lar, you're so good," said Alf, holding his pipe between his thumb and finger.

The above conversation was in consequence of

Holyday's brutal treatment to his family the night before, while in a state of inebriation. He came home late, and because his wife had not her table spread, and a warm supper ready for him, he flew into a rage. He threw the brands of fire which were burning on the hearth on the floor; the candle which was on the stand he forced through the window; the chairs he broke by striking them against the jambs; the table he split to pieces with the axe, and hacked and split the lid of the piano. His wife pleaded and expostulated with him, which only served to exasperate and make him worse. He seized a chair round and prostrated his wife to the floor the first blow. His children cried, and pleaded with him not to kill their mother; whereupon he fell to kicking them. The little creatures rushed out of doors, and hid from his presence.

The screams and cries of Mrs. Holyday and her children startled the neighbors from their slumbers, and called them to the scene of excitement. When they came into the house, they found Mrs. Holyday lying on the floor in her blood, which was running from a deep wound cut in her head by the blow she received from the hand of her husband.

Doctor Finley was immediately called. Mrs. Scribner, Mrs. Shelby, and other kind ladies were sent for to wash and bind up her wounds, and make her comfortable. Nearly two hours elapsed before she exhibited any signs of consciousness, when she raised her head from her pillow, and said, "O, where are my dear children? Are they dead? O, *do* tell me; has their father killed them?"

The friends who had collected there had been so much taken up with efforts to resuscitate her they had not thought of her children. The house was searched from chamber to cellar without success. They started out with lanterns to search for them; and while Dr. Finley passed near a row of currant bushes, he heard a faint voice, evidently suppressed by fear, "Lie still, Willie, father is coming; he will kill us." As the doctor parted the bushes, he found the dear creatures locked in each other's embrace, trembling from fear as with an ague fit.

Mrs. Holyday was so badly injured by the blow she received on her head, and the contusions on her body, that her friends for several weeks despaired of her life. Much of the time for two weeks she was wild and delirious, and uttered broken sentences about murderers, robbers, and thieves; and frequently she would shriek out, "O my children! God save my children from the murderers!"

Holyday's conduct was so disorderly and brutal, John Scribner thought he could not let it pass without taking notice of it in a way that would teach him an instructive lesson. He entered a complaint, and had him arrested and confined in jail. During the thirty days of his imprisonment, his family and the neighborhood had peace, and a quiet rest from his disorderly conduct and brutal treatment.

During Mrs. Holyday's illness, Lucy Matthews, her sister-in-law, came and took care of her, and very deeply sympathized with her in all her trials and afflictions. Her heart was yet tender and in a suitable frame from the effects of her own bereavement and the tragical death of her father.

"Dear sister Lucy," said Mrs. Holyday, as Lucy came into her room with some refreshments and sat down on the foot of the bed, "how dreadful are the evils of intemperance!"

"They are so great, sister Olivia, they can never be measured in this world," replied Lucy.

"I have been thinking, since I have been lying here, of the effects of intemperance on our families. It makes one shudder to think of it. It has killed my father. The doctors said it was inflammation on the brain; but that was done to deceive the people. I *know*, my sister, he died of *delirium tremens;* for I was with him, and I hope I may never be permitted to witness another such a death. And intemperance killed my brother John. Pardon me, sister Lucy, for speaking so; for you, I trust, are aware of that. He was your husband, it is true; but there can be no harm in speaking of his faults," said Olivia, weeping.

"He is dead and gone, and I do not wish to speak reproachfully of him; but no one knows how much I suffered from that man's brutal conduct when he was intoxicated. No man was ever kinder than he, when sober; but when under the influence of liquor, he conducted like a fiend."

"O, dear, dear! what work intemperance has made with my father's family! O, the *accursed wine!* it '*is a mocker*'! I see now, Lucy, where I have missed it. I saw no harm in the moderate use of it, and so drank it freely. I also urged others to drink it; and no doubt in this way I have made a drunkard of my husband. O, may God forgive me for my wickedness!" exclaimed Mrs. Holyday, trembling with excitement, and weeping bitterly.

Olivia Matthews, as the reader has been informed, was an intelligent and accomplished young lady when she first came to the town of Harwood. She was well qualified to fill a sphere of extensive usefulness; but alas! as is often the case, she set an example before the young people of Harwood which was not calculated to elevate and improve them. In social parties she always encouraged dancing, card playing, and a free use of wine. The reader, therefore, must not be surprised that the evils to which she has given her influence to create and perpetuate have now overtaken and are spending upon her their fearful power. Her intelligence and knowledge of human nature ought to have led her in a different direction; but she chose to follow the usages of society, which brought a world of sorrow and misery upon her.

By kindness and careful nursing, Mrs. Holyday gradually recovered from the wounds and the shock she received from the harsh treatment of her husband.

Their meeting after his return from jail was deeply affecting. They embraced, and wept bitterly upon each other's necks, without uttering a word for several minutes.

"O my dear Olivia, I ask your forgiveness for all my cruel, *brutal* treatment to you and the children. I know I do not deserve it; I am unworthy of your confidence or respect for my abuse to you, whom I have promised to love and protect," said Holyday, with deep and tender emotions.

"I freely and cheerfully forgive you, my dear husband. I can forgive and forget all — *all* the past,

if you will only reform and be to me what you once were."

Under the influence of the excitement, and the harassing thoughts of the great evils he had brought upon his family, he solemnly pledged himself to her that he would never taste again of the intoxicating bowl.

"Olivia," said he, after he made the pledge, "I wish the Maine law would pass; then there could be no danger in my case. But now I must be constantly on my guard, or I shall be tempted, overcome, and brought down again into the ditch."

"The only way for you, my dear husband, is to keep entirely away from the places where it is sold. If you will stay at home with me, and not go where it is, and not see any of your associates, you will be in no danger," said his wife, betraying much anxiety in the tones of her voice and expression of her countenance.

"I clearly see *that* is my only way of safety; and I will remain here with you and the children, and make one more effort to reform and be a man."

He undoubtedly thought he would make one more effort, and probably thought it would be a successful one; and without doubt his injured wife was again inspired with hope that she should once more be blessed with an affectionate and temperate husband. But how little they understood his weakness, the strength of his appetite, the power of the temptation by which he was surrounded, and the influence of his wicked associates to allure and destroy him.

For several months he continued sober, and ap-

peared very penitent for his cruelty and abuse to his family, and seemed anxious by his kindness to make, so far as he was able, amends for the past.

One day, as he was at work in his garden, Sam Laraby came by with a quart of whiskey which he had purchased at Parks's tavern. "John, ain't you dry?" asked Sam, holding up his bottle between the pickets. "Won't you have a dram?"

"I guess not," said John, walking towards him.

"You ain't goin' to jine the radicals, are ye?" asked Laraby, laughing heartily at his own wit.

"No; but I don't need any; and as long as I don't need it, I think it is not worth while to drink it."

"Take hold, man; what's got in you to act so? You ain't 'fraid I'll pizen you, are you?"

The temptation, together with the appeal of his old comrade, were too strong for him; and he drank, which again fired up his old appetite, the clamorous demands of which could not be satisfied until he went to Parks's and drank to beastly intoxication. From this time he "waxed worse and worse," giving himself up fully to dissipation and vice. His gross intemperance reduced his family to pinching want and the lowest depths of poverty. His poor family were obliged to abandon their house, and take shelter in the attic of an old dilapidated building, reached by two flights of crazy, creaking stairs on the outside of the building. Through the openings in the roof, cracks in the sides of the building, and broken glass, the winds of winter and drenching storms beat furiously upon the defenceless heads of Mrs. Holyday and her innocent children. In this uncomfortable

dwelling she was obliged to live, and earn with her needle the means of subsistence for her family. She was often obliged to sit up all night in the winter season without fire, while the snow was sifting about her, to meet her engagements.

During a very severe storm of several days' continuance, Holyday had spent his time at Parks's tavern, manifesting no anxiety whatever for his destitute, suffering family at home. He spent his time in bringing in wood and keeping up fires in the house, for which Parks gave him his board and what liquor he could drink.

Scribner and Donaldson threw their cloaks around them, and started out in the storm to look after the poor, especially the poor and destitute families of the inebriates. When they came to the old red building they found no beaten track, but mounted the steps and ascended, entered a narrow hall, through which they passed into the room occupied by Holyday's family. They found Mrs. Holyday sitting on the floor, leaning against the wall. She held in her hand her needle; on her lap was lying a beautiful piece of unfinished embroidery, and by her side stood little Willie, saying, "Mother, dear mother, won't you give me some bread?" But she answered not; the frost of death was in her eye.

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